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The Holy Family.

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The Message of the Bells.

New Years, 1903.



RING out sweet bells, a joyous chime !

Vibrate in accents clear,

Ring out, and greet with silvery voice

Aurora of New Year.

Last eve you plaintively intoned

A farewell vesper hymn,

When gathered round its fleeting hours

The wintry shadows dim.

Angelic sounds again resound

This octave of Christ's birth,

Of "Glory" in empyrean skies,

And "peace" to men on earth.

How eloquent and beautiful !

Melodiously it swells

That golden message, yet so new,

Of these glad New Year bells.

O, may we glorify the Lord

Who reigns in bliss above,

And still, "Emmanuel" below,

In eucharistic love.

In Him alone can we find peace

By union with His will,

This message in the New Year's chime

Shall ever softly thrill.

Enfant de Marie,

St. Clare's.

CARMELITE FATHERS
MT. C. WELLAND
NIAGARA FALLS
ONTARIO, CANADA

The Lost Inheritance

DOLOROSA KLINE.

She fell on her knees and clasped her hands imploringly. "Forgive me, father, but I only await your consent; your consent and your blessing on my marriage with George Kingsley."

"Never; never!" he hissed, "will I consent to such disgrace. You are the first to bring on the name of Staunton. I know now, why you have refused of late to accompany Mrs. Reeves and myself to church on Sundays. I now know why you have refused so many eligible suitors for your hand. You have been studying the tenets of a false creed and been bestowing your smiles on one whom I despise. Throw him off or you will regret it."

She stood up and faced unshrinkingly that grim determined countenance, in which she saw she might expect no mercy nor forgiveness.

"I cannot, father. He is mine and I am his. Mrs. Reeves has known him and of our courtship for the last six months, but she has kept it from you, because I wished it so until now. George Kingsley's career is an honorable one, and has always been. He is worthy of your daughter!"

"Not of my daughter, for henceforth I have no daughter," he cried in a hoarse voice. "Girl, I hate you now, as once I loved you. You have chosen your path. I shall see that you will walk in it. You have led this—this Kingsley to believe that you are wealthy, and he is fool enough to marry you, but you have made a mistake. You are as poor as he. You have taken him instead of me or my wishes; so be it. Your inheritance, and my love are lost to you forever, unless you return back under the conditions I have laid out to you."

A father's love was trying hard to conquer his prejudice and pride. He extended to her as long as possible a means of returning to his heart, before placing on her the final ban of punishment. But she was not to be brought over by his inducements, his persuasion nor his threats, even though she loved him with all a daughter's true affection,

as looking straight at him she replied firmly:

"And which I tell you I cannot, father."

His self control all but deserted him, at the low decisive answer. In his blind rage he was almost ready to smite her down, but who knows but that it was the spirit hand of his dead wife who warded him off from cruel violence to the child she had given him, and made his arm fall nerveless at his side?

As it was, his reply was cruel enough to have crushed her without a bodily blow, had she been weak and given in to it.

"Very well," he said, in his hard, hoarse voice, and raising his hand like a maledictor above her bowed head, "you go hence, Millicent Staunton, never to return. You have lost your home and your inheritance, and your ingratitude and disobedience have broken my heart. Go, I say, and may your cup be one of sorrow, full to the brim. That is my consent and my blessing on a marriage I will never witness, never recognize, if I live to the age of Methuselah."

How often in time to come were his words to recur to him? How often were they not to show him how strong how unjust the denunciation of his daughter had been?

A long shuddering sob shook her slight frame, and without uttering a word she arose to do his bidding. On the threshold he stopped her, as going to his desk he opened it, and took from a secret drawer, a long official envelope and held it towards her.

"Here," he said, coldly, and without deigning to bestow a look at her white face, "is the sum that long ago I set aside as your wedding dowry, when you would marry to please me, but as you have taken an opposite course, I did not now intend to give you a cent, but being a just man, I cannot keep what belongs even to you. Take it; go and leave your old father in peace." She looked at him for a moment in silence. Then the proud Staunton spirit was

roused in her, and flashed from the velvety blue eyes.

"Do you think, father, I would take your gold, unaccompanied by your blessing? No, if you placed your whole fortune at my feet, I would refuse it. Good-bye, my father, I go from you forever," and with one sad look at him, that haunted the stern judge to his dying day and with tears streaming from her eyes she fled from his presence.

With a brain that seemed to be on fire, Judge Staunton replaced the money she would not touch in its hiding place, and finding his way down into the library, summoned Mrs. Reeves.

Coldly and scathingly he told his trusted friend of all that had passed between himself and his daughter, omitting nothing. He bitterly upbraided her for having concealed from him all knowledge of what had been transpiring in the past few months, and for having abetted his daughter in her disgrace, as he was pleased to call Millicent's change of religion, and the bestowal of her love, on one of the noblest men that ever lived.

Immediately the gentle lady saw her mistake, but she had never thought of such a result, and we may well imagine the effect the judge's words had on her. For a time she could not speak, and when she did, his listening ears could scarcely hear her.

"You have been too quick, too hard, Oswald," she said, "between tears and sobs. 'Perhaps if you had persuaded her gently you would have won her back. I did my best to turn her from becoming a Papist, and did not abet her as you have accused me of doing. But when I saw she was determined, I did not go against her, your beautiful Millicent, nor deprived her of the cloak of my friendship, and George Kingsley is a man I could not scorn; he is what I call a true man.'"

"And I am not, I suppose? Oh, Helen, Helen, you have helped to bring disgrace, deep-dyed disgrace on our name. 'Why did you not tell me of Millicent's doings? But regrets are useless now. My edict is posted; my roof only covers her head to-night; to-morrow she goes, I don't care where.'"

She saw that he was excited, that his storm lashed feelings were fast getting

the better of him, and still she tried to reason and plead with him for his daughter, to whom she had acted as a mother for so long. But it was no use; he was inexorable, and would hear nothing in Millicent's favor, but muttering the one word, "Disgrace, disgrace!" left Mrs. Reeves alone, and returned to his lonely study. Locking himself in, he sat down and wrote with what steadiness he could command, two or three pages of harsh invectives, to George Kingsley, ending with the words "Go where you can, or like, with Millicent, and take her out of my sight, but do not come near me nor seek to make an explanation, or it may not be well for you." He signed not his name, but merely his initials, "O. C. S." and dispatched it by a fleet messenger to the young man's boarding house, a couple of blocks away. He received the brief reply, written in a plain quick hand: "Your daughter's future is safe in my hands, sir. She is willing to trust it to me, and I am willing to share her banishment. May you long live to enjoy what you have denied to her.—G. R. Kingsley."

"Impudent fool," he said angrily, as he read the message, and tore it up into a hundred pieces. "To say such a thing to me; but I guess he knows by now, Oswald Staunton is not a fool. Great God! I cannot stay here; it is too much for my heart and brain. Anywhere but here." He rushed out of the apartment, and left the house by a rear doorway.

Chapter VIII.

Instantly upon her dismissal by her father, Millicent had retired to her own room, dazed and stupefied, but fully awake to the realization that she had no longer a father nor a home. As quickly as possible, Mrs. Reeves followed the judge from the library and hastened to her protegee, and soon her tears mingled with the young girl's. When their grief had spent itself, and Millicent found she must look the future bravely in the face, Mrs. Reeves made arrangements for her leaving her father's house that night.

The servants as yet had only got slight wind of the sad affair, but it was enough to set them talking, and made them burn to find out what had happened between

the master and their beloved young mistress.

All that day the Judge remained away from Staunton House, returning to it only in the silence of the night, when his disowned daughter had been taken from it, and gone with her widowed friend to the home of that lady's nephew, whose sympathies were all enlisted for the lovely girl, so suddenly deprived of all that had made her young life so happy. Here her lover came to her and she was strengthened by the sound of his voice, and the sight of his noble face, and just one week later she changed her name for his.

At the early hour of six o'clock, dressed in simple white, and with a veil and wreath of bridal roses covering her fair head, Millicent was driven to the little mission church of St. Cyr's, and there in the presence of a Catholic friend as witness, and Mrs. Reeves, was united for weal or for woe, to George Kingsley, by good Father Bentley.

In vain had Mrs. Reeves interviewed the Judge, and expostulated with him on his treatment of his daughter. In vain had she, as a trusted friend and counselor, asked for the girl's forgiveness, and begged him, at least, to be present at her marriage. But he could not be moved nor softened, and showed no grief, and permitted of none amongst the servants, who were now in possession of the whole bitter truth, and longed to show their sympathy for "Miss Millicent."

The day after his marriage, Professor Kingsley departed with his bride to live in his native state of Virginia, and from that day for many years, Millicent was forgotten and unmoved by her father, in her childhood's home.

To the fashionable friends of the family, her marriage to a poor struggling music teacher and abandonment of their gay ranks, came to them with a cyclone-like force, but they could glean very little light on the matter amongst themselves, and Mrs. Reeves, the only person who knew just how matters stood and all about them, was too loyal to her Millicent to gratify their well-bred curiosity by the least word or sign. As for the Judge, he would not speak of the matter at all. His pride had received a

blow from which it was not likely ever to recover, and though he had cast his daughter out of his heart and home he had not cast off the blow she had placed on his name. Then it was that he again closed the doors of his mansion, and, dismissing the servants until he might need them later, if he ever came back, he went abroad to France and Spain. From place to place he travelled, trying to forget in new faces and scenes the terrible sorrow that had made him old before his time, but he could not, and at the end of a year he returned home to live a lonely, broken life. But some pitying angel, seeing his forlorn state, took a timely interference, raised him from the brink of despair and gloom, and in a wholly unexpected way.

Having some business that needed early fulfillment in New Orleans, Judge Staunton, accordingly went thither, and there at several social gatherings he made the friendship of Madeline Gray, the belle of her state. By degrees their friendship ripened into love, and though the Judge was almost double her age, he was none the less attractive to her, and ere long she consented to be his wife.

He told her of the wife who had already borne his name, and taken his better self down with her to her grave; touching lightly on the sorrow an undutiful rebellious daughter had caused him two short years ago.

He told the brilliant Madeline he could not love her as he had loved his dead Millicent, but he would cherish her, and make her happy in Staunton House, and these conditions quite satisfied the fair Southerner. A month or so after and she became his bride, and he brought her back to the old home, to the place made vacant by his first love's death, and the willfulness of an erring daughter. He surrounded her with a delightful coterie of old friends, but people found her cold, though brilliant in manner and her southern haughtiness different to the sweetness and graciousness that had characterized the first Mrs. Staunton, yet there was a certain charm about her that none could resist, and she became a leader in the society of her adopted city.

The judge was proud of her success.

and his joy knew no bounds, when at the close of two or three years, she placed in his arms a dark eyed, dark haired daughter, a very miniature of her very self. On this second child he bestowed all the fondness and affection he had ever held for Millicent, and she loved and caressed him even as Millicent had done in the old days. By degrees, as she grew up her winsomeness obliterated all of Millicent's, and his disowned daughter was fast becoming as a mere shadow, who for a period had darkened his sun. But a kind Fate had stretched a protecting arm about the absent Millicent, and determined that if she was lost, she should not be forgotten. One night, after coming home late, from some political meeting or other, the judge had retired to rest and to sleep. In the middle of the night he awoke from a startling dream, in which he saw plainly his disinherited daughter, dying of starvation in an attic. He went to kneel to her and take her in his arms, but a white robed form had placed itself between him and the low bed and its occupant, and he heard his dead wife's voice distinctly saying: "Do not touch her; she is not yours. You have been false to your promise; she is not yours."

The judge was terrified. He arose from his bed dismayed and trembling, and it was then that remorse, that unbending tyrant, clutched him in her strong clasp, and taught him, when it was too late, the injustice, the cruelty, which he had meted out to the child of his first love.

He would not believe it was a dream, that he saw his wife and daughter, but was firmly convinced that the apparition had been real, and his wife, Millicent, had come in defence of her child. He told Madeline of the dream, and that it had renewed the old love for his first daughter in his heart, and he longed for her now to come back and be a sister to Beatrice, and it disturbed Madeline not a little. Her child was the rightful heir-ess to Staunton House and all its wealth. For certainly, thought the ambitious lady, Beatrice should have everything. She loved her husband too much to show him her feelings in the matter, but the seeds of jealousy had been sown in her heart, and she lived in constant

fear lest Millicent would turn up to claim her rights. But as each day came and went, and no answer came to the diligent search the judge straightway instituted for the erring Millicent, or to the many large rewards he offered for knowledge of her whereabouts Madeline's mind became easy. By the time, Beatrice had finished her education abroad, and made her debut, as Millicent had done before her, and there was still no signs of the disowned one's return, she became perfectly satisfied that all would be well, and scarcely ever gave the subject a thought thereafter.

But when she heard the judge's remark now, where he contrasted her child with the dead woman's child, and spoke the latter's name so tenderly, the old pangs of jealousy assailed her. With a quick motion, she parted the screen, behind which she had been standing for several minutes, and placed herself before his abstracted gaze, a superb figure in her black velvet robe and glowing dark eyes.

"Oswald! Oswald!" she cried sharply, why have you said this? Why will you persist in placing a wilful, ungrateful child before the devoted one, who only lives to please and love you? Why can you not forget this Millicent, even as she has forgotten you?"

He lifted his head in surprise. He did not know that she had been so near, and her words so haughtily spoken caused a spasm of pain to cross his broad, wrinkled brow. "Why, Madeline! why, because I cannot. I have forgotten her long enough. I wronged Millicent's child but my repentance comes too late."

"You treated her justly, Oswald, and yet her wicked memory is dearer to you than our Beatrice. You do not love our beautiful child and she loves you so" and her voice broke slightly.

He held out his hands to her.

"Hush, Madeline, you know how I love our daughter, but see how I have wronged Millicent, my first born. Does not your woman's heart feel one ray of pity for her whom I deprived of her home and inheritance? Have mercy, Madeline, and do not judge me harshly. Before our marriage, I had all your sympathy for the two griefs that had affected my life. Do not tell me now that it is with-

drawn, and do not allow jealousy to conquer generosity. Look how it would be with you, was Beatrice in Millicent's place, deprived of my parental love and affection and with a few to think kindly or tenderly of her, or perhaps, as I saw her in my dream, living in a garret, and worse still, dying of starvation."

She shuddered at the picture, and the appeal coming from him melted her chilly heart, and she laid her jewelled hand caressingly on his white head: "I am cruel, Oswald, my harsh words have hurt you and I am sorry, but I hope you may yet hear of Millicent," and real sincerity was unmistakably in her voice. "But come now, banish this gloom of the past and live in our delightful present: Bruce will soon be here; how pleasant it will be for all of us, and for our darling, especially." It is not often we have the pleasure of his company in mid-day." Her volubility had the desired effect, and in the brightness of her smile, his sadness for the time was dispersed.

Chapter IX.

Half an hour afterwards Beatrice rejoined them. Where is Mrs. Arden?" she asked; "I thought she would be here, mamma?"

"Mrs. Alden sent word that she cannot join us to-day, my love. Her brother, Colonel Glendenning is seriously ill in Washington, so she had to go on to him. Unfortunate occurrence, but you will have your compensation, will you not? Your father and I are going for a while to the gallery, and you and Bruce, when he comes, may join us there, if you wish;" "We shall, mamma, and he will tell us how he likes your picture. He is such a clever judge, even if I do say it of him, whether in art or literature, that I am sure he will not fail to appreciate what Mr. Keating has done for you." Judge Staunton patted the beautiful dark cheeks. "Aha! how Bruce would cherish those honeyed words, because he would know that coming from you, they were meant for truth, not flattery. Ah! here he is," as the sound of carriage wheels came up the broad driveway outside. "Come, mamma, we must not be an intruding party," and smiling knowingly to his daughter, the white haired Judge carried his wife off on his arm.

The next instant, Sampson, the obsequious colored footman, had ushered into the library Bruce Everett's tall fine figure.

In a moment Beatrice was beside him, with outstretched hands, and bending his kingly head, he kissed lightly the tips of her white fingers, placing in them at the same time a magnificent bunch of her favorite Amaranths. "For the fairest of the fair," he said, his firm set lips relaxing into a smile and his keen glance taking in at once the taste and becomingness of the elegant cardinal gown she wore. "I have come early, you see, my dear Beatrice, in compliance with your request. It is a busy day with me, but business flies to the winds when the pleasure of my beautiful is considered."

It was so seldom that his cold material nature allowed him to bestow compliments, that she blushed for very delight.

"Praise from you is praise, indeed. And those flowers, how lovely, Bruce. They are descriptive of your cultured taste," and plucking several from the bouquet, she fastened them in the cream lace at her throat.

"You know their meaning?"

"I do, and it will always be so."

"Irrevocably so, unless you break the silken cords that now bind our lives, but which I know will never be." His broad white hand closed over her slender ones, that still held his bouquet of parted flowers, but neither saw into the future. They lived only in the present and its panorama of bright illusions. But was it some intentional act of fate that caused him to say, when a few minutes later, they ascended the marble staircase or their way to join her parents, "Oh, by the way, I have a little experience to relate to you Beatrice, which happened in my way, a short while before I came to Staunton House, this morning."

"Your experiences are always interesting, Bruce, so tell me quick of this latest one. Curious, like all of Eve's daughters, you see I am."

"And as all Eve's daughters, you must be satisfied, I suppose. Well it is simply this: As I was coming out of the club, about ten o'clock, a young girl or nymph, as I called her to Heathcote, was passing me. Her hat blew off, I rescued

it for her, and honestly I have seldom seen such rare beauty in one so youthful, nor could I believe, until I heard her thanking me, that such a voice as she possessed, could have belonged to one in her circumstances in life, for judging by her attire, she is a daughter of the people."

"Fine feathers make fine birds, Bruce, but under shabby attire there goes many a lady, and perhaps your nymph of Broadway belongs to this class. Was she fair?"

"Very, and petite."

"Was she? I wonder if I have seen her. I remember some time ago, while I was in Holland's, getting some silk skeins I needed, a young girl came in there, and it seems to me she suits the description you have given of this one."

"It matters little to me, and let us dismiss the subject, as my interest is centered wholly in one." He tightened his clasp on the white hand resting on his arm; "though for a few minutes to-day, it deviated just a wee bit." By this time they had reached the bronzed panelled door, that opened from the landing into the gallery, and withdrawing her hand from his arm, the heiress pushed it in.

"Here we are mamma," she cried. "Bruce is anxious to see your picture."

The Judge and his wife exchanged greetings with their prospective son-in-law, and the latter led him to survey the superb oil painting that represented her own magnificent head and shoulders, and which had been placed in position the day before.

"What do you think of it, Bruce?"

"Perfect, perfect," the lawyer replied; "size, coloring, everything. It is Keating's triumph, is that not your opinion, Judge?"

"Without question. I believe you are as much of a connoisseur as your father was, Bruce, but this is certainly the work of a true artist," and bowing to Mrs. Staunton, who pretended to be very much engrossed with the near-by statue of Mercury, "but could it be less, with such a model as my Madeline?"

The bright gleam in his wife's dark eyes told how much the graceful compliment pleased her, as turning to him she replied:

"Many thanks Oswald, and Bruce also,

for what you have both been pleased to say of me, and now since I have the opinion of two such judges, I am satisfied that beside others I do not show too badly in art." She glanced to the opposite side, where from its pictured frame looked forth the dead face of her husband's first wife, and beside it the photographed one of their dishonored daughter, whom she always thought of with dread, but neither gentlemen saw the glance, nor would they have understood it, if they had noticed it.

But Beatrice saw it, and for the first time in her life, she knew her stately mother was envious of the dead wife, and despised the disinherited daughter. Her generous young heart that caused her to love everyone, living or dead, was filled with sorrow thereat.

"Now, mamma, you only want us to tell you again that you are perfect," the heiress said gayly.

"Say my picture, rather, my love. Where are you taking Mr. Everett?"

"Just down here, mamma. There is some new statuary he has not seen, and we will have good time before the bell rings to inspect it."

As the two sauntered down towards the other end of the gallery, the Judge and his wife looked after them proudly.

In the eyes and minds of both parents there was no one they considered worthier or more deserving of their beautiful daughter than Bruce Everett.

Handsome, clever, and brilliant, whether in the social or professional life of the city, and wonderfully successful in both, they had long ago favored him: So, when after a short but fervent wooing, the lawyer had placed his ring on Beatrice's white finger, they were mutually pleased and satisfied. They were abroad at the time, and their daughter was sojourning with her friend and chaperon, Mrs. Alden, a charming young widow living in C—, but good news travels fast, and the Judge and his wife received word of the happy event, in Paris, and which was the means of their immediate return home. Five months had gone since then, and to Beatrice they had been months of perfect joy and delight. All her wealth and treasures faded into nothingness when compared to the priceless treasure of Bruce Everett's noble

and honorable love, but in which she was destined to breathe and live only for a time, and later to surrender it to the sunshine and gentle influence of another.

In character, they differed greatly, and her warm, ardent temperament was, when placed beside his cold, practical one, as a tropical plant growing and shedding its bright aroma around the hardy lusterless vine of the cold regions. His beautiful betrothed, the lawyer truly and deeply admired, and looked upon her as being his ideal in all that was perfect, in perfect womanhood, but to love her as he sometimes felt he should love her, he was not capable. The ambition and pride, already inherent in his nature had been doubly increased by wealth and worldly success, so that his engagement to the old love of his boyhood was but a passing brightness in his busy life, not a necessity. In a word, Bruce Everett was a selfish man. Religion, he had none, and, indeed, he scarcely knew of a God, but oddly enough, the religious practices of his affianced attracted him greatly, and her adhesion to the principles of her Presbyterian church elevated her all the more in his estimation.

Poor blind souls! both of them. One following dimly, though trustingly, the dictates of a wrong, foundationless creed, the other scarcely knowing the existence of a Creator, and rich in everything but in this one necessity. Oh, we who are of the faith, how much we have to be thankful for! We, over whom Mother Church watches with such tender solicitude, and whose ceaseless care from the time her Divine Founder appointed Peter Prince of the Apostles, to be her head, to these days of striving and persecution, has been the salvation of her children's souls! Where, but in her teachings, are to be found that holiness and sublimity, that even those outside her pale, are forced to admire and respect? Where there is no religion there is no soul, but when a soul that has long been a stranger to its beauty, allows itself to be at last drawn to its unfading soundless depths, then comes the saving grace and holy peace that Faith alone can give. So it was with Bruce Everett and in time to come his proud soul was to yield as many another has done, and he was to learn of the knowledge that purchases

the hereafter life, which is the greatest of all knowledge.

"Staunton House" was five stories high, built wholly of greystone, and plainly architected. Its outward appearance was massive and grand. Situated on the suburbs of the city, its high elevation commanded a fine view of the surrounding country, and the environments of the city in general.

From the left and right wings, towers, like grim sentinels, reared their proud heights up, and up, and reflected their black forms like so many dark beings, in the gleaming waters of the lake, which lay back of the house.

A long avenue of stately cedars led from the public road to the main entrance, and so evenly formed was it, that in the winter when the trees were minus their foliage, the spaces between were curiously regular, showing that some artistic hand had been their planter. A beautiful garden whose vast extent made it seem a miniature park, stretched before, and in summer was a mass of shrubbery and brilliant bloom.

Paths and by-paths neatly bordered with green, and well kept by the hands of skilful gardeners ran in all directions, now to the right, now to the left, presenting new objects of beautiful nature wherever they led. On the spacious lawn the waters of a marble fount played and glistened in the sunshine, delighting the ear with their musical rhythm, and pleasing the eye with their silvery sheen.

To the rear was the yard and the commodious stables, with their thoroughbred horses. For the Stauntons all had been always lovers of good horse flesh. Both of these were presided over and looked after by competent, well ordered grooms.

But if the exterior of Judge Staunton's palatial home held such beauty, the interior had also its claims.

According, as each of the old name, be he man or woman, had come into its possession, so had each made his or her improvements in it, and now in the Judge's time, it was one of the most modern and splendid homes in the Metropolis.

From the main or front hall with its dome-shaped windows of stained glass, the broad marble staircase wound up-

wards in serpentine fashion, each of its turnings marked by small bronze wood nymphs set into the balustrades. In the hand of each deity were daintily held tiny electric globes, and when these were lighted at night, the upper and lower halls became as a flood of silvery light. To the left, as the visitor entered, was the drawing room, richly laid out, and luxuriously furnished. From its tapestried walls, the painted figures of gods and graces stood out in bold relief, and the rare and expensive bric-a-brac gathered at home and abroad, was everywhere carefully and tastefully displayed, while the velvet draperies and general hangings of crimson and gold were not too vivid, so as to destroy the harmony and pleasing effect the room's whole aspect gave. A music room, laid out in green and gold, was divided from it by a hanging screen, whose design represented Orpheus taming the wild beasts with the music of his lyre. This room led into the ball room, from which was also gained entrance to the dining and supper halls, whose furniture and panels of quartered oak were not less attractive than the sideboards of polished wood, laden with rare old family silver and plate.

Opposite these apartments were two or three reception rooms of an Eastern type whose furnishings and outlay were distinctly Oriental, it being the present mistresses' idea to have them so. whose craze for Japanese art had always been a noted one. Before her coming, they had been small and plain, the gentle Millicent preferring to have even strangers brought to her in her own sitting room. But, as we have seen, her successor thought differently, and sometimes she received intimate friends even, in her "Japanese Square." The library, and other rooms followed in quick succession, each as luxurious and artistic as those already described. On the second flight were the bedrooms, baths and the elegant boudoirs of the mistress and her daughter, as well as the latter's private library, that had once belonged to her father's first daughter.

Above them were luxurious guest chambers, for Staunton House was proverbial for its entertainment of visitors, and scarcely ever a week passed that some friend from a distance did not pass

a night under its hospitable roof. The upper stories were divided into linen and trunk rooms and comfortable quarters for the women servants, while the men had the same in the basement.

In the left wing laid out with care and convenience, was the magnificent art gallery, in which we have just left Beatrice and her lover. Here were to be found art and statuary, by the best painters and sculptors, upon which the Stauntons past and present, had expended fabulous sums of money. Here too, were family portraits, some in the frills and ruffles of antique days; others again of modern appearance, and attired in modern habiliments. All of them with that aristocratic look and bearing, which they had taken from a remote English ancestor, who, for some unrecorded reason, had lost his ducal lands, and gathered up his fortune that was impaired, to come across the seas, and taken up a new home in the American city, shortly after its foundation.

At one end of the gallery, covered with a veil of liberty silk was the picture of the Judge's first wife, which had always been obnoxious to his haughty Madeline, but which was doubly so now since her own had been placed beside it, as we know, the photograph of their child at ten years of age.

These were all the reminders that remained to the Judge of the two beings he once had loved so fondly, and often since that dream, when he had seen his daughter dying, and his dead wife's spirit warding him off from laying his fingers on her, this last little face looked out in dumb protest, as if begging him to search and seek its owner, and clasp her once more to his heart, as in the old days. But so far all his searching and seeking had been in vain, and Millicent remained as dead to him as if buried in her grave.

What would he have thought now, as he passed it, his head bent low, with his proud Madeline and their daughter and future son, on their way down to the brilliant dining room, had any one told him that not far away his once beloved and idolized daughter was indeed living in the poverty his vision had shown him because she was too proud and obedient to seek assistance from the father

who had turned her from his door in that long ago? He would have been overwhelmed with joy, with perfect happiness restored to him, but the time for that had yet to come, and before it would, Oswald Staunton was to drink up as bitter a cup as the one he had long ago placed to the lips of his innocent, suffering daughter.

To be continued.

To the Sacred Heart.

(New Year)

I consecrate this year to thee,
O heart of love Divine!
By thy sweet name and precious blood,
Inflame this heart of mine.

O, may I love Thee more and more,
My Lord, my God, each day;
And see the beauty of Thy Face,
When swift years pass away.

Our Lady of the Rosary!
Thy sinless heart I greet;
Embalm my pathway with the scent
Of mystic rose-buds sweet.

And then, O guardian of my Lord!
And of His Mother blest,
Beneath the shadow of thy care
My soul shall oft find rest.

O, Jesus, Mary, Joseph! names
To me so very dear;
O, Jesus, Mary, Joseph! this
My first song of the year.

Enfant de Marie.

Compensation.

Sorrow was destined of man's life to be a part,
Thus every soul must suffer grief and pain;
God's ways are most immutable and wise,
But ah! he who suffers much, I know,
Will suffer not in vain.

For compensation is the law of Heav'n
And for the trials thou canst not understand,
God holds the scales and justice metes thee out;
Sometime the veil will rend aside and lo!
Thou'lt see the gracious wisdom of His plan.

--MABEL M. LENT.

The Coming Archbishops.

The past year saw the two most important archdioceses of this country deprived of their pastors by the angel of death. They were noble souls who performed their duties as becomes the successors of the Apostles, and hence they were loved and esteemed by all who had the privilege of making their acquaintance. It was a great task on the part of the authorities to select successors, who would walk in their footsteps, to whom the guidance of over a million Catholics could be entrusted. But they have done admirably well in the naming of the men, who, it is said, are to succeed them. It seems certain now that Monsigr. John Farley will succeed the greatly lamented Archbishop Corrigan. He is no stranger in the diocese. He has grown up with it, and for the last thirty years has been identified with its work. He was first secretary to Cardinal McCloskey, and afterward Vicar General under Archbishop Corrigan, pastor of St. Gabriel's Church and finally auxiliary Bishop of the diocese. He now takes possession of one of the most important dioceses in the Catholic world. It has about 250 churches, all with large parishes, and 150 chapels attached to the various religious institutions. For the attendance of these there are over 700 priests. The diocese is rich in charitable institutions, and institutions for the young. The number of young people under his care is said to be 71,620, of which 40,000 are taught in the parochial schools. He has always taken a great interest in the charitable works of the diocese, especially in the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, of which, until now he has been the spiritual director.

The New York Sun gives some incidents in the life of the new Archbishop, which go to show his beautiful character :

Priests who have been in daily touch with Mgr. Farley since his ordination in 1870, and laymen who have been close to his work as pastor of St. Gabriel's in East Thirty-seventh street since 1884, know of the earnest and resultful labors for his church and for humanity. Re-

cognized by all New York as a man of gentleness and piety, he has other characteristics that shine forth from time to time showing the aggressive, practical, gainful mind.

A story is told of his early days in the pastorate of St. Gabriel's. The death of the head of a family in Father Farley's parish left the family with no source of income except a son, whose salary in a downtown office was so small that it would not go half way toward the maintenance of the house.

Father Farley knew the boy to be unusually bright and well informed. He went down town one morning to find a better employment for the young man. His first call was at the office of a figure in the business world with whom the priest had a slight acquaintance. He stated his purpose. The business man was in a hurry. Said he :

"I'll take the young man's name, Father Farley, and if I see an opening for him I'll send you word. I haven't anything in sight now."

"That won't do," said the priest. "He must have a place right away. I've got to be back at the house in two hours, but I'm not going back till I've placed the boy, and you're going to help me."

The man was surprised at this positive announcement from the priest.

"Father Farley, you'd make a good politician," he said. "Send the young man down to-morrow morning and I'll put him at work."

The boy is now one of the most liberal contributors to the many charities of the Archbishop and for the fiftieth time ment that the Pope had promoted the priest to succeed Archbishop Corrigan, the "boy" carried his compliments to the Archbishop and for the fiftieth time referred to the story of the place which the priest had found for him.

"Sometimes when I read about the wickedness down in your Wall Street," said the Archbishop with a twinkle in his eye, "I wonder if I put you on the right road. At any rate, some of the money is going in the right direction."

Father Farley was summoned for a

sick call one morning. He found a par-
ishoner dying of a stroke of apoplexy.
Knowing that the man was the only
wage earner in the family he made some
enquiries of the wife and daughter, to
learn what provision the dying bread
winner had made for them. He was,
the priest learned a member of a mut-
ual benefit association, in which he had
an insurance of \$2,000. The latest as-
sessment was overdue, and if not paid
by noon the man was liable to suspen-
sion, in which event his family could not
collect the money after his death.

The priest administered the sacra-
ments for the dying. Wife and daughter
were in such a state of mind that they
were indifferent for the time to the pos-
sibility of losing the insurance benefit.

The priest got the assessment slip,
learned the address of the treasurer of
the lodge and hurried into the street. On
his way the carriage of a wealthy man
of his parish overtook him. As the priest
spoke to him the man stopped, and at
his motion the brougham wheeled up
to the curb.

"Mr. A." said the priest, "as you are
travelling in that direction, might I ask
you to set me down at No.— street?"

The man was delighted to be of ser-
vice to his pastor.

"And now another favor," said the
priest, who had glanced at his old silver
watch and found that 12 o'clock was
drawing near. "Don't abuse the horses,
but may we drive a little faster?"

The driver on the box was a member
of the priest's congregation also, and the
horses did travel.

Arrived at the office of the lodge sec-
retary the priest went in, but he came
out a moment later just a bit confused.
In his haste in responding to the sick
call he had left the house without mon-
ey.

"Mr. A." said Father Farley, "you
have been very good to bring me here.
May I presume on your kindness to
borrow \$2 from you until this afternoon?"

The assessment was paid, and the
priest returned the loan that afternoon,
although the lender insisted that he did
not want the money back.

That night the patient died, and thanks
to the priest's practical ministrations,

the wife and daughter got the insurance
money.

While he was Auxiliary Bishop of New
York, Bishop Farley wrote an article on
a theological question for a review. The
bishop accepted the very liberal compen-
sation of the magazine for the article.
A literary man who had read it spoke
of it to a member of the Bishop's house-
hold.

"It is a splendid argument," said the
man. "It is sure to bear fruit."

"It has borne fruit," said the priest.
"It has bought breeches and shoes for a
lot of youngsters who couldn't go to
school in their rags."

Personal gifts of money to the bishop
from time to time always went to his
charities. His Church, in the heart of
the East side embraces a lot of rich
people, but a great many more very
poor ones.

A politician went to see Father Far-
ley at the priest's house in the middle of
a close local campaign. The priest's pas-
torate extended over his political field,
and the politician wanted his help with
the parish.

"If you help me and I win," said the
politician, "I'll give \$500 to the poor of
your parish."

"They do need money," said the priest
in his mildest voice, "but they don't
need it that badly."

Twenty-four years ago Father Farley
accompanied Cardinal McCloskey, whose
secretary he was, to Rome to see the
coronation of Pope Leo XIII. Cardinal
McCloskey reached Rome too late to par-
ticipate in the election of the Pope by
the College of Cardinals. A few months
ago, when Bishop Farley was in Rome,
he reminded the Pope that as a young
priest he had been present at the coron-
ation.

"We knew before we left New York
that you would be chosen," said the
Bishop to the Holy Father.

"Then if you had arrived in time your
Cardinal would have voted for me?"
asked the Pope.

"I answered him," said Bishop Farley,
in relating the incident "with an Italian
word which cannot be translated direct-
ly into English. I should say that its
English equivalent would be, you bet."

Archbishop John Murphy Farley, who is just past 60 years of age, is likely to live to be a Cardinal, for the growing importance of this metropolitan in the Catholic Church world is not overlooked by the Pope. The Archbishop's active life has left him at 60 vigorous in mind and body to take up the work of the largest and most conspicuous district of his Church in the New World.

As secretary to Cardinal McCloskey and as Auxiliary Bishop, the right hand of the late Archbishop Corrigan, the new Archbishop has little to learn about the duties of his high office. It is fitting that he should come to St. Patrick's Cathedral, for as secretary to the Cardinal he kept all the records of the building of that splendid house of God.

Archbishop Farley's existence is without what in other men's careers is called home life. His waking hours are spent entirely for the church. He is a tireless worker, visiting a church one day, a sick priest the next, a distant part of his diocese the next, for confirmation or consultation.

He finds time, however, to read a great deal. That may be said to be his only recreation. He keeps abreast of the news and the events of the day. When he allows himself a vacation it is generally to go to one of the Catholic summer schools, where he is a regular attendant at the lectures. He likes out-of-door life, and where his administrative business calls him he always walks, if time will permit.

The new Archbishop will be formally installed in office at the Cathedral when the pallium arrives from Rome.

A cablegram from Rome to the Associated Press says that Bishop Quigley, of Buffalo, has been recommended by the congregation of the Propaganda for the Archbishopric of Chicago, which in size and importance nearly equals that of New York. The Pope is free to accept or reject the proposed candidate, but he seldom rejects him, except for special reasons. We have no doubt regarding Bishop Quigley's fitness. He has always shown himself to be a zealous pastor, and an able administrator.

He was born in the year 1855, in Oshawa, Ont. His family afterwards moved to Lima, N.Y., where he frequented

the parochial school. He began his clerical studies at the seminary of Our Lady of the Angels, Niagara Falls, N. Y., and completed them at Rome, where he graduated in 1879. After his ordination he returned to this country. He occupied various positions in the diocese until 1884, when he was made rector of the Cathedral. In 1896 he was made pastor of St. Bridget's, one of the largest parishes in the diocese, where he remained till the following year, when he was chosen Bishop.

During his career as priest, and more so as Bishop, he has, by his priestly qualities, endeared himself to the people of all races and creeds, and they will loath see him depart from their midst.

The Buffalo Evening News speaking of him says :

The Rt. Rev. James E. Quigley, of this city, Bishop of the Diocese of Buffalo, is one of the three prelates named to the Pope, as most worthy to be selected by the head of the Roman Communion to the Archbishopric of New York in succession to the late Archbishop Corrigan. Bishop Quigley is also named as one of the three men most to be desired in the incumbency of the Archbishopric of Chicago in succession to the late Archbishop Feehan. The name of Bishop Quigley is the only one appearing on both lists as made up by the priesthood of two widely separated provinces.

This is remarkable enough to attract attention throughout the church whose priesthood Bishop Quigley adorns. It reminds the classical student of that famous situation when Thucydides was second on all lists for choice of commanders. But it is not surprising to those who are acquainted with the man as with the prelate ; with the scholar as with the citizen. For in native endowment, in ripe attainment, in catholicity of spirit and in breadth of sympathy, no citizen of Buffalo is more highly honored esteemed and admired than James G. Quigley. It is not in the least by chance that this distinguished man is in many hearts and on many tongues for elevation to a principedom in the Church today.

Bishop Quigley combines as few other men do, the qualities of an administra-

tor for those of a teacher and spiritual leader. The master of many tongues; possessed of a European education, yet an American to his finger tips; familiar with the ways of men in all parts of the civilized world; esteemed by all statesmen, artists and scholars, and not less respected by the soundest business men for ability to meet them on their own ground, it is not until men begin to think about him earnestly that they begin to realize the greatness of his mind and his peculiarly complete equipment for archiepiscopal station. But when to his intellectual capital, which is so extensive, is added the further possession of a frame capable of endless hard work, and in the very maturity of its powers, so that it matches and reinforces his vigorous mind, the sum of the reasons for his advancement is not even yet made up completely.

He that is a true shepherd of the sheep is more than a mind, however brilliant, and a body, however enduring. There is still to be considered the essential character of the man, what he is in the last analysis. It is but the simple truth to say that in any list of three citizens of Buffalo most deeply beloved in this city in any time in the last 20 years, through the whole city, without regard to church or creed, race or nativity, business or occupation, Bishop Quigley must be always counted one of them. He has not lived apart from his fellow-men, but among them, and with them, and of them, with the fullness of his high intelligence and lofty spirit and devotion to humanity, so that the ceaseless work, and the comforting thought, and the eloquent tongue, have been but the flowering of the pure character and beautiful, clear intellect of the man.

That very high honors await Bishop Quigley cannot be doubted, for it is the policy of the Church which is the special field of his service and authority to confer increasing responsibility on those of its servants found possessors of the talents indispensable to leadership in the redemption of the world from sin and vice and every form of evil. He already stands in the front rank of American divines in power and attainments and gifts of speech. All Buffalo, the city of his home, will especially rejoice if the call

to wider responsibility and greater opportunity for service, in the cause to which he gives his life, is now extended to this Christian nobleman, finished scholar and proved captain, in the army of the Lord whom he adores.

A Luminous Thought.

"Coeli enarrant gloriam Dei; et opera manuum ejus annunciat firmamentum."—Ps. cxviii-i.

These inspired words of the royal Psalmist are well known and loved by those who understand the liturgy of Holy Church.

They were forcibly recalled to mind of late by a remark which, although one of a child, yet enclosed in its casket of beautiful expression, more wisdom than many pages of those scientists who admire the starry firmament, but think not of the Creator.

"What is that, mother?" asked a boy, gazing curiously at her jewelled ring. "It is a diamond," she answered; and, perhaps explained that this was, of all gems, the most precious. Not long after, one tranquil star-lit evening, when Venus shone with singular brilliancy, our little inquirer looked up thoughtfully and said: "I suppose that is a diamond in God's ring."

Truly, a "luminous thought," for the fair light of childish innocence blends with that of intelligence seeking after the highest cause. It is like a little commentary on that verse of holy psalmody already quoted,—a low echo of the sentiment contained in its royal words. The heavens are, indeed, the work of God's hands, and is it not at all inappropriate to style its starry gems their adornment.

Saints, poets and little children, often look through the veil of creation, as it were and discern its Creator by faith, which has been called "the light of time" for "the light of glory" is what we aspire to. "Blessed are the clean of heart; for they shall see God."

E. D. M.

Great souls endure in silence.—Schiller.

The more sand has escaped from the hour glass of our lives, the clearer we should see through it.—Jean Paul.

Te Deum.

We praise Thee, God, and we confess Thee, Lord.
Eternal Father, all the earth adores Thee.
To Thee the angels all, to Thee the heavens
And all the powers: to Thee the Cherubim
And Seraphim with voice incessant cry:
Holy! Holy! Holy! Lord God of Sabaoth,
The heavens and earth are filled
With glory of thy Majesty.
The glorious choir of Apostles,
The well-deserving band of Prophets,
The white-robed host of Martyrs,
The holy church throughout the earth
Confess Thee, Father of great majesty,
Thy true and only Son to be adored,
Together with the Holy Ghost, the Paraclete.
Thou Christ, the King of Glory,
Thou art the Father's co-eternal Son;
Thou, when about to ransom man,
The Virgin's womb did'st not disdain;
Thou, having overcome the sting of death,
Hath opened Heaven to believers.
At God's right hand thou sittest
In glory of the Father
The judge to come thou art believed to be.
Then we beseech Thee, help thy servants,
Whom with thy precious blood thou hast redeemed,
And grant that they be numbered
Together with thy saints in glory.
Lord save thy people, bless thy heritage,
And rule and raise them up forever.
Each single day we bless Thee; and thy name
We praise forever and forever.
Vouchsafe, O Lord, this day from sin to guard us:
Have pity on us, Lord, have pity on us;
Thy mercy to be upon us, Lord,
According as we hope in Thee.
In Thee have I confided, Lord,
Oh! may I never be confounded. Amen.

—F. S. S. J., in St. Ignatius' Calendar.

A Eucharistic Miracle.

Of the many miracles that local history furnish the details, over the length and breadth of Spain, and which at once attest the ardent faith in the presence of our Divine Lord in the Blessed Sacrament of His Love—the Holy Eucharist—few are more wonderful, few will more vividly arouse our faith than the authentic story of the losing and subsequent finding of the "Cupon," or golden Pyx, preserved still, after many centuries in the parish church of Alboroya, some few miles from the Cathedral city and Metropolitan Barilic of Valencia, and which the writer has seen during the exhibition of church plate displayed during the sittings of the Eucharistic Congress of this Catholic city in 1893.

On a golden chalice which accompanied it, and which was, too, exhibited at the request of the present Primate of Spain—the truly popular Cardinal Sancha—is engraved the historic legend of the finding of the Pyx and the Sacred Particles, as narrated in the following history:

The parish priest of the little suburban village of Alboroya, in the kingdom of Valencia, was going one day to administer the Holy Viaticum to a sick person in the opposite and populous village of Almacera. On crossing a mountain stream, one of the many tributary rivulets of the Tuna, which at ordinary times is so dry that you could cross it without wetting your feet, but on this occasion its waters became so increased by the recent torrential rains that its crossing was hazardous, yet he fancied he could, as of old, pass from stepping stone to stepping stone, and arrive safely at the opposite shore, but in doing so he unfortunately slipped, and the Sacred Pyx, which contained the Sacred Particles, fell from his hand and were swept away by the impetuosity of the rushing stream. He sought, but sought in vain, and could not succeed in finding them. He ran to the adjacent little hamlet to tell sorrowfully his misfortune, and so interested were his audience that the able bodied of the village turned out and ran to the banks of the surging torrent in search of the priceless treasure. After many dangerous and laborious efforts to

find the Pyx, at length one, more venturesome than his fellows, dashed into the waters in its search, and soon found it, but empty. Thus the first impulse of glory, followed that of the greatest pain, when God, by an unheard of miracle, gave to the crowd in search of it, the unexpected consolation of its miraculous discovery.

They saw shoals of small fish arise to the surface of the water, carrying each, one of the lost Hosts. They maintained themselves stationary in the midst of the rushing waters, their heads above the foam of the surging torrent, thus exposing to the adoration of all that were gathered on the bank—this grateful crowd of fervent Catholics—the several lost particles. The first who noticed them was he who jumped into the waters and the few who courageously followed him, waded through its waters in search of the Sacred Pyx, and not daring to draw nigh, through respect to the adorable Sacramental Presence of Our Divine Lord and Our God, they called aloud to the revered Priest and those collected on the banks, in order that they might participate in this joy and witness for themselves the miracle. For it was evident to all, and all cried aloud that they should go in procession to the parish church to give God thanks for so signal a favor. The priest robed himself and the people surged around him with their lighted torches and formed a lengthened procession, which directed itself to the little parish church of Alboroya.

In the meantime the fish remained immovable in their position, but when the priest had clothed himself with his golden tissue Cope and put on the sacred ornaments of his office, they ascended the stream, and drawing near to him, suddenly going out from the water, each carried towards him, a single host, sound, intact, and dry, although they were for some hours in the water. The fish, as if understanding the glory that God Almighty had conferred on them in being deemed worthy of touching the Sacred Eucharist, the very body and blood of their Lord,—their God and

Creator—returned beneath the water, manifesting by their plaintive and pensive murmuring the intense joy and profound jubilee that the miracle afforded them. Then the people, with burning torches and singing the most fervent anthems and hymns of gratitude to Almighty God, accompanied the Hosts, carried by the Priest, processionally to the parish church, where to this day these self-same particles, miraculously, after so many centuries, have preserved their incorruptibility, and are annually visited by large and fervent crowds of pilgrim devotees of the Blessed Sacrament from every parish of the vast Arch-diocese.

In their desolation, the people of the little hamlet of Almacera, to where the priest was going to administer the Viaticum, collected the funds that purchased this beautiful chalice, on which the details of the miracle are engraved and kept securely in their little chapel, framed by its faithful children from generation to generation, priding in the following words that so authentically recalled the heavenly favour of which their village has been the theatre.

"Who will deny the mystery of the Holy Eucharist, when the speechless fish of our little stream preached to all; our Faith. Deo Gratias."

Juan Pedro.

The Patron of Our Land.

By C. J. ANDERSON.

PURE as the morning's glory, chaste as the evening's blue,
Sitteth the Queen of Heaven to hear us chaunts renew,
Promised to our grand-parents, as forth from Eden they went,
She comes at last all glorious, spotless, pure, unblent;
Promised by God Almighty in the legends of seers old,
She comes to crush the serpent and gather us in one fold;
A blessing to barren Anna, a blessing to our race,
The Mother of our Redeemer, the Dispenser of His grace.

Enraptured men point out to us the great ones of our sphere
And say: "Behold the heroes who never bowed to fear."
But honored as their deeds may be of true and sterling worth,
Yet earthy shall they always be, because they are of earth.
On Clio's scroll their fleeting names are traced in fading gold
That mockingly doth glide away from crumbling marble old.
Their sun rose up, their burr increased till all their glories met;
Their glories waned, their burr declined and now their sun is set.

No wonder then our country has chosen as its guide
Her whom all the nations have honored far and wide;
For her no need of marble, no need of gold's poor aid,
Her fame's for aye enshrined in the hearts that God has made.
To the bliss-girt realms of Heaven, we raise our hearts to-day
That Mary's smile may strengthen us and cheer us on our way.
O, Virgin Queen, unspotted Maid, stretch forth thy helping hand,
For we honor thee, Immaculate One, as Patron of our Land.

After Thirty Years.

Virtue in real life has a peculiar attraction for all. We hear and know sufficient of abstract virtue, but we remain unmoved. It is when we see holiness personified in men around us that we feel inspired to follow it ourselves. With Cardinal Vaughan, we feel and say that there is nothing so attractive as concrete virtue. As with virtue, so with the teachings of Holy Writ. They are, beyond doubt, most unctuous and forcible in their abstract form; but it is when we see them exemplified under our own eyes, by daily facts, that we fully grasp their import.

A few days ago such an exemplification of the Holy Gospel's teaching came under my notice. It brings home to us the full meaning of that exhortation of our Blessed Lord to the Apostles, "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His justice, and all these things shall be added unto you."

Mr. S.—, an aged man, worn with the toil of some three score of years, came on the 1st of December to Father H—, a well known parish priest of Chicago. When Father H. was but a curate years ago, he had known the man well. During his curacy, and for years before, Mr. S.— was notorious for his disregard of all the precepts of his holy religion. He was of the number of those who served Mammon and not God. From morn till eve, year in and year out, this slave of money toiled to gather together the riches of this fleeting world. Riches were his god; to gain them, the salvation of his immortal soul was considered as nought. He worked the seven days of the week to gather in all that his hands could gain. On Sunday mornings he arose as early as on other mornings, not to serve God by going to Mass, but to serve the devil by laboring the live-long day, at work which he could have left undone just as well. To go to Holy Mass was something entirely extraneous to the routine of his life. He was so eager to rise and get to work that he had not time to kneel down and say one Hail Mary, even on a Sunday morning. God had no longer an existence for him as far as worship was con-

cerned. He had one aim—to gain wealth. This was his thought at morn, when he awoke from sleep; this was his thought at eve, when he retired to rest. By day, it occupied his thoughts; by night it haunted him in his dreams. This was the romantic life which this slave of mammon followed,—not for five or ten, but for thirty long years. During these years he had never heard mass; never breathed one single prayer. Completely oblivious of all the claims that God had upon him, he never even thanked the Almighty for the life and strength which God had given him, and which he used to insult his Maker.

Thirty long years passed and what was the outcome of this man's perverseness? Did he succeed in amassing wealth by living in open violation of God's holy commandments? He related his story to Father H—, whom he came to visit, and who had known him years before.

"Father," said he, "for thirty years I have served the world, completely forgetful of my God. I had no desire but to gain wealth: All my thoughts, all my desires, all my labors, tended to that one end. To accomplish, this, I strove with might and main. I stopped at no sin, provided I thought it would bring me nearer to the goal of my desires. But all in vain; I have failed. My property, eaten up by mortgages, has passed from my hands. My mother-in-law, insured for several thousand dollars, died a short ago, but before the insurance was collected, the company became bankrupt. To-day I have not a dollar of my own in this wide world that I have served as a slave for thirty years. But," continued he, confiding on God's grace, "I have been to confession, and I trust that to-day I stand before the Almighty with my sins forgiven. My children support me, are kind to me, with a kindness I do not deserve. During my sinful years, I was never happy, never peaceful; but now I am happy with a happiness I never knew before; peaceful with a peace of which I was never before conscious. Hence, I have abandoned the service of

the world and will now serve my God forever."

Such was his story. It contains its own lesson—a lesson that this man learned only after thirty years of slavery.

That he will never forget it is needless to remark. He was taught in the school of life—a school with the most attractive of lessons—virtue; but with the sternest of masters—truth.

Their Last Salve Regina.

It happened during the horrors of the French Revolution. Intoxicated with the blood of innocent human beings, those barbaric ruffians found their only relish in slaughter and bloodshed. Nobody could be sure in the evening that he would not be taken to the scaffold in the morning, and the purer and more innocent a person was, so much the more certain was his death. Virtue was then a crime. The guillotine worked too slowly for the bloodthirsty executioners, and the earth was saturated with the blood of innocent victims. Pestiferous pools of blood spread sickness and contagion, and cruelty had to invent new means to drown or cut down its victims—men, women and children en masse. Execution was the only pastime the brutalized rabble enjoyed. There were knitters and dancers of the guillotine, who knitting, found their delight in witnessing the last convulsions of the murdered, or in dancing around the scaffold, amidst wild and satanic howling and scornful and frantic laughter.

During this time of bloody madness it was that the fatal sentence to die under

the guillotine fell on an entire convent of nuns, the Convent of the Carmelite nuns in Paris. The dismal cart halted at their gates. Bravely the sisters stepped in and on this evening of their lives they intoned the Salve Regina, as was their custom, when chanting Vespers. They sang it while passing through the streets; they sang it on the place of execution; they sang it whilst one after the other placed her head under the murderous axe, and only after the last of the heroic band had offered her neck to the executioner, did their chanting cease. With the soul of the martyred prioress, the last strains of the Salve Regina ascended into the air.

The infuriated rabble had listened terror stricken to this chant. They did not laugh, they did not clap their hands as was their custom on such occasions. As if aroused from their stupefying intoxication, they heard the song of the dying virgins. Their diabolical shouts had ceased. The revolution passed its zenith with the Salve Regina of the Parisian Carmelite nuns. — (Stimmen v. Berge Karmel.)

Saint Albert of Messina.

Of the Order of Carmelites.

By the COUNTESS DE BEAUREPAIRE DE LOUVAGNY.

Translated from the French by MISS S. X. BLAKELY.

CHAPTER FIRST.

His Birth—His Education.

It was during the reign of the Emperor and King Frederick II, whose rebellious attitude towards the Papacy, and cruel oppression of Italy, rendered his name infamous, that there dwelt on the Island of Sicily, a man called Benoist, whose goodness added new luster to his noble birth. He was a descendant of the house of Abbitibus, a family noted alike for their ancient lineage and great wealth, and came originally from Eryx. This was a fortified city of occidental Sicily, situated at no great distance from Trapani, and at the foot of Mount Eryx, known as San Guiliamo. At the present time Benoist was one of our Lord's most faithful servants. At the proper age he united himself in marriage with a young girl named Jeanne, of noble lineage like himself. She was descended from the Palizzi, one of the most ancient and powerful families of Sicily. Benoist and Jeanne made progress in virtue their principal aim, and the marriage was a happy one. One thing, however, marred its perfect contentment, and this grief grew deeper with the advance of time. After twenty years of married life no child had come to crown their faithful love, yet they still cherished the hope that our Lord would grant their petition, and send them a son to inherit their noble name, their virtues, and to be the solace of their declining years.

More firmly than ever they resolved to place their confidence in God, yet they could not refrain from occasionally speaking despondently of the failure which, thus far, was meted out to their prayers. Finally, with one accord, a supreme determination was formulated in their minds. They made a solemn vow that if our Lord would send them

the son which they so ardently desired, they would consecrate him to the service of God in the religious state. They then redoubled their prayers, they ceased not to implore the mediation of the Mother of Jesus, and to their fervent prayers they added rigid fasting, and almsgiving of the most generous type. Full of confidence, Benoist and Jeanne even selected the order to which they intended to confide their child of many prayers and promised that he should become a Carmelite, the reason for their choice being self-evident.

In consequence of the disastrous termination of the third crusade commanded by Philip Augustus and Richard, the Lion-hearted, the Saracens regained even more than their former assurance, and all over Palestine their cruel encroachments spread apprehension and dismay. The monks of Mount Carmel were exposed to a thousand perils which grew greater with each succeeding day. They could no longer support themselves in the beloved solitudes of the Holy Land and of Syria, and then it was that emigration to Europe was first thought of and the project of attempting foundations there first entertained. In 1237, the Prior General, the venerable Berthold II, summoned all his subjects to meet in chapter at Carmel. During its continuance they sent forth fervent petitions to heaven that they might be enlightened and guided as to what our Divine Lord wished them to do. The chapter decided that a speedy emigration to Europe and the immediate foundation of monasteries there would be best.

Amongst these the monastery of Messina was one of the first. The virtue and piety of the inmates became at once the admiration of all. Benoist and Jeanne recognized more and more fully the marvellous origin of this order of

the Blessed Virgin Mary of Mount Carmel; they knew well the favors with which it had been overwhelmed by the Divine Mother. And finally a miraculous event placed the culminating point upon their decision.

Some time after having made the above mentioned vow Jeanne began to hope that her prayers had been heard. She had grave reason to think that, at last she would become a mother. It was then that she had a dream, which filled her heart with the sweetest consolation. It was precisely at day-dawn, and she had fallen into that half slumber which generally precedes awakening. She beheld coming forth from her womb a torch, the flame of which was so brilliant that it filled the whole apartment with dazzling light. The dream awakened her. She at once told her husband of the mysterious vision with which she had been visited.

O, wonder! he too had had a heaven sent dream. As if under some celestial influence he, filled with the sweetest peace and joy, had beheld the miraculous birth, he had seen the flaming torch, like his wife he had beheld the brilliant light; with her he had been dazzled by the splendor which transformed the room. Jean Grossns, in the "Mirror of Carmel," adds that the husband and wife saw the son, to whose birth they were looking forward, appear to them wearing the livery of the Order so dear to our Blessed Mother. After having interchanged the accounts of their dreams, Jeanne and Benoist remained for some time silent and thoughtful. Amazement at first precluded speech, but amazement before many minutes gave way to gratitude. They understood that they were the subjects of a divine mystery, and the most intense joy filled their innermost hearts. Jeanne first awakened to the sense of what was due to the goodness of God, and kneeling down she offered up a thanksgiving exceedingly great. Meanwhile the proofs of her approaching maternity became more certain as the days passed, and there was no longer a doubt as to the truth. Yes! notwithstanding her age and ther sterility with which she had been afflicted for so many years, Jeanne was enabled to tell her husband that she had received

from the Lord a fruit of grace and benediction. She recalled her blessed dream to him, and, as if inspired by God, cried out, "This child will be great! and if the vision prove true he will never lose the divine life nor the knowledge of the secrets which heaven contains." At her words Benoist could not conceal the transports of his delight. Happy tears filled his eyes, and grateful prayers arose to God.

The time being accomplished, Jeanne suffered the pains of maternity, and soon her child came into the world. She was not deceived in her hopes, for, as she had been led to believe in those celestial visions, the little one, whose mother she had become, was a son.

Parents as pious and exact in their obedience to the laws of the church as were Jeanne and Benoist would not postpone the baptism of the infant, and before the day of its birth had ended, it was carried to the Baptismal Font. The name of Albert was given to it, and even in the selection thereof Divine Providence bore a part. The name had been, up to that time, unknown in the provinces of Sicily, where it had never been even so much as pronounced. Although it was of Germanic origin, it had nevertheless been, in the fourth century, borne by the venerable patriarch, who was prior at the Convent of Mount Carmel, and to whom the Order is indebted for the rule of the primitive observance. It was this rule to which, later on, the fervent Saint Theresa led the entire order to observe. The name Albert signifies "sweet" and "agreeable" to all. Cunctis carus a grationes. Let us say, before proceeding further that the divine blessing bestowed upon Jeanne and Benoist seems not to have been limited to the birth of Saint Albert for, at the hour of his death, the latter announced that at that very time at Trapani, his sister gave back her soul to God.

At the most tender age this child of benediction gave evidence of the happiest disposition. He grew in wisdom and holiness; he followed the example of his parents, and imitated their virtues. He would leave his play to pour forth his soul to God in prayer. As soon as he was capable of receiving instruction, and with him it was at a very early age, the

process of imparting knowledge to him began. The love of Albert for God was intense, and the Holy Ghost sustained him with his grace. The lessons assigned him were difficult for so young a child and the facility with which he learned was marvelous. His education therefore was something to wonder at, but his conduct was simply perfect. His parents never had the least cause to reproach him; never was he guilty of the least disobedience. Thus he filled their hearts with joy, and gave them every reason to lavish upon him the most devoted love. As to the rest, as his name predicted, Albert had the gift of winning the good will of all. His admirable gifts of mind and heart, intensified and perfected by grace, could not fail to render him beloved by, and agreeable to all with whom he came in contact.

CHAPTER SECOND.

A Ruse of the Demon—Albert's Vocation —His Entrance into the Religious Life.

Albert had just completed the eighth year of his age. He had made the most rapid progress in his studies; his mental endowments, personal beauty and charming manner attracted immediate attention in the exalted circle in which his parents moved, and many were the comments made upon the child. One of his father's friends indeed formed a project in which Albert was to play a prominent part. This nobleman was of the highest rank, and could even boast of royal blood; he had a daughter for whose future settlement he had already begun to plan. He reflected that the goodness of the little Albert added to his position as belonging to the noble race of the Abbatis, would render an alliance with him desirable in the extreme.

He determined, according to the custom of that epoch, to offer to Benoist the hand of his daughter for his son Albert, as soon as they should have arrived at the proper age.

He sought an interview with Benoist to impart his intentions. His daughter would have a magnificent dowry. She gave promise of unusual beauty. Her spouse might at some future day even aspire to royal dignity. These considera-

tions had an effect upon Benoist. He endeavored at first to banish the temptation, but ended by allowing himself to be persuaded, with certain reservations.

He told his friend that he could not give his decision at once, without time for reflection. And meanwhile his conscience was far from tranquil. He hastened home to consult his wife, hoping that she would coincide with his views; but how speedily was he undeceived! He would fain have demonstrated to her the advantages of such a marriage, but at the very first sentence Jeanne exclaimed: "O! my dear husband! I am surprised at your access of worldly prudence. What! you would place an earthly realm whose joys would pass in a few brief years, against the eternal Kingdom, whose glory never fades? I entreat you give up the idea; leave to the world its fleeting joys, its fatal snares. Have you then forgotten your Creator, and the great blessing He conferred upon you?" "No! No!" protested Benoist.

Jeanne continued: "And what of your vow? You bound yourself by your own free will, by a solemn promise. It is a bond which you can never break." Benoist remained silent. "Where would your pride lead you? Do you not know that our welfare depends upon the fidelity with which we keep the pledge made to our Lord Jesus Christ and His Blessed Mother?" These reproaches overwhelmed Benoist with confusion. Still he was not thoroughly convinced, but did not attempt to say another word upon the subject to his wife. He temporized with his friend. And so the matter rested. Meanwhile the education of the boy went on. Nothing was spared that he might be well versed in human lore, as well as in the science of the Saints. His progress in both excited the amazement of all who knew him. Thus his childhood passed, and he entered upon the heritage of youth, but for some time there seemed to be something of deep import agitating his soul. It was evident that some very grave consideration never for one moment left his mind. He endeavored to conceal it from his parents and to be his own bright self before them, but in vain. The further he advanced in the study of our holy religion, the more deeply he penetrated its divine mysteries, the more

ardent grew his already great love for God. His heart was so inflamed with this excessive love that one might see during the long time when he remained absorbed in prayer, how the tears fell, and how his entire face became transfigured with celestial light. The desire of devoting his life to God and of clothing himself with the religious habit had taken possession of him, and nothing could banish it from his mind. He dared not make the revelation to his parents. Imbued as he was with the spirit of love, obedience and respect which God requires from children to parents, he waited for a favorable opportunity to rise that he might tell his father and mother what was agitating their child. He was prepared to make the sacrifice of his own will to their wishes, thus showing that he had taken the first step in the way of that sanctity wherein he was one day to shine, a glorious light. Our Lord Himself deigned to arrange a fitting occasion for the announcement. Albert had just completed his eighteenth year. All morning had the Countess Jeanne remained secluded in her oratory, and when she left that holy place she summoned her son to come to her. She awaited him, sitting upon a carved oaken arm chair, canopied with elegant drapery, — a seat occupied by her only upon solemn occasions. As soon as Albert entered the apartment, he knew that an interview of very great importance awaited him, and his spirit trembled between hope and fear.

"My dearest son," began the Countess, "I have called you hither to have a serious conversation with you, for I wish to impart to you various events of which you should no longer remain in ignorance. Come and sit near me," and she pointed to a low hassock by her side.

Then the mother related to her son what had occurred at his birth, and of the vow made by his father and herself. With each sentence the soul of the youth became more overwhelmed with joy. He fully comprehended the significance of such a communication. Still his humility forbade him to make the decision alone. "Dear mother," said he, "I am under the salutary yoke of paternal obedience. I do not belong to myself. I

am ready to do as you wish. What shall it be? Do you prefer that I remain in the world, and give myself up to temporal affairs? I do not perhaps understand. Do you wish me to consecrate myself to the service of Jesus Christ, to offer to Him the sacrifice of a chaste life, in order to win eternal life? Do you wish me to devote myself wholly to religion? For, if I mistake not, such was the import of your vow." "Beloved child," answered the Countess, "I have no intention of proving false to the vow so solemnly registered before God. On the contrary it was to entreat you to meet my desires that I summoned you hither to-day. For, to serve God, is to dwell forever with Him, to ensure one's salvation." These words filled the heart of the listener with delight. He knew now that the secretly cherished wish of his soul was to be realized. "Well, then, mother," he replied, "I willingly shall correspond with what you have promised, and at the earliest possible moment will transform your intentions into an accomplished fact." Jeanne had no misgivings as to the ready consent of her son, for had not the Lord deigned to enlighten her as to the glorious future which awaited him? Realizing, however, as she did, the perfidious wiles and diabolical malice of satan, which that evil spirit exercises in regard to our Lord's faithful servants, she had not been able to divest herself of a certain apprehension. She had not forgotten the weakness evinced by her husband. Albert's response reassured her completely. The mother and son were so deeply interested in their conversation that the dinner hour arrived before they anticipated it, and with it Benoist, so that the meal was served, and they seated themselves at the table. Observing that Albert ate nothing, the Count looked affectionately at him, and enquired the reason of his abstinence.

At this Albert left his place, and knelt before his parents. He opened his heart to them; he told them what his intentions were, and how he could not be happy until they were accomplished. Then he added: "I will neither eat or drink to-day until you have blessed me, and given me your authority to go." The feelings of the father at such a revelation may well be imagined. At last he be-

held the arrival of the day upon whose advent he had pondered so often ! But no matter how he felt, he manifested towards his son only the greatest consideration and affection. In conjunction with his wife he gave him the paternal blessing and bade him God speed in his new undertaking. Albert had no inclination to eat. And when the meal was over he bade adieu to his parents, and left his home followed by their tears and benedictions.

Some years previous to this period a monastery of the Order of Mount Carmel had been established not far from Trapani,—about 2000 metres distant, and at the foot of Mount Eryx. The Church to which it was attached was richly appointed, and the object of many devoutists. It was constantly frequented, and to it Albert first directed his steps. He never undertook anything whatsoever, without first having recourse to prayer. This duty accomplished, he presented requested to see the prior, to whom he imparted his intention, and asked permission to serve God in his Order.

The first sentiment of the superior was utter astonishment. Then, having questioned the postulant, he was filled with admiration. So much zeal and fervor at so tender an age could not but surprise the venerable superior, and yet he could not believe in the firmness or stability of a vocation which he was pleased to consider of recent origin.

In any case, however, as the youth belonged to a noble and powerful family he reflected that it might be imprudent to receive him without first having obtained authority from his parents. No ! the superior could not take it upon himself to comply. His answer to Albert was a refusal, and then he directed that he should be attended to his home. The youth, sad and rejected, retraced his steps, and again entered the paternal mansion. It can easily be believed that this unexpected return was hailed with joy by Benoist ; also that he was not unprepared to yield to the suggestions of the demon, and that when the shades of night fell over the castle, and he retired to rest, he was under the influence of very dangerous ideas. But the Queen of Heaven—faithful protectress of the human race—watched over him. Towards

midnight Mary suddenly appeared to this wavering son, and in a voice whose menacing tones thrilled his innermost being, bitterly reproached him for his unfaithfulness. "Why is it," said the Divine Mother, "that you are not more solicitous to fulfil your vow ? Your Albert, your son, who will one day be your glory is, it is true, born of your blood, but he belongs to me also. He belongs for all eternity to me, as a faithful servant, and if you do not yield him to me, rest assured that you will soon die, and that an ignominious burial will be the reward of your perfidy."

Terrified, Benoist awoke and awakened his wife, to whom he told this new vision, wherein Jeanne found additional cause to reproach the delinquent. Benoist acknowledged his fault, and gave every token that he regretted it. He, with Jeanne, ratified their vow, and often after having thus fervently renewed it, they impatiently awaited the day-dawn. As soon as the new-born day tinged the cloudless sky with rosy light, and the matutinal sun had vivified the earth with its first rays, they summoned their child and with a sentiment of the deepest reverence towards him they conducted him to the Carmelite monastery. There, in the presence of the whole community, Benoist narrated all the circumstances of his recent dream. Then he and Jeanne entreated the prior to receive Albert amongst his religious children, and to clothe him with the habit worn by the Order of the Blessed Virgin. The prior no longer had any reason to refuse. On the contrary he received him with joy. Albert desired to receive the white tunic as soon as possible, and the superior thought that he would be able to gratify his wish. It was not long before the day appointed for the ceremony arrived. All the noblemen in the vicinity were invited to be present on the solemn occasion, and all eagerly responded to the call. Besides these, a vast throng filled the church and witnessed the impressive scene. Everything was carried out with the greatest exactness. Albert was clad in the habit, his soul was ravished, his countenance was radiant with a holy pride. As to the costly raiment which he had cast aside, he gave it to the poor, and thus our Saint entered upon a life of exalted holiness.

Progress of the Catholic Church.

Dr. Kolbe, a Protestant church historian of Erlangen, writing in the *New Kirchliche Zeitschrift* on the progress of the Catholic Church, says:—

"Few people, and only those, who study modern facts in the light of church history, have any appreciation of the phenomenal advance made by the Catholic Church during the last decades, especially as a power in the political world and in the conquests of new spheres of thought and life. It is by no means a pleasant thing for Protestants to contemplate; but it is an undeniable fact that not since the days of Innocent III. has the papal system unfolded such splendor and power as in the present time. Not the Catholic princes, but rather the Protestant rulers are the ones who are trying to surpass each other in honoring the shrewd sage now occupying the throne in the Vatican, although it is this same sage who has repeatedly called the Reformation a 'pest.'"

"In other respects the church has grown phenomenally. Each year the number of those who swell the ranks of the religious orders grows by the thousands, and in the German empire alone there are now 40,000 of these. Not since the days of the Reformation have these orders, especially the Jesuits, developed the strength they evince in our days. The Catholics control the parliaments and they make our laws, and in countries like Germany, where state and church are united, they even pass the laws regulating the affairs of the Protestant Church. With every day the principle is gaining more and more ground that it is not ability and efficiency, but the attitude towards the Catholic Church, that opens the way for Candidates to positions in the state service. The statesmen of Europe are largely and in many cases, mostly influenced in their international politics by the views that may prevail in the Vatican; and what is more remarkable, that which Innocent III. failed to attain, and that against which even Catholic princes and bishops have constantly protested, namely the assigning of the position of judge on international difficulties to the Pope—this has

been first voluntarily yielded to the Vatican by the leading Protestant powers of Europe, Prussia and Germany, the former of these also having been the first to recognize the Curia as a political power on equal footing with other powers by sending an ambassador to the Vatican."

Kolbe then gives a survey of the historical causes that have led up to this condition of affairs, and closes with the statement that, taking into consideration present conditions, "humanly speaking the Catholic Church is destined to achieve still more notable conquests in the twentieth century."—Translation made for *The Literary Digest*.

THE ANGELUS.

We cut from an exchange the following written by Father Mahoney, a priest of Minnesota:

"I know nothing, that saddens me more than to return to our own country after having been a little while in Belgium or Tyrol. There, the poor people seem so wonderfully to live in the presence of God. If you were to go through a Tyrolese village at 6 o'clock in the evening you would hear from every cottage a hum like that of a hive of bees, every one, father and mother, and children and servants, saying their prayers. It is much the same at noon, only then many of the people are out of doors, in the fields or in their gardens. The church bell rings at twelve, and mowers put down their scythes and take off their caps and fold their hands in prayer for about a minute, and then go on with their work. One market day, at Innsbruck, I was dining, and there were a party of farmers at another table having their dinner. The church rung the Angelus. Then they all rose up, and standing reverently, the oldest man in the party began the prayers and the rest responded. And the women shopping were standing still in the market."—Exchange.

There is nothing good or evil except in the will.—Epictetus.

Stab at thee who will; no stab the soul can kill.—Raleigh.

POWER OF WORDS.

Words are little things, indeed, but their power is beyond computing. They can spread the sunshine of a day that almost has an eternal tinge. They can cast the shadows that resemble eternal night. They can annoint the grief-bowed soul with refreshing sympathy or stir the heart in its most distressing anguish. They can lead to unending happiness, or inextinguishable torments. They can lead the sin-laden soul back to God, or teach the path to unending punishment. The power and influence of a single word has not yet been measured by man.

How often, however, are we brought to a realization of the fact. How seldom do we stop to weigh those that have come into our daily vocabulary! What is their character? Are they good, bad or blasphemous? For it should be remembered that all are charged against us. On the authority of God Himself we shall be called upon to account for every idle word that we utter. But do we heed the admonition? Do men feel its force?

If you seek the answer give attention to the speech of many with whom you hold daily conversation. Catch the blasphemies which clothe the thoughts of those whom you pass on the public highways. Hear the foul utterances of those who are yet little more than infants. Recall those who have been summoned to a sudden judgment with their tongues crusted with curses. Think of their unclean jokes, their vile songs and their filthy stories, and you will have read the answer.

Unclean speech, you must conclude, is a popular sin of the day. The world is carelessly dropped unmindful of the ears upon which it falls. But usually those of innocent youths are the ones to take it up. No sooner than it is placed upon their tongue than that member finds music in the sound, and then another blasphemer of God is born. And him who uttered the word God will hold responsible. From unclean speech the progression to other vices is natural, easy and quick, and for these, too, he must render an account, for he is also responsible.—Church Progress.

BE JUST WITH THE LITTLE ONES.

Many a woman, who would not think of lightly breaking a promise made to a grown up person, is utterly careless about keeping her word with her children. She promises whatever is convenient at the moment, and apparently thinks that the breaking or keeping of those promises is a matter in which she can please herself, and that her children have no right to consider themselves aggrieved if she does not do so.

A mother who acts thus does her child grievous harm. She forgets that the sense of justice is strong in quite a little child, and that it is natural and reasonable that he should expect his parents to be as good as their word, and to fulfil their promises, even at the cost of convenience. Promises should not be lightly broken, and the parent who is guilty of this soon loses his children's confidence, which is one of the sweetest things our little ones can give us.

When boys and girls learn to doubt their parents' truthfulness, they soon look around for some one else whom they can trust, and on that person they shower their affection and bestow their confidence.

Another wrong that is done a child by not keeping promises is that pain that is caused to him. He has, perhaps, reckoned upon and eagerly anticipated some pleasure, and then when he finds he is not to have it, he is cruelly disappointed. It may be a little thing to you, but it was big enough to fill all his thoughts, and the disappointment warps his sense of justice for the time being, and makes an impression which will influence him much in the future.

Be slow in making promises, and then take heed how you break them. Be specially careful that those made to your little ones are faithfully kept, and if the keeping of them be an impossibility—as it may sometimes be—do not neglect to explain that you had not forgotten and that you are sorry. Thus will you retain your children's loving confidence and respect.—Exchange.

A word from a friend is doubly enjoyable in dark days.

The Scapular and Death.

P. Leblanc, of the Society of Jesus, relates the following incident of which he was an eye witness :

In an educational institute he went one evening to the dormitory of the boys to see if they had gone to bed, as was prescribed. One of the pupils was still kneeling at the foot of his bed. When asked for the reason, he answered :—"I gave my Scapular to the porter to have it mended, and he has not yet returned it. I do not dare to go to bed without it, as I may die during the night." The Father tried to quiet him. "Be not afraid," he said, "Almighty God will accept your will for the deed, and tomorrow the porter will return you your Scapular. In the meantime go to bed and sleep in peace." But the boy commenced to weep and said : "I cannot go to bed without the Scapular, who knows, I might die this night." Moved by this strong faith in the Scapular, the Father himself went to the porter and brought the Scapular to the pious boy, who kissed it devoutly and put it around his neck.

The next morning the same Father went again to the dormitory to see if the boys had risen. He looked at the bed of the boy whom he brought the Scapular the evening before, and found him still asleep. The Father thought that perhaps he had not fallen asleep immediately and had therefore not heard the bell for rising. But as he came nearer he saw with terror that the boy was a corpse. He still held the front part of the Scapular in his hand. With a prayer to Mary on his lips, the pious youth had fallen asleep and died and Mary rewarded his confidence in the Scapular, by not allowing him to die without it. ("Stimmen v. Berge Karmel.")

Unreflective minds possess thoughts only as a jug does water, by containing them. In a disciplined mind knowledge exists like vital force in the physical frame, ready to be directed to tongue, or hand or foot, hither, thither, anywhere, and for any use desired.

Good Night.

J. William Fischer

Mother ! good night ! may songs of love
Be friend thee, when the shadows creep
And lead thy thoughts to God above
And bless thy sleep.

Good-night ! may angels bring thee rest,
While bright the stars do serenade
The lonely moon, that lights the breast
Of field and glade.

And may they bring thee swift release
Kiss soft thy burning cheeks, red rose,
Good-night ! and may bright gleams of
peace
From earthly woes.

Good-night ! and may God bring thee
cheer
Through the long and silent hours ;
And may He bring no sorrow-tear
To thorn its flow'rs.

Good-night ! and when on wings of pray-
er
Love's accents sweet, so tender, free,
Float from thy lips to kiss the air,
Remember me !

Mary Immaculate.

O, nature whiter than the snows
O lily Maid of Israel !
"Macula non est in te,"

That never yet on earth hath fell !

"Macula non est in te,"

O, Mother of the Christ-Child, we
Pray that we blest and pure of heart
Shall see God here in truth, like thee.

"Macula non est in te,"

Of angels Queen in those pure skies ;
O White Dove of humanitys
Through we are divine and rise !

Rose C. Conley.

The years of old age are stalls in the cathedral of life, in which for aged men to sit and listen and meditate and be patient till the service is over, and in which they get themselves ready to say 'Amen' at the last, with all their hearts and souls and strength.

Editorial Notes.

A thrice happy New Year to all our friends.

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That God may shower His choicest blessings on you all is the earnest wish of the Review.

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At the beginning of the new year we ought to cast a glance back into the past to see if we have lived in accordance with our Christian vocation. All of us have received numberless benefits from God, but very seldom do we think of them, much less thank Him for them. Not only did He with His all-powerful hand give us a body and an immortal soul, made to His own image and likeness, but He also redeemed us from the slavery of sin at the infinite price of His most Precious Blood, and continues to sustain us every day, to provide us with the necessities of life, to preserve us from dangers and temptations, to inundate our souls with His graces, so that St. Paul said :—"In Him we live, move and are." If God has been so good and generous in the communication of His gifts to us, we should at least be grateful to Him and thank Him every day of our life. Very often instead of doing this we use His precious gifts to offend Him. If we have been neglectful in the fulfillment of our duties, now is the time to resolve on doing better. Do not, however, make many resolutions; make only a few, but put those few into execution. Supposing we were to correct only one fault, or bad habit, at the beginning of each year, after ten or twenty years we would be perfect.

* * * *

With this number the Review begins its second decade. It has passed successfully through one, and with the protection and assistance of the Queen of Carmel it will, we hope, see many more. Our aim in the publication of the Review was to honor the Mother of God, with the Scapular, and make her better known and loved by all. If we have succeeded in this, we consider ourselves amply repaid for all our trouble and expenses. We take this occasion to thank

all our friends and benefactors, for their kindness in co-operating in this good work, and we earnestly hope and pray that our Blessed Mother will abundantly reward their kindness and generosity.

* * * *

When reading the Gospel narrative of the three wise men of the East, we cannot help admiring their great confidence and perseverance. In obedience to the divine call, they renounce all comforts, leave home and country, and make a long and perilous journey to accomplish their object. They are guided by a star. Although it disappeared for a while, they do not lose confidence, they persevere, and we know how their perseverance was crowned. They not only found the Divine Child, the compliment of all their desires at Bethlehem, but also the gift of the true Faith. We, too, have a star to guide us through this life's journey, and if we follow it faithfully it will lead us to the Divine Saviour. This star is the Catholic Church. Sometimes the clouds of our passions and unbelief seem to obscure this star, and make it very dim. But this should never intimidate us. We know our duties, we know what the Church wants us to do and believe, and we should follow its teachings faithfully. The wise men by following the star, found their Divine Saviour, and if we follow this star, the Church, we will one day find our Blessed Saviour, not under the appearance of a little child, but clothed in all His glory and majesty.

* * * *

With this issue we begin the publication of the life of St. Albert of Sicily, who, on account of the numerous miracles worked through his intercession, is surnamed the wonder-worker of Sicily. Many, we are sure, who are called Albert, never knew they had such a glorious saint for their patron. It is with a relic of this saint, that the St. Albert's water is blessed, which has proved to be a defence against many evils. Hence the life of this great Saint will be interesting to all.

* * * *

Monsigr. Donato Sbarretti has been nominated Apostolic Delegate to Canada

by the Pope, to succeed the late Monsigr. Diomede Falconio, who was changed to Washington. The new delegate has had considerable experience among English speaking people. In 1893 being professor of ethics at the college of the propaganda, where he had many Americans among his pupils, he was called to the United States and made auditor of the Apostolic Delegation under Cardinal Satolli. After the close of the Spanish war on account of his singular prudence and tact, he was made Bishop of Havana, which at that time was a very trying position. He filled this office with great satisfaction to the people and governments of both countries, and thus prevented many clashes between them, which might have taken place otherwise. The people of Canada extend to him a hearty welcome. He is sent by the Pope, and comes as his representative, and as such he will be honored and revered by all the Catholics of the country.

* * * *

According to the Bedford Gazette, the Sisters of St. Francis of Milwaukee have bought a piece of land near Bedford, Pa., called the Strominger farm, on which they intend to erect a sanitarium. Bedford is well known as a health resort. Its springs and healthy bracing climate have benefitted many, and the Sisters were prudent in choosing such a suitable place, where the invigorating breezes from the Alleghenies will serve to restore health to those who need it.

* * *

We hear occasionally how proselytism is carried on in Catholic countries. A short time ago eleven Cuban children were allured from their homes by a certain Mrs. Tingley. She brought them to New York, where they were detained and sent back home. Mrs. Tingley's intention in bringing them here was to rear them as Theosophists in her so-called school at Point Loma, California. The Union and Times has this to say of Mrs. Tingley and her school:

"So far as the Union and Times has been able to learn, few members of the Gerry Society in New York are members of the Catholic Church. It is still a fact, however, that the society named is entitled to the thanks of the Catho-

lics in this country and Cuba; for it, was the Gerry Society which first stirred up the government to take action against the notorious Katharine Tingley of California. During the last two years Mrs. Tingley has made a specialty of obtaining young children (chiefly girls) from Cuba and taking them to her so-called "home" at Point Loma in the Golden State. Once they were there she pretended to train them up in theosophy with purpose of afterwards sending them as missionaries of that pagan cult to convert the Catholics of Cuba. Government investigation of her teachings, however, resulted in showing that these were downright immoral. The young people were sent back, and we suppose, a stop henceforth will be put to the work of the arch-propagator of modern paganism.

It was proved on the witness stand that Mrs. Tingley taught that marriage was unnecessary. It was shown, also that by her own actions she proved her belief in her own creed. Hitherto the Theosophists have been ramping up and down our civilization at a pretty lively rate. Unless we mistake, they have come to the end of their career as a fad. The publicity thrown on this woman, who poses as their high priestess, brings them under a strong light at last. There is no place in our social order for people who entertain such views. The law has seen them, and henceforward they will get enough of law."

* * * *

The editor of the New York Sun is certainly not partial to Catholics, but on the other hand he is not very much in favor of the Protestant medleyism, to which he often deals a severe blow. Speaking of the efforts of some of the Protestant sects to form a union among themselves, he says:

"It will be seen that 'Christian unity,' the 'reunion' of Christendom, is an idea which underlies all these discussions, yet it is a scheme of unity which excludes the great majority of Christendom. The argument that by calling the Episcopal church the 'Catholic Church of the United States' the separated divisions of Protestants would be drawn into its fold as a common home is not supported by any past expression of the

sentiment of those bodies; and even if the new name should be adopted, practically the old would be retained in general use for necessary distinction of that Church from the Roman Catholic.

Christian unity or 'reunion' which refuses catholicity to the greatest church in Christendom might tend to inflame angry passion and provoke bitter controversy and competition rather than to promote brotherly friendship and gentle harmony in the Christian family. The unity of Protestantism against Roman Catholicism, by whatever name it was called, might introduce a firebrand instead of an olive branch into the now comparatively peaceful Christendom."

Then he adds these significant words:

"Nor does it seem possible that Protestantism can express its very genius otherwise than in the divisions which varying conceptions of the Divine law and truth have produced. Is not the glory of Protestantism in the liberty of conscience which makes unity impossible?"

Even if the Protestants were to form a union, it would be a nominal one only, not a real one consisting in the oneness of minds (unity of faith) and oneness of wills (unity of government) which is found only in the Catholic Church. Of late particularly, there seems to be a passion for change, among the Protestant sects. They are continually altering something, yet they are never satisfied. If they had the right faith before, if they constituted the true church formerly, why do they change? If they have the right faith now, how can they assure themselves of it? How can they make the blasphemous assertion that the Holy Ghost, who, they say, enlightens every one, and enables him to grasp the right sense of Holy Scripture, inspired falsehood in the minds of their forefathers? The only solution of this fickleness is to be found in the object of the so-called reformation. Why did they sever their union with the Catholic Church? It was not because they had a new mission from heaven. It was not because they were inspired to teach a new doctrine. It was their passions that caused them to separate themselves from the Old Church. Pride and lust were the main cause. And in order to justify

themselves before the world, they had to invent some new doctrine of which they themselves were not certain. Hence we see the fathers of the rebellion changing their belief several times, and their successors in every century, even to the present time, modifying their belief without any success. And the fact that they are changing more than ever now, shows their weakness. Protestantism is fast declining, and being dissolved in two ways. They either return to the grand old Church, in which their forefathers believed, before Martin Luther and Henry VIII were born, or discard all religion and belief in the supernatural, and profess rationalism. We see this verified every day.

* * * *

His Holiness, Pope Leo XIII, has seen all the great men of the past century, although inferior to him in age, descend into the grave before him. And now, according to this excerpt from the *Lancet* he may yet outlive his body physician, Dr. Laponi:

"In the early spring of 1899, Leo XIII underwent a surgical operation for the removal of a cystoid tumor in the lumbar region and now His Holiness has been receiving daily bulletins to relieve his anxiety as to Dr. Laponi, his body physician, who has just undergone an operation for appendicitis. Prof. Mazzoni the operating surgeon in either case, has been equally successful in both, and must now be enjoying the professional satisfaction of having preserved two eminently valuable lives—that of the head of the Latin Church and that of the physician to whom the said head owes so much of his prolonged health and energy—physical and mental. Our readers will remember that before submitting himself to the surgeon the nonagenarian pontiff playfully remarked that he had at least "youth on his side," which perhaps explains his Holiness's solicitude for his body physician, about to undergo an operation at the "tender years" of the fifties.

Dr. Laponi's condition—acute appendicitis, with, presumably, "incipient necrosis" of the appendix—called at once for the intervention of his colleague, and accordingly Prof. Mazzoni lost no time in operating, sustained by the affection-

ate words of the Pope himself : "Keep the patient's heart up ; tell him to support the ordeal with faith and courage, and that I am praying that all may go well." It is expected that before many days are over Dr. Laponi will be once more on duty in attendance on his august master.

Prof. Mazzoni said : "One forgets all weariness in the presence of the Pontifical Nestor. You cannot believe how he supports the burden of his years. I never had an audience with him without returning refreshed and reinvigorated. Nothing escapes him ; he 'takes stock' of everything, forms his own immediate impressions, reads the journals by himself, so that there is hardly a question of the day which does not interest him or which finds him unprepared. His green old age seems almost miraculous, while his lofty intelligence subjects everything to his control. And all this in the case of a nonagenarian ecclesiastic, who for twenty five years has never stirred beyond 'the palace and the garden' on the least healthy of the hills of Rome and whose 'Benedictine assiduity' in the literature of his high calling is a rebuke to the languid students of the present day."

* * * *

The Catholic Church alone has always been the staunch defender of the sanctity of marriage. In it alone is marriage considered a Sacrament, and indissoluble except by death. The other religious bodies have profaned the marriage tie, and have gone so far as to look upon it like any other business contract. Hence we see marriages contracted without the proper intention, without any reflection with all the novelties that can be thought of, such as getting married in a public square in the presence of thousands of curious spectators, on a ship in mid-ocean, on a train moving at full speed, in a balloon a few thousand feet above the earth, by a public squire or clergyman, and so on. The consequence of all this is that abominable evil, divorce, which has wrecked so many homes, and demoralized modern society wherever it exists. Here are some statistics of divorce which show the prevalence of this evil in the United States :

There are 30,000 more divorced women

than there are divorced men in the United States, the official figures being 84,000 divorced men and 114,000 divorced women. The disparity is accounted for by the fact that men procuring divorces or from whom divorces have been procured, more often re-marry than the women under like conditions.

The number of divorced men is largest in Indiana, which has 5,700. There are more than 4,000 each in California, Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, New York and Pennsylvania. Texas has 3,500 and Massachusetts 2,500.

South Carolina, the only State which has no law authorizing or permitting divorces, has 275 divorced men among its residents, and South Dakota, a State which has become noted by reason of the facility with which divorce is granted, has 563.

New Jersey has, proportionately, a very small number, 750, and Kansas, a much smaller State in population, a much larger number, 2,165.

In Utah, where plural marriages were the rule among the Mormons until recent years, the number of divorced persons is 335, a little below the average, and Idaho, with about half the population of Utah, and a considerable proportion of Mormons, has 460.

The state in which there is the largest number of divorced women (divorced and not remarried) is Ohio, with 7,700; Illinois has 7,600, and Texas 5,800.

After Texas comes New York, and then Pennsylvania, Indiana, Michigan, Missouri, Massachusetts and California. All these have more than 4,000 each.

In some of the Southern States, Alabama, Georgia, Kentucky, Louisiana, Mississippi, North Carolina and Tennessee among them the number of divorced women is twice as large as the number of divorced men.

In Alaska there are more divorced women than divorced men ; in Hawaii there are more divorced men than divorced women.

Indiana, with a population 300,00 less than Massachusetts, has 12,000 divorced persons, and Massachusetts has 6,000.

—♦—
If you would advance in true holiness, you must aim steadily at perfection in little things.—Abbe Guillore.

Letters of Thanksgiving.

Dear Rev. Fathers :

Enclosed please find a donation which I promised to give if Our Lady of Perpetual Help would grant my petition, and have it published in the Carmelite Review. I obtained my position. Please publish this for me.

A Child of Mary.

Carmelite Fathers :

As a reader of the Carmelite Review, I frequently read of Thanksgivings for favors received, being made known through this magazine, which encouraged me to do the same. Some time ago a misunderstanding arose in our family, which threatened to break it up. I made a novena to St. Anthony, and begged help from the Sacred Heart, and promised announcement in the Review, which I herewith fulfill.

Yours, etc.

Mrs. W.

Rev. and Dear Fathers :

Enclosed please find an offering for a High Mass of thanksgiving in honor of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel, for a favor received. Kindly publish in the Review.

Mrs. H. B.

Wearers of the Brown.

Scapular names have been received at Falls View, Ont.; From Stratford, Ont.; Beal City, Mich.; Dresden, Kan.; Whitby, Ont.; Lucan, Ont.; St. Brendan's, Bonavista Bay, Nfld.; St. Michael's College, Toronto, Ont.; St. Dunstan's Church, Fredericton, N.B.; Church of the Holy Rosary, Antioch, Calif.; St. Bruno's Church, Nadean, Mich.; St. Peter's Church, Londonville, O.; Alliston, Ont.; Sandwich, Ont.; Brechin, Ont.; St. Michael's Church, Buffalo, N.Y.; St. Francis' Church, Tilbury, Ont.; Hillsdale, Mich.

At Holy Trinity Church, Pittsburg, Pa.; St. Peter's, Brownsville, Pa.; St. Thomas', Coal Centre, Pa.; Holy Trinity, Pittsburg, Pa.; St. George's, Pittsburg, Pa.; St. John's, Indianapolis, Ind.; St. Ambrose's, Allegheny, Pa.; St. Michael's, Fryburg, Pa.; St. John's Church, Indianapolis, Ind.; St. Eusebius' Church, East Brady, Pa.; St. Thom-

as' Church, St. Thomas, Mo.; Paoli, Wis.; Convent of the Little Sisters of the Poor, Allegheny, Pa.

Letters of Encouragement.

We are frequently in receipt of letters with words of encouragement from the many friends of the Review in various places. We thank them for their kind words and hope that the Review will long continue to render their homes happy. Here is a sample letter from far off New Zealand, which shows the good, simple faith of the writer :

Dear Rev. Fathers :

I have now been taking the Carmelite Review for three years, and enjoy reading it very much. I like the children's page, but, to my great disappointment, there has been nothing printed for them lately. I shall always pray that the Review will have every success, and be published for many years.

Wishing all the good fathers every grace and blessing that Jesus, His Blessed Mother and sweet St. Agnes can bestow upon them, I remain,

Your Little Friend,

F. O. P.

Petitions Asked For.

The prayers of our readers are kindly requested for the following petitions :

A vocation, the conversion of a wayward son ; that a person may obtain a wish he is praying for ; also that a married woman may be relieved of nervousness and indigestion.

There is a beautiful tradition recorded in the July number of "The Irish Rosary," that St. Paulinus of Nola was the first to introduce the use of bells in churches. A. D. 400 it is said that when musing on the beauties of a woodland scene, and praising God for them, he desired a special token of God's love and presence. This was granted, for the little blue-bells swayed to and fro, giving forth sweet music, and inspired the design of constructing church bells after the model of these azure flow'rets.

Obituary.

We recommend to the pious prayers of our readers the following lately deceased:—

Rev. Fidelis Oberholzer, of Rochester, N. Y.

Sister M. Clare Spencer, who died at Toronto, Nov. 23rd.

Matthew Joseph Flanigan, who died Dec. 3rd, in Stratford, Ont.

John J. Broderick, who died in Cleveland, O.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed rest in peace.

Maternal Love—Memories.

She sent me her love and blessing,
They came with the flowers of May
And then, from this tearful valley
She passed to our Lord away.

A smile on her lips now silent,
And peace on the cold white brow,
She lives in the Land of Vision,
But earth is more lonely now.

And oft in the quiet night-time
There wafts with a thrill of pain,
Remembrance of love maternal,
I never shall feel again.

But then, like an angel's whisper,
So tender the accents mild;
There steals over my spirit gently
This thought, "I am still His child."

The arms of His love eternal
Are folded so close around me,
Oh! why should I e'er feel lonely
When near, O my Lord, to Thee?

The night-time is fair with brightness
And calm—may the weary rest,
Transcending all pain and sorrow
Through love for His presence blest.

How great are the aspirations
That oft in our spirits thrill!
But list to the Holy Scriptures,
They tell "God is greater still."*

Enfant de Marie.

*—"God is greater than our heart."—
St. John III. 20.

Opportunities do not come with their value stamped upon them. Every one must be challenged. A day dawns, quite like other days; in it a single hour comes, quite like other hours; but in that day and in that hour the chance of a lifetime faces us. To face every opportunity of life thoughtfully and ask its meaning, bravely and earnestly, is the only way to meet the supreme opportunities when they come whether open-faced or disguised.



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Illustration on left is full size of ladies' style; on right, gentlemen's style.

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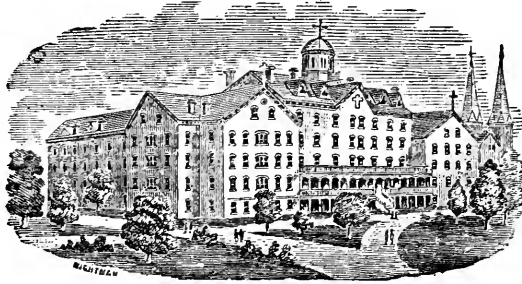
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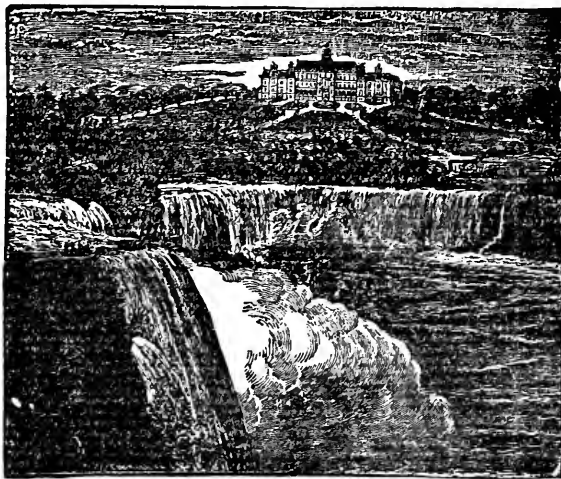
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LOW'RETS for thine Altar Maiden-Mother,
E'en though earth is robed in virgin snow ;
Flow'rets blooming in the mystic gardens,
Where refreshing south winds gently blow.

Sparkling gems to crown thee royal Mother !
Higher far than Esther in thy state ;
Robed in sunlight ; fairer than God's Angels ;
" Pearl of great price !" Immaculate.

Festal songs to greet thee, peerless Mother !
Wilt thou listen to an " *Enfant's* " lay ?
" *Ad te suspiramus !* " this its burden ;
Far from thee, " in vale of tears " away.

Hearts to love thee, these by far more welcome
Than bright gems of flowers of the world ;
All earth's weary exiled children
In thy care maternal now enfold.

Dies my vespéral in plaintive cadence,
As I watch the old year sink to rest,
May I sing, with sweet and holy gladness,
When the new one dawns, O Mother blest !

— ENFANT DE MARIE.

The Lost Inheritance.

DOLOROSA KLINE.

CHAPTER X.

As time went on, and her class of pupils continued to increase, Rosamond's days were a constant round of occupation. Good luck seemed to have followed in the wake of the new pupils she had added to her number in November, and one after another people had come soliciting her instruction for their children.

Conscientious and painstaking, she had always given satisfaction to the few she first possessed, and these later ones, or their parents, at least, felt that they would be treated the same.

By degrees she gathered about her mother and herself those small comforts and accessories that serve to brighten one's daily existence, and their attic room remained no longer the bare poor place it was as when we first found it, but was changed to one of warmth and cosiness.

Her mother grieved to see her work so hard, but seeing there was no help for it, she shut her eyes, crushing her feelings to the fact, and entered into her daughter's hopes and desires with unfeigned interest.

"I don't know what I'd do, mother," the young girl said to her one afternoon as she was dressing to go to her work, "without your kindly help and encouragement. Without it, my work would never be of avail or the pleasure it is to me." "You deserve every encouragement, darling, but I am glad mine is helping you, and I hope prosperity will continue to shine on your efforts. Sometimes its golden cords are snapped when they seem just about to entwine us."

Low and evenly the gentle voice fell on Rosamond's ears, and she wondered if such had been the case with her mother, and if those strange things she had hinted to her four months ago, had aught to do with it.

"And we find ourselves as far back, or worse off than when we started, mother?"

"Precisely, darling, that was the inference I left for you to draw, and it is only those who have been through the

mill who know what it is. Prosperity is not always the safest road to travel by. Better the poor man who meets adversity, but who has faith and virtue, than the rich man, who never meets sorrow, but who lacks those two essentials. I have known both, but were I offered both again, I should take the last, that is adversity, and——" Her daughter looked up. "And what, mother?"

Mrs. Raymond set her lips firmly and the far-away expression her child knew so well, crossed her white, worn brow. "Do not ask me daughter; I spoke unthinkingly and aroused your curiosity without necessity. Remember what I told you four months ago, and what you promised me." "Yes, mother; forgive my question," and the beautiful, spirituelle face became serious. "I forget sometimes when I ask you things that I must not, but I am going to be more careful in the future."

She patted the delicate cheek. "My good little Rosamond, so trusting, so filial. No wonder God is blessing you, and He will bless you."

Strong and firm as an impregnable wall, was the affection that existed between this lonely woman and her only child, and nothing could have come as a barrier between them. Others had wealth and honors. They had nothing but their good name, but they were perfectly happy in their faith in each other, and wanted nothing more, though sometimes the mother wondered if her daughter was as really contented as she seemed. The girl was not like other girls, and the trivial things that might have troubled them, never affected her. They might have lovers, she desired or wanted none, and her parent dreaded to think that the day would come when some one would steal the pure young heart, and take her to share it with him. It belonged all to her now, but surely she could not be so selfish as to wish it to be always so. She might die, and was it not right that there should be one to exercise a loving care and com-

panionship over that faithful filial child.

As the slender figure went down the stairs and out into the street, she watched it tenderly, and drawing from her neck the small gold locket she always wore around it, opened it and exposed the handsome refined face of a man of thirty. Tears sprang into her eyes as she looked into the ones that had so long ago ceased to beam on her with love, and the silent lips that had never spoken but in gentleness to her. "Could you but see our child, George," she said softly, "as I see her, what happiness would be yours. But you are happier to-day in your celestial home than earthly ties could make you, and I do not wish you back. But, oh, George, pray for me and pray for her."

"Does you pway to pictures. I mean little pictures?" piped a shrill little voice, and turning, Mrs. Raymond saw her landlady's young son standing in the doorway. He had come up so quietly that she had not heard him, and he must have been watching her for quite a few minutes.

She bade him come in, and held the pictured face down to him.

"Ain't he a pwetty man; who is he, Mrs. Waymond?"

"That's the big girl's father. Is that not what you call Rosamond? He is dead and in heaven."

"No; I used to call her the big girl what has gold hair, but muzzer don't let me say it any more, so I says Miss Wosamond now." He shook his head with great importance, and Mrs. Raymond replaced the locket about her neck and smiled. "What a good boy you are. That is right, always do what mamma says, and you will never do wrong. Did you want to see Rosamond?"

"No; I knowed I can't, 'cause I just saw her going out, but I'm sowwy, cause I like her to talk to me. I like you, too, but you know big girls can play wif little boys more better'n big ladies."

"So they can, Charlie. How's mamma?"

"She's well; she's going out now, and I comed up to see if I could stay wif you till she comes back."

"Of course you can, Charlie. Rosamond will be glad to find you here."

As Mrs. Raymond watched the cherubic face, and the active childish body moving about the room, she sighed softly. Away in the Virginian grave yard slept the child, her first born, of whom this one so reminded her in face, form and manner. Her boy—a Charles, too,—would have been a man now, but he had been given the better part, and had been taken from this world, while yet his soul was covered with the robe of his baptismal innocence, and she rejoiced in the thought.

"Oh, look! here is Miss Rosamond coming back," exclaimed Charlie, as he stopped on his tour of the room whose crevices and nooks he had been examining with all a child's curiosity, and looked out of the high dormer window.

"She has forgotten something; too bad now she had to come back."

When Rosamond appeared up the stairs, and had been greeted vociferously by Master Charlie, she was flushed and panting.

"What is it, dearie?" her mother asked. "You should not walk so quickly; what have you forgotten?"

"That piece of music I promised Annie Bawn. I was nearly down to the corner when I remembered it, and I had to walk back quick, because I have no time to spare. "I am glad you have company, mother," and pinching Charlie's fat cheek and securing the forgotten music from the top of the old piano, Rosamond went out again. A keen March wind was blowing and it rattled down the chimneys and along the stony streets, until it bade fair to take charge of things generally. Rosamond was fearful every minute, lest she would be blown down, but the keen invigorating air and the snatches of sunshine that appeared at intervals made her buoyant spirits still more so, and she enjoyed the freedom the wind was taking with her, with a pleasure akin to delight. She had not gone far, however, in the direction of Broadway, when she noticed signs of some excitement amongst the passersby who began, one by one, to stop and look with fixed eyes up the street. As precious as her time was, something impelled her to do likewise, and she soon saw with horrified eyes, a sight that made her tremble. Tearing along at terrific

speed, with a foaming mouth and quivering sides, was a splendid black horse, whose powerful rider, one shapely spurred foot free of the stirrup, was trying in vain to grapple the broken check-rein, that was dangling from his steed's neck.

No fear or nervousness was written on that dark, clean shaven face. Only a cool steadied indifference at the crowds gazing at him, and the predicament in which his runaway horse placed him, but the firm lines of the handsome mouth were grimly set, and once a ground oath escaped them as the horse nearly stumbled.

"What's the matter with the 'blood?'" asked a man in working clothes. Scott! what a mount he's got."

"Can't you see," said another in similar attire, "that the horse has got a fright and he's running away; but he won't run far; the gent'll haul him up. That Lawyer Everett's as good for horse drivin' as he is for sendin' villyions to prison. A fine man is Lawyer Everett."

On and on they came, and as they drew near the spot where Rosamond stood, the young music teacher felt her heart give a leap, for she recognized in the superb horseman, the man who four months before had bounded from the New York club to help her at an awkward moment. Often since then she had thought of him, and now an overwhelming gratitude gave birth in her heart, to fear for his safety. No matter how accomplished a horseman he was, death in his present wild career seemed its only finish. She turned her head aside that she would not see it, but she might have saved herself the trouble, for suddenly the horse careened, and his rider with a masterful hand, drew up the broken check rein, and threw the foaming animal back on his haunches. The action brought forth a cheer from the crowd. It was so strongly, so easily done, but his handsome face never showed that he noticed it, and dismounting he began to calm his frightened steed in the coaxing voice his favorite knew so well.

Seeing that all danger was past, the crowd began to disperse, and Rosamond remembering that a pupil awaited her, besides, how distasteful her standing here would have given to her mother, also moved away. As she did so she met the piercing glance of the man to whom she

felt her gratitude would ever be due. Recognizing her, the lawyer smiled, and remounting his now quieted horse, and knotting his broken rein, rode away.

This was the second meeting of the two. When the third meeting was to be neither knew, nor thought.

CHAPTER XI.

So passed March and April; the leafy month of May came in, changing the brown carpets of field and garden into mantles of green, and causing nature's many voices to throb with all joyousness, that at last summer was near. So far Rosamond had continued to do well by her pupils, and her elation over the fact was so great that her mother's amusement, at her girlish enthusiasm, became changed into fear, lest a change might come to damp it, and she would not be able to brook the disappointment. Why she should so continuously regard her daughter's future with fear, Mrs. Raymond could not even tell herself. Perhaps it was the knowledge of her own past sufferings that caused it, or, too much maternal anxiety for the well being of this child, who brought so much sunshine into her clouded life, and perhaps it was an equal share of both. But whatever, she felt it was not altogether unfounded, when one afternoon, towards the close of the month, she noticed from her place at the window, how lagging and dispirited Rosamond was walking up the square. It was so unlike her light, graceful step, that Mrs. Raymond looked twice before she could believe it was her daughter. When Rosamond came in, before her mother could ask her a question, she threw herself beside the old couch, exclaiming: "I am weary, mother, very weary. Why does God try the poor so?"

Mrs. Raymond was not surprised at the sorrowful outburst. She knew before her daughter entered, that there was something the matter.

"Why so weary to-day, dear?" she asked, stroking the bowed golden head. "Met with any trouble?"

"I have, mother, and with too much. I have lost three pupils," and she burst into tears.

"Come, come, darling, you must have patience. Tell mother how you lost

your pupils ; through any fault of your own ?"

"No, mother," she said, smothering her grief, "but Mrs. Bawn is sending Annie to Hartford to live with her sister, and the Cartons are going away, too. So there, I am left with only three. You must have known something before when you said prosperity does not always last. But, oh, mother, it is cruel ! I was getting on so nicely, and now I am put right back again," why does God try the poor so ?"

"Hush, Rosamond, you must not question God's doings, no matter what your feelings are. Your trial to-day has been a heavy one, but you must be resigned. He is an all wise and just God, and does with His children only as He sees fit. When He sends us suffering, whether in our youth or old age, we must bend to it submissively and without murmuring. It was your dead father who long ago taught me this. He was so full of Faith, oh, so full ! that, come what might, he never lost his trust in God. I imbibed it from him as strongly as if it had been born in me, and I am so sorry to hear my little girl speak so rebelliously."

She looked up shamefacedly.

"Forgive me, mother. I don't deserve any favor from our Lord, but I was so excited until your voice soothed me. Perhaps if I had gone to Holy Communion this morning, and not put it off till to-morrow, I might have had more patience."

"Doubtless, my child, but your words were more of the lips, than the heart. I think it is the first time I ever heard you complain."

"And it is wrong of me, mother, for God has been so good to me, and you are so kind."

Her will was so pliable to the parental one. It was so easy to lead her to right thinking and doing, that rewards, even in this life, must certainly await her. "Our Creator does not demand too much, Rosamond, and especially in our youth, and, though he has said, 'Be ye perfect, as My Heavenly Father is perfect,' He has mercy on our failings, be they ever so great, and has left us the sacred tribunal of penance as a means

of returning to His favor, when we have lost it."

"How beautiful you talk, mother. All those ugly spirits, who were tormenting me when I came in, have had to go," and the melting blue eyes were raised with trusting love to her's.

"Well I am glad, and we must have no more of them," Mrs. Raymond replied, smoothing again the golden hair. "Did Mrs. Bawn and Mrs. Carton pay the children's tuition ?"

"Yes, mother, it so happened that it was due for the whole three to-day. Mrs. Carton was sorry that she had not been able to give me warning before, but she did not know they would be going away before the fall. I will have to go searching now, but I suppose that if we lived on two pupils before, we can do so again for a while."

"God is above us, my child, and He will not let us starve. Leave all things in His hands, and He will not fail to help us."

CHAPTER XII.

"My darling, my darling, you must not, you cannot die. Spare her to me, Oh, God, she is my only solace," and with a long-drawn sob of impotent grief Mrs. Raymond turned from Rosamond's fever flushed face, and placed her pleading eyes on her beloved Ecce Homo.

A month or so after her loss of pupils, Rosamond had caught a severe cold, inflammation set in, and delirium had quickly followed, so that now she lay tossing and moaning in all of its intricate windings.

Mrs. Raymond had called in Dr. Brantford, and the old physician had shaken his head gravely. "Very serious, very serious," he said ; "the fever has gone through her whole system, but I will do my utmost to save her, Mrs. Raymond."

To-day he had come twice, and given the same verdict, but the mother knew when human help might fail, God, in His mercy, still stood, and He alone could save her child.

She returned to her post at her daughter's pillow, and laid her hand on the burning head, when suddenly, Rosamond sat bolt upright, exclaiming: "It is he, it is he ; father is coming for me, mother ; come near so he can see you, too."

At the sick girl's mention of her dead

father, Mrs. Raymond's grief broke out anew, and she pressed her trembling lips to the fever parched ones.

Outside the birds twitted and sang, rejoicing in the glory of the bright September day, but to the weary woman watching beside the bed of her dying child, their joy was meaningless.

"Not yet, not yet," she said, lifting the small burning hands in her own cool ones. "Father has come to see you, darling, and to tell you that he is praying for you. He will not take you away from me."

She looked at her mother dully, not comprehending what her reply meant.

"The gentleman on horseback, did you say, mother? Yes, he was nearly killed, but that is a long time ago. You would not like me to be in that crowd, would you, mother, but I stayed and I saw him."

Mrs. Raymond could not clutch her meaning, but she concluded she must have witnessed an accident somewhere, that nearly cost some man his life, and the memory of it, and the crowd of people she had stood in or been amongst, still preyed on her fevered brain.

"That was no harm, dear," she said soothingly. "Wait till mother wets your forehead."

Then, for a while the incoherent mutterings ceased, and the delicate sufferer began to pray: "Oh, my crucified Redeemer, help me," she cried; "Gentle Mother of Mount Carmel, intercede for your poor Rosamond and help her, too." Then she grew silent, and seemed to be resting, but soon delirium seized her again, and she saw her father coming for her, and an imaginary horseman being killed; then, again, she was teaching music, and adding pupil after pupil to her still decreased number, while her fingers ran over the white coverlid in a vague Aria from Chopin. Kind Mrs. Curran came up to see if she could do anything, or relieve the mother's watch.

The landlady had been most assiduous in her attentions in this sick room since the first day it had received its patient, giving Mrs. Raymond so much valuable help as to make the mother inexpressibly grateful.

"Not just at present, Mrs. Curran, but I may have to call on you later."

"Well, do, ma'am, and perhaps you could get a snatch of sleep."

Mrs. Raymond shook her head. "While Rosamond does not, I can not; it is the want of sleep that is killing her." Mrs. Curran tip-toed over to the bed and felt the burning brow, but knowing it was useless to say much about one she felt was fast approaching her death, made no comment and went softly out of the room again.

The door had scarcely closed on her, when there was a low knock at it, and when Mrs. Raymond threw it open, she found her visitor to be Father Madden, of St. John's parish church.

The good priest had been in once before, in the early part of the week, but on account of Rosamond's delirious condition could not administer the sacraments, except to anoint her.

"How is the sufferer now, Mrs. Raymond?" he asked, shaking hands with the mother, and going to her daughter's bedside.

"No better, but worse, Father. She is sinking fast, and will soon be with the angels," and she covered her face with her hands.

Father Madden peered closely into Rosamond's pallid face, and felt the hot pulse.

"Your daughter is fit to join the Heavenly bands, Mrs. Raymond," he said at length, "but her time has not yet come. She may be worse even than this, but she is going to recover."

Father Madden's thirty years of priestly life had given him a long experience with not only spiritual ills of humanity, but also the physical, and he had seen death in all its varied forms, but he knew he was not going to see it here in this attic room.

Mrs. Raymond uncovered her face, and a new hope sprung up in her heart at the encouraging words. "Truly, Father, do you think my child will be left to me," she cried. "Will her reason come back to her? but no," and she shook her head sadly, "I am afraid that cannot be; see, she cannot sleep, and Dr. Brantford says life depends on sleep."

The priest placed his hand on her shoulder; "your grief has rendered you despairing, my child. Are you forgetting that there is One, whose skill is far,

far greater than Dr. Brantford's, and One whose mercy is infinite? He has stretched your child on a bed of pain. He can raise her from it, and by your prayers and faith you can accomplish that end." "But, Father, if she could only receive the sacraments, I know she would be cured. I pray for her constantly, because it is my only refuge now, but, oh, they could accomplish so much more for her."

"They will come to her later, my child, you must be patient till God restores her to consciousness, and remember that will not be far off now; she is in the worst stages of the disease, but the Divine Physician will do for her what Dr. Brantford cannot."

Half an hour afterwards the priest took his departure, but not until he had succeeded in comforting Mrs. Raymond, and leaving her in a more tranquil frame of mind than she had been for many days.

Until this time the minister of souls had never known this strange woman so intimately before. Though she had been in his parish ever since coming to Bartley Square, and with her daughter a most attentive worshipper in St. John's church, she had kept as much aloof from him as she did from her neighbors, troubling him only when she went to confession or the few times she had interviewed him when Rosamond had been preparing for her first Communion. A couple of times since she had asked him to come and see her, and he derived, by his nice tact, that those couple of times need not be repeated for some months longer. She was his spiritual child and looked to him for help and guidance, but still she felt a twang when she must introduce him to her poverty, forgetting that he too was poor and his greatest love was to labor for and be amongst them.

As many others did, he often wondered who this singularly refined woman and her lovely child were, or why she should always carry that pale, sad face that reminded him of Reni's *Mater Dolorosa*.

In the first of her daughter's illness she had sent for him even before she sought medical aid, and never before had he seen such great faith in anyone

as in her and the sick daughter, and today he had gone away edified and touched by its firmness in both. Dr. Brantford came again that night, and still he looked grave, as Rosamond's pulse fluttered like a thread under his touch, and her lustrous eyes dilated with unusual brightness.

The doctor had daughters of his own and was full of sympathy for this bereaved parent. "Poor little girl, poor little girl; I've done all I could for her, Mrs. Raymond, but it is sleep she wants now, and as a last resort, I will give her this opiate. It has helped worse cases than hers, so perhaps it will, and it ought to, be of service to her."

The physician sat down at the table and wrote out a prescription, then handed it into the mother's eager hands.

"Get it filled as soon as you can, Mrs. Raymond. I will come early to-morrow morning, if I possibly can. So much sickness at present, beginning of the fall you know. I'm on the go from morning till night, but Miss Rosamond has a stronger claim than new patients on me, and she will not lose it."

The sick girl had grown quiet during the doctor's visit, and when he had gone continued to lie perfectly calm and still.

Mrs. Raymond turned the prescription mechanically over in her fingers, and stood for a minute irresolute. Since the loss of her pupils in May, Rosamond had not found any new ones, and the two had been forced to use the strictest economy in order to make ends meet. The little money they had had already been spent in medicine for her, and there was now none to be had. What was the mother to do? She could not ask any one for the loan of some, because her pride forbade her.

She could not sell the piano, because that would take time, and her child's life, perhaps, depended on the opiate. Only one exigency presented itself, and she acted on it. She turned the dimly burning lamp up higher, and taking it in her trembling hand, went towards the door and set it down beside the trunk that stood near by. Then she opened its first compartment, and diving down to its lowest extremity, drew forth a long, white paper parcel.

Her wedding dress and wreath! Ah! what a host of memories came rushing over her, as she looked at these reminders of a once bright past. What pangs were her's as she ran her fingers through the shimmering folds that, one day in her life, had covered her girlish form. Once again, as in an unforgotten dream, she saw herself the petted and idolized daughter of a wealthy father. Once again she was disowned and disinherited by that father, because she turned from his creed to the one of Catholicity, and gave her love to one of its members. Once again she stood beside her young husband, arrayed in this spotless robe, in the mission church, and heard the old priest blessing her in her new faith, and the choice she had made in her future life's companion. What happiness, what joy had been her's then, and her earthly losses had been nothing. But again this dream of the past faded, and once more she confronted the bitter reality of the present.

"See what your Millicent has come to, father," she cried, holding the time yellowed wreath of bridal roses above her head. "She has to sell her nuptial robe to buy a life giving nector for her dying child. Yes, father she has come to this, while you sit in your mansion, and can count your millions, and deny the child who has taken my place in your heart, nothing she may crave. But I harbor no bitterness against you, father, but love you still and pity you, for you have gold without limit, but you have not Faith, and Faith is everything."

She did not cry, she did not speak with bitterness, but finished her appeal by returning the wreath to the folds of the dress in silence, and re-wrapped them in the paper. Then she put on her shawl and hat, tucked the clothes more closely about Rosamond's prostrate form, and kissing the parched, rose-bud lips, went out and closed the door gently behind her.

She knocked at Mrs. Curran's door, and found that lady just about ready to come up to the sick room.

"It is you Mrs. Raymond," she said, in surprise, seeing her tenant dressed as for outing, "I was just going up; how is Miss Rosamond?"

"About the same. I have to go out for a prescription the doctor has left, and I thought if you would not mind remaining with her till I come back from Pearson's, Mrs. Curran?"

"Mind? indeed! no ma'am. I am glad to be able to be of any use to you. I intend to stay this night out with you. Go now, and I will go up to Miss Rosamond, poor dear."

Mrs. Raymond expressed her gratitude by merely shaking the other's hand, she was too full of a new hope to speak, and her neighbor's goodness had almost overcome her.

CHAPTER XIII.

Clutching her parcel tightly beneath her shawl, Mrs. Raymond hastened to the next block, and entered a newly opened second hand store. Once at the counter she held forth her precious dress to the sharp-eyed proprietress.

"I should like to dispose of these," she said, "for whatever you will give me for them."

The woman undid the wrapping, and a smothered exclamation of admiration escaped her, at its beautiful contents.

She opened the dress and examined it critically. "We don't generally take such valuable things," she said in a quiet voice, "because they are hard to sell again; but if you don't want too much for it, I'll take it, somebody'll buy it."

"Give me whatever price you like. I do not know what it is worth now, though it is almost new, and has only been worn once."

"A wedding dress I see. You had better keep the wreath, as it is of no use to me- Will ten dollars be enough for the dress," and she tried to penetrate the thick veil the stranger wore, but without success.

"Yes," Mrs. Raymond replied, glad to receive anything for it, though she knew it was worth, at a long past date, many times that amount, "that will suffice."

"Some aristocrat, broken down," was the shop woman's mental comment, as she placed the amount of her purchase in the long thin hand held out for it, and watched the tall, stately figure passing out of the door. "The poor thing's own dress, I s'pose, but she's mighty brave over partin' with it. Oh, well, money's

money, the same to her as it is to the like of me, and I gave her as much as any body else would for it."

Mrs. Raymond, meanwhile, was pursuing her way to Pearson's drug store, forgetting the pain this last act of her mother's love had cost her, in the happiness of getting for her daughter the needed medicine. The prescription took some time before it was ready, but when it was, it did not take long for her to wend her way homewards.

She did not wait to take off her things but while Mrs. Curran raised Rosamond's golden head, with her gloves only removed, she gave the sufferer the first draught of the cooling opiate.

"How has she been, Mrs. Curran?" was her first question, when she removed her shawl and hat, and seated herself on the foot of the bed, clasping her daughter's hot fingers. "This ought to do something for her, but prayers will do more. Has she been raving since I went out?"

"Sometimes, ma'am, but not near as much as yesterday when I was up. Father Madden must have blessed her, for she seems better since he was here."

"I kept bathing her head, and I think it has helped to ease it; she hates those nasty poultices on her chest."

"Yes; doctor said to discontinue them for a day or so. Poor darling, she can't stand much."

"The inflammation set in very suddenly didn't it?"

"Yes, but Doctor Brantford said it had been coming on her for weeks; it usually takes a longer time to develope, but not being strong it did so at once with her. What ever would I do without her, my sweet Rosamond," and she placed her arms about the white slender neck, then smoothed out the pillow on which it rested, and knelt beside the bed.

"This opiate is supposed, if it has any effect at all, to have one soon after it has been taken. Do you see any signs yet, Mrs. Curran?"

The landlady was touched by the tender eagerness her voice conveyed, and she marvelled much at the depth of the holy love that made this child so dear to her mother's heart.

"It will come soon, Mrs. Raymond, but we must wait a little," she said encour-

agingly, though she inwardly believed that Rosamond's death was fast approaching, and that this calm that had succeeded the afternoon's delirium, was only a change before the end. "I'll turn the lamp down and you go and take a rest, for you need one badly, but as soon as I see Miss Rosamond close her eyes, or any other change come over her, I'll call you, ma'am."

"No, no, though she be in no better hands than yours, I must not leave her. We will watch together."

Long and anxiously the two women watched and waited for the change that meant so much to the one, and who knows but that the fervent prayers she sent up to the great White Throne, accomplished in that hour, what the other believed to be impossible.

The clock on the mantel had struck twelve, when Mrs. Raymond felt a slight tremor in the hot fingers resting in her palm, then a long sigh as if utter exhaustion followed. Sleep in the end had come to the wandering brain, and Rosamond's blue-veined lids had closed like those of a tired babe.

"At last, Mrs. Curran, the mother cried, and there was a world of joyousness in her voice; "my prayer is answered, my child is saved. Thanks be thine, Oh, God! Verily, Thy mercies are infinite." For the rest of the night Rosamond slept on. Her two watchers dared not stir, for fear of disturbing her in any of that needed sleep, and when morning dawned, she awoke, not fully conscious, but rested and better. True to his promise, Doctor Brantford came early, and tested the patient's pulse and temperature with a satisfied, "I thought as much;" but with a wise shake of his head, he warned Mrs. Raymond that, though her daughter was improved, all danger was not yet past, and good care must still be exercised over her. Of course the old physician attributed the change all to his wonderful opiate, but the mother knew, and Father Madden, when he was made aware of it, that it was prayer, and prayer alone that had caused it, and the doctor's opiate had been but the temporal auxiliary in the saving of the young life. As the days and weeks flew by Rosamond continued to improve, until Doctor Brantford pro-

nounced her entirely out of danger, and insisted on showing "Miss Rosamond" around, and at the same time to tell her she was able to take her first airing all the news since she had been out on with her mother and little Charlie, who the Square.

Lines Suggested by the Ode, "To a Skylark."

(P. B. SHELLEY.)

"Hail to thee!" Adown the listening ages,
Softly wafts this glorious, bird-like strain;
Soaring, like the skylark, swiftly upwards,
Falling as bright drops of vernal rain.

Poet harp-strings echo sweet vibrations,
"Joyous, fresh, and clear," o'er monnt and vale
Warbling now in gladness matutinal,
Sighing plaintively in twilight pale.

In "the light of thought" those notes are stealing,
Beautiful their spirit-melody!
Emulating skylark's wond'rous "joyance,"
Knowing not of "love's satiety!"

Fain would I from "Heaven's gate, or near it,"
Far above the snow-clad mountain's brow
Pour forth music of celestial sweetness!
Hearts might listen then "as I do now."

From what mystic fount of inspiration
Shall I draw the glistening waters bright!
In what hues of morning, noon, or even,
Shall I sketch with pencils as of light?

One bright star-gleam ever leads us onward
O'er the smiling earth and rippling sea;
One dear name is ever sweetly murmured,
Through the realms of my poesy.

Thine "Maria!" "Ornament of Carmel!"
Queen of men, and of angels now,
Thine Immaculate, O Maiden-Mother!
With a royal circlet on thy brow.

Not through love of fame or fading laurels
Seeks my soul for listeners to my lay,
But to elevate their aspirations
Towards the glorious Virgin far away.

Fades the purple of the glowing sun-set,
Sinks the skylark to its mossy nest;
Dies my song of love and wistful longing
At thy feet Maria! Mother blest!

—ENFANT DE MARIE, St. Clare's.

Saint Albert of Messina.

Of the Order of Carmelites.

By the COUNTESS DE BEAUREPAIRE DE LOUVAGNY

Translated from the French by Miss S. X. BLAKELY.

CHAPTER III.

His Austerities—He Triumphs over the
Wiles of Satan—He Makes His
Vows.

It was with indescribable fervor, with a spirit of piety which cannot be depicted, that Albert embraced the life of Carmel. This life made up entirely of prayer, of mortification and study was still not rigorous enough to satisfy his holy desires. To the penances imposed by the rule, he added new ones; his detachment from the world was entire; his idea of glory was to love God and to suffer for Him. But one fear entered his soul, and that was the dread of offending God,—of losing His grace. Therefore he carefully avoided committing the least fault. He was a perfect model of every virtue, so that his conferrers did not know which to admire the most, his humility, his patience, his obedience or his charity. He was rewarded for his zealous efforts by the rapid strides he made in the pathway to perfection. He attained from the beginning—a rare exception—to the most sublime heights of prayer. He wished to have no will of his own. The will of God was to annihilate his. His soul had advanced so far in the perfect life that he strove to discard all thought of self, and to act merely as the instrument of the Divine Wisdom. He responded to the favors granted him by heaven with the most terrible mortifications.

Such a chain of merit could not fail to arouse the activity of the evil one. Already he beheld in the young athlete of Christ a most formidable adversary. Ever since his pride sent him to the fiery depths of a newly made hell, Satan has shown himself to be the incarnation of hatred and jealousy. He abhors, he envies the good; never does he lose sight of them; he encompasses them with temptations; he labors to inspire them

with some culpable thought.

He is the enemy of the human race, and would fain drag all mankind with him to the fathomless abyss of hell. Nothing, therefore, so excites his wrath as to see one endeavor to lead a holy life. He knows well that this virtuous life will cause his dark and baneful kingdom of horrors the loss of many souls, and that innumerable victims will by it be torn from his grasp. Satan resolved then to spread a snare for the youthful novice and to put forth supreme efforts to cause his fall from the exalted degree of perfection to which he had attained. The wicked spirit wished, at all hazards to wrest him from the penitential life of the cloister, and to send him back to the dangers of the world.

Albert had now passed the boundary line which separates adolescence from youth, and Satan realized that a more than ordinarily well contrived plan would be required. To shatter such unusual virtue, an unusual force would be essential. The demon, then, assumed the form of an extremely beautiful woman, and in this guise sought an interview with Albert. Feigning great piety and an excessive need of consolation, this creature, with tears in her eyes, approached the servant of God. With deep drawn sighs and copious tears she tried to excite his pity. "If you but knew," she exclaimed, "how unhappy I am! Born to the highest rank of unsurpassing beauty, in that lovely age, whose only type is the flowing time of spring, with unlimited wealth, I still suffer, and you are the cause. Yes! my misery comes from the love of you, with which my very being is consumed." Albert would not listen; he turned to go, but the woman strove to detain him by seizing his habit. "O! take pity upon me," she cried: "if I cannot espouse you what will become of me? It is so long since

I have hoped for so great a happiness. Do not leave me to my sorrow. Return to your father who would welcome you with open arms. Re-enter a world in which you would shine forth amid your associates. Lead a life more in conformity with your position; you shall not wear such a habit; you who, like myself are so rich, noble and beautiful, leave the cloister and share my riches; enjoy the honors which will surely await you. In the world you will find real happiness; the life you are leading here is not deserving of such a name. Do not persist in the cruel treatment with which you are dishonoring your body; do not persist in choosing the most loathsome insects to the fragrant roses with which I would strew your path through life. Is it not an evidence of weakness of character in you thus to refuse to subject yourself to the yoke of marriage? O! surely you, who are of all young men the most beautiful, to whom alone I have given my affection, will not turn from me, nor leave me a prey to my anguish! Have compassion on me whose only desire is your welfare." Albert understood that only the devil could make use of such language to him. The scheme of the malicious spirit was as open as the day to him; he unraveled the diabolical snare; he tore away his habit from the grasp of the unholy hands, and, making the sign of the cross he cried out: "Begone Satan; go back to those impure flames whither the sin of pride has consigned you! Leave me, lying spirit! You are not a human being; I behold in you only the author of death. You are naught but the source of every crime. Give up a semblance which is not enough to conceal your deformity. Go, wily and perfidious serpent!" And the vile being overwhelmed with shame at being discovered, disappeared in confusion. Then a year passed. After having given during its course a bright example of the most meritorious humility, and the constant practice of fervent prayer, the great servant of God was called upon to bind himself by those sacred vows to do what, since his entrance into the monastery, he had performed of his own generous will.

In preparation for this solemn event he devoted more time than ever to prayer, and practised greater austerities than before; and to evince his gratitude to God for the honor he was about to receive, he waged war against his body by incessant mortifications and unprecedented penances so that he became an extraordinary model in that respect. Monday, Wednesday and Friday he subdued his body by a vigorous fast. On Friday all his nourishment was a little bread, and a drink of wormwood in commemoration of the gall which cruel hands offered to our suffering Lord. His bed was made of rushes strewn over the hard ground; beneath his habit he wore a garment made of the harshest wool that could be procured; the habit was very coarse and of little value. During his whole life never a drop of wine passed his lips. In his opinion it opened the gate to impurity. At night his prayers were always followed by the discipline which was, for him, formed of iron chains, that he might draw down upon himself the mercy of God. He abhorred idleness and looked upon it as the deadly foe to virtue. Therefore every moment of his time was occupied. Naturally his exercises of piety took up the greater portion of his time. The recollection, the tranquility, which he found in prayer, formed his greatest delight. He could not tear himself from it; he feared that if he gave up, the demon would envelope him in one of his dangerous snares. All the powers of his soul were constantly elevated to God. He watched without ceasing lest the spark of divine love should grow dim within his heart. The faintest shadow of an impure thought filled him with terror. Thus the virtue of chastity shone ever with the most resplendent brightness within his soul. Added to this was entire obedience, and an acceptance of poverty with generous ardor. Full of charity for his fellow-creatures, he was accustomed to say with the humility which distinguished him: "I have received, without meriting them, the gifts of heaven; they cost me nothing, and I will distribute them amongst my brethren as they were given to me."

CHAPTER IV.

First Miracles of Albert—His Rule of Life—He is Called to the Sacredotal Dignity.

Such excellence of conduct, such lovely and edifying manners, could not fail to reap their reward. They gained for Albert, from above, the light of divine wisdom; he became one of the most learned masters in the science of the Sacred Scriptures. And as he penetrated further into their sublime mysteries his love for the contemplation of celestial things became exceedingly great. As for the things of this earth, he beheld them from such an elevated standpoint that the nothingness of this world became every moment more fully realized by him. This was perhaps because he would willingly have secluded himself in a solitude where he would have had no one to interrupt his converse with our Lord. Then, again, his meditations would turn upon the life of our Lord during his earthly mission, and he would recall the divine command addressed to the apostles: "Go and teach," said the Master. And the disciples comprehending their newly assigned duty, hastened to various parts of the world to win the Latins and other nations to a life of faith. To save souls, they hesitated not to incur the danger of torture and even death. Albert considered then the number of men who were still a prey to the most fatal errors, and how many, even amongst Christians needed, alas! to be brought to a better life. Unfortunately this sad state of affairs prevails in every age. But it was especially true of Sicily, which was at that time given up to intestine wars. His enthusiasm was awakened, and his breast glowed with a generous ardor. He longed to enter the lists with the weapons of persuasion and prayer, and to raise the standard of Christ in innumerable wayward souls. With the apostles, to accomplish this result, he would gladly have given his life. He began then, without further delay, to evangelize the unbeliever and to instruct the Catechumen. The force of his eloquence was so irresistible, and his powers of persuasion so remarkable, that these, together with the brilliancy with which the light of faith shone forth in

him, gained many unhopd for conversions.

In order the better to succeed in his quest after virtue, Albert drew up for himself a rule of life. In this he displayed great wisdom, for without system no work can be established upon a solid basis; and the best intentions, of themselves, will come to naught. This rule was very exact. He divided the day into several portions, which enabled him to begin his exercises of devotion early and continue them late. Thus, to the office prescribed to be recited by the Carmelites, he added the whole recitation of the psalter,—a practice which was dear to his heart. Whilst engaged therein Albert became so absorbed that the brethren were frequently surprised to see him raised several cubits in the air. The prayer over, he would gently descend to the floor. From the first to the third hour of the night he prayed and recited the psalms, kneeling before a crucifix. Then he was forced to yield to nature, which demands that the body shall have some time to repose. He only submitted to this necessity knowing that he could later on return to his holy exercises, and that too with renewed fervor and zeal. Scarcely had two hours passed away than he was ready to arise and eager to resume his prayers. His whole soul was so inflamed with an increased love of God during their continuance, that his countenance was bedewed with holy tears. After prayers, he took the discipline. When he was elevated to the priesthood it was at the hour of day dawn that he ascended the altar steps and offered up the adorable sacrifice of the mass. Afterwards he devoted himself to exterior duties. He gave his time to his penitents, and in a special manner to the poor whom he looked upon as his own particular friends. He devoted all his efforts to console and encourage them, and, as far as he was able, he relieved their material wants, dressed their wounds, and distributed amongst them the alms which he received from the wealthy.

Every morning a waiting throng sought his beneficent presence, and prevented him from hastening to his devotions. From the hour of Tierce until the Vespertime Albert employed himself at

some kind of manual labor, then gave the remaining time to study. Afterwards he recited the office and resumed his ordinary penances. It was not until utter weariness and exhaustion compelled him to do it, that he permitted himself to think of repose. And a very brief repose it was,—it being a constant source of wonder how he could sustain life with so little sleep: Therein, however, was clearly demonstrated the protection accorded him by Divine Providence. Our Lord manifested by other tokens how precious these wonderful austerities were to him, for about this time began the glorious power of miracles enjoyed by the Saint. The list of the cures effected by him amongst his poor pensioners, who waited each morning for him, would be long, indeed. Every kind of malady heaven enabled him to relieve. But the anonymous author, commented upon by Vincent Barbe, from whom we have gathered these details, has contented himself with merely recording the facts, and does not enter into a description.

Albert, when the time approached for him to be ordained, had given a brilliant proof of his excessive humility. He was convinced that this virtue is one of the most solid foundations of a Christian life, and he cultivated it with his whole heart and soul. He therefore concealed the favors which heaven gave him in such superabundant measure, and augured nothing therein that could exalt his merit. On the contrary he never thought himself worthy, and when called to the sacred ministry he felt very grave apprehensions, and thus gave vent to his feelings: "Is it not entirely beyond my merits, and altogether inappropriate to bestow upon me so great an honor? Am I not unworthy? What! I, a poor sinner, administer to the people so stupendous a sacrament! Am I not unfitted to celebrate the divine mysteries of our holy faith?"

For a long time he had entertained such ideas, shrinking from the responsibility, but finally obedience put the quietus upon humility. Obedience is equally with humility, one of the most stable foundations of the monastic life. Albert had therefore yielded, consequently he appears before us a priest, and an apostle consumed with zeal.

Shortly after his ordination, he was transferred to Messina. Messina is a city situated at the north eastern extremity of the isle facing the Italian coast, from which it is only separated by the strait called the Pharos of Messina. Eryx and Trapani are, on the contrary, situated at the western point. And now behold Albert going from his parents, from his home, from the place of his birth, from all those ties by which the human heart is so strongly bound. But from his tenderest youth our saint had learned to renounce self and to sacrifice all in the service of his Divine Master.

He knew that at Messina there would be a vast field wherein to sow the celestial seed. He could do more good and gain more souls to God. That was the principal point. Besides, even had he not had all these reasons he was so imbued with respect for authority that he would submit without the least protestation, to the will of his superiors. As soon as he had arrived at Messina, whether the renown of his knowledge and virtues had preceded him, he was assigned to the office of announcing the divine word. Then shone forth with brilliant splendor his zeal for the glory of God, his ardor for the conversion of heretics, and his desire to lead wayward souls to a better life. More than a century before the birth of Albert, Sicily was oppressed by the galling yoke of the Mussulman, who had ravished from the Greeks this fertile and picturesque island. Roger, the Norman, later Count of Sicily, had driven off these invaders, they having succeeded the Aglabites. This Mussulman power, which had lasted from the year 827 until 1090, had permitted, during the three and a half centuries of its dominion, a great number of infidel families to establish themselves in the country. All did not follow their sovereigns and their armies into retreat; many remained hidden in the mountain gorges, and there found means of subsistence. Frequently, however, much as they wished to remain in their almost inaccessible dwellings, they were forced to emerge and mingle with the throng of Christians, which awaited each morning to receive charity from the bounty of Albert. Although they strove to hide their origin and their religion, the Saint

was enabled to penetrate what they fain would conceal.

Many of these unbelievers were led to embrace our holy Faith. The Jews, likewise, were the objects of his most tender solicitude; he had the happiness to convert a great number. To add to the effect of his sermons, and give them greater efficacy, the Divine Master bestowed upon him, in a still greater degree, the gift of miracles. Through the munificence of the grace of the Holy Ghost, with the assistance of Divine Providence, Albert wrought many miracles, some of which are most striking. Here is one performed on behalf of the Saint himself. The demon never lays down his arms; he has a thousand ways of tempting his enemies, the race of man.

What he cannot do one day, he essays on the morrow. If one ruse does not succeed, he soon attempts another. He could not leave in peace the pious religious, who waged mortal combat against him, from the very beginning, and who had always shown himself to be one of his most formidable foes. What Satan abhorred more than anything else was to see Albert so thoroughly absorbed in fervent prayer, and he put forth every effort to turn him aside from his practice so dear to his heart, but in vain. But the wily spirit did not despair. He made another attempt. It was Sunday. The hour was midnight. Albert, prostrate at the foot of the altar, was tasting the sweetness of prayer, the delights of the recitation of the psalter. A crystal lamp, with its soft clear flame, illuminated the place. The little light was unusually brilliant, and seemed to rejoice at the presence of the Saint.

Suddenly a baleful influence was felt, and the father of malice appeared. Albert continued his devotions with redoubled fervor. The verse at which he was, read thus: "O, Lord, save me from my enemies, and deliver me from those who attack me." At the instant the words parted from his lips, the furious demon dashed a heavy stone against the lamp. The violent shock threw it to the floor. But, apparently unmoved by this extraordinary assault, the Saint went on imploring the mercy of God. The Lord had not permitted the lamp to be broken,

nor even a drop of the oil to be spilled. A piece of glass which had become detached, replaced itself, and was as firm as ever in the spot it had occupied. Albert continued praying, and nothing remained for Satan but ignominiously to fly.

It was not to be wondered at that a man of such merit should become at once known to and beloved by all, and the popular sentiments towards him grew more intensified as time went on. Nothing of the kind had ever equalled the veneration, the love manifested by the multitude for the Saint, the great Thaumaturgus. Living as he did at a time when war with its attendant discords prevailed to a great extent, he frequently had occasion to exercise his great charity, and to show to the world the high estimation in which he was held by the divine power.

As to the favors with which our Lord inundated his soul, they became more numerous, as his virtues grew more resplendent. To strengthen him, to afford him a holy joy, Our Lord Jesus Christ, Himself, appeared to him several times under the most entrancingly beautiful guise. To console the heart of this faithful servant, our Lord appeared to him as the lovely babe of Bethlehem, the adorable little infant Jesus. In regard to this subject see what we may learn from the chapter of St. Albert in the records of Carmel by Fr. Ferdinand of St. Theresa.

"Even more wonderfully," says the learned Religious, "was our Saint favored by the Divine Master, as time went on. Sometimes the little infant was so lovingly familiar that he nestled in the embrace of the fervent monk." How can one fail to admire this proof of his loving tenderness, which our Lord deigned to give to him who served Him with so much zeal. Where is the heart that could remain indifferent to so touching a manifestation of divine goodness, so unparalleled an honor?

The Saint had now attained the epoch in his existence which was marked by miracles of so wondrous a nature that they were destined to cover his name perpetually with glory, and surround it with a brilliant lustre forevermore.

CHAPTER V.

Conversions and Cures.

It was in the year of our Lord, 1275, and upon a day dedicated to the honor of our Blessed Mother that Albert preached at Siacca, at that time a city of some importance. As usual his burning eloquence found its way to every heart. His sermons did not attack unbelievers, therefore they were eager to listen to his words. Already his mission had produced extraordinary fruits. In the vicinity of the church there lived a Jewish family, who for a long time had been very much afflicted. One of the children, a youth—almost a young man—was a victim of the horrible malady known as epilepsy. His attacks were terrible and frequent. After each one, his memory—his mental powers—became paralyzed and for hours he remained without sense or feeling. Having heard of St. Albert, he implored of his parents to go to him and entreat him to effect his cure. The parents consented, and went themselves to the monastery. The Saint, who was ever at the disposition of the afflicted ones who came to seek aid from his kindness, and of penitents who wished to abandon their evil ways, received them kindly and listened to what they had to say. "I promise you," said he, "to cure your son. But I will not be able to do so if you persist in denying the divinity of our Lord Jesus Christ, the perpetual virginity of the Blessed Virgin, and other truths of our holy religion. You must promise to be instructed and to embrace Christianity." The worthy people replied that the recital of the miracles wrought by the Saint had already convinced them, and that their faith, although of recent origin, was not the less sincere. Then Albert went with them to their abode. As he entered the son had one of the most terrible attacks he had as yet experienced. The flecks of foam fell from his lips and his nerves were at such a tension it was pitiable to see him. Albert made the sign of the cross upon him and uttered these words:—"May this frightful malady cease to torment thee whilst thou dost accept, with ardent faith, every word of my sermons upon Jesus of Nazareth."

Then the convulsions ceased, and the clouded mind opened again to the light

of reason. The young invalid was perfectly restored. And yet the physicians said he was incurable. From that moment he never had a return of his illness, a fact which excited the astonishment of the family retainers, as well as the great mass of the people, and tendered greatly to the benefit of all: Many were, in consequence, led to embrace the faith of Christ. As to the youth, he, with his parents, was converted by the spirit of grace, they were ransomed by holy baptism, and openly declared themselves Christians. The spiritual had been fully as complete as the temporal cure,—one of the sweetest triumphs that Albert had ever known.

Theodoric of Aix adds that the young Neophyte was most grateful to the Saint, and became the disciple of him who had opened his eyes to the light of faith. Under the care of his master, whom he never left, he led a saintly life and died a blessed death. Theodoric does not tell us whether the Saint died before his pupil. Be that as it may, Albert found in the edifying life of this youth a precious recompense for his devotion to the salvation of souls. Some authors say that this miracle was wrought in Palestine. The chronological order in which the facts are presented, as well as other reasons to be found in Chapter IX, do not permit us to entertain that opinion. Ah! how tenderly he loved those souls whom he had wrested from error and given back to God!

We cannot refrain from remarking how very exact the Rev. Father was in fulfilling the duties of his ministry. He was most frequently to be found at Messina, but often we are called upon to follow him to Gela, to Siacca, and all over Sicily in fact. Wherever we find him, it is to see him, without a moment's repose, after his arrival at one of his missions, performing some arduous duty or some charitable work impelled thereto by his ardent love for God. What, though the way had been long and his weary limbs almost refused their office, it mattered nothing to him. Was there in any part of that region a fellow creature who was suffering, a soul which was turning from its creator to the arch-enemy, that was sufficient for him to forget hunger, to ignore thirst, to abandon

all thought of slumber or rest. Had he acted otherwise he would have experienced a remorse so excessive that it would have embittered his life.

The year of the world's redemption, 1230, found the Saint again at Trapani. He followed his usual custom to visit the church before presenting himself at the monastery gates. It was with a secret joy that he made his visits to this basilica, where he had pronounced his vows, where he loved to pray, and where he always poured forth fervent thanksgivings for those earlier favors with which the Lord had distinguished him. Whilst he prayed a woman, whose tears and dejected mien gave token of some weighty sorrow, came into the church, followed by her entire family. Her grief seemed so excessive that she might be pardoned for presuming to interrupt the Saint in his devotions. This was the cause of her trouble. Her daughter, a young woman known throughout the province, both on account of her great piety and the high rank of her parents, was about to become a mother, but for six days had been suffering so intensely that the physicians despaired of her life, as well as that of the little innocent creature that could not be saved for baptism.

At that very time the word went from one to another that Albert had arrived in the city. The presence of the good father never failed to inspire confidence, and to brighten the dying glimmer of hope in fainting hearts. Pitying friends were not long in announcing the glad tidings to the dejected mother, who resolved to address herself to him without delay. She was not wholly unknown to him. Assembling her family she bade them follow in her path. When she was assured that the Saint was in the church she approached him. Albert arose and enquired what she desired with him. Then the poor mother fell on her knees before the Saint, and in a broken voice cried out: "My sorrow is too great; my daughter is dying in the perils of childbirth, and no one can give her any relief. Come then, I conjure you! Come before she breathes her last sigh. She has so longed to see you, and if she cannot be cured, at least she can go to you to confession. Her tears will speak for

her contrition, and her soul will be saved." Albert inquired where she lived. "Why should I point out her abode?" replied the mother. "Do you not know it already? Come and see!" And they left the church. Albert summoned an Acolyte, and amid the throng of expectant relatives and friends, went to the house of mourning. As soon as he entered the dwelling, upon the threshold of which death hovered to claim his victim, they took him to the bedside of the patient.

To all appearances she was perfectly lifeless. The Saint called her by name: "Marguerite," he said; but the poor sufferer was unconscious, and was not able to reply. Then he put his fingers into her mouth. "Why," he continued, "do you permit yourself to be thus overwhelmed with suffering? Why remain thus mute in my presence? Who do you tell me nothing? Courage! console your mother if it so please you!" But the sufferer remained mute and still as if the icy hand of death were upon her. The Saint took the holy oil and anointed the lips and the hands of the patient; Meanwhile he addressed the following petition to heaven: "May Jesus save you, my daughter, through the goodness and merits of his divine mother! She who conceived without losing her virginity, and who, always stainless, brought forth her divine child without pain, will assist you in your trial. Your child will be born without your incurring danger of death. And this child which has caused so much apprehension, you will one day offer it to our Lord in the religious life." Scarcely was this prayer finished when Marguerite opened her eyes, consciousness returned and she awoke to life.

Great men are never sufficiently known except in struggles.

The life of every man is a diary in which he means to write one story, and writes another.

We are not called upon to leap and make ourselves laugh because the day is dark. Tears are good, and silence is a blessing. Only we must not let our grief be bitter or selfish, and our dark days must never be days of gloom or complaint.

On the Wings of Fate.

C J ANDERSON.

CHAPTER I.

The snow-capped Rockies loomed up against the clear blue of the western sky as the Denver express neared its namesake city. For some time John Spencer sat gazing out of the window of the train at the wonders of his boyhood days. As the rocky peaks became more and more clearly outlined to his eyes, so did the recollections of his early life grow upon him. It was twenty years since he had seen Denver, and he was then but eight years of age. The interval of college days and business life had done much to erase the impressions of childhood; but these Rockies with their grand towering peaks, snow-crowned, glistening in the evening sun,—they were the alchemy that burnished to their pristine freshness the impressions of childhood.

His cheek was mantled with a crimson tint that seemed to be a reflection of the reddening western sky, but the moisture gathering in his eyes showed that the coloring was not borrowed. His companion, James Harland, sat opposite him, gathering what drops of wisdom he could from the Denver Times. He had read all the daily news,—important and unimportant—and was about to look up the theatre notices for the coming week in Denver. As he turned the paper inside out, he looked out of the window. The gorgeous western sunset burst upon him, and turning to John, he exclaimed:

"Isn't that magnificent? I never saw anything like it!"

John Spencer smiled and nodded assent.

James Harland noticed the sorrowful look on John's face, and in surprise said:

"Why, John, what's the matter? Not sick, I hope, when we are about to have a roaring time in this glorious place. Look at that sunset, man; that'll cure you, surely, if anything will."

John Spencer shook his head. The recollections of his early years were too strong for him; he felt deep joy at the sight of the mountains, but that joy

was mingled with the deepest of sorrow.

"Did I ever tell you of my little sister?" he asked in a trembling tone.

"No," answered James; "I didn't know you had one. What became of her? Is she dead?"

"That's what I don't know," replied John, much moved, "and that's where the sting is."

James watched his companion for a moment and was surprised to see such a display of feeling in one, whom, he thought, was devoid of all such tender emotions. But as yet he had had no occasion of seeing the deep emotional nature of John. It is true, they were companions at college, but only for a short time, and during that time John had been as gay and light-hearted as the real college boy usually is. As James saw the gathering emotion, he thought it best not to push his question farther, and decided to leave John alone to his thoughts in the hope that their sadness would wear away in the bustle of the vacation in Denver.

Next morning John Spencer appeared in a more hilarious frame of mind, showing, indeed, scarcely any signs of his sorrowful mood of the preceding evening. He was sitting in one of the hotel parlors reading a letter when James Harland saw him. A smile played upon his clean-shaven face as he read the letter, once, twice, and then placed it carefully in the envelope. He studied the address in the corner of the latter for a moment and then looked up and met the gaze of James Harland, who stood directly in front of him.

"What's the news, Jack?" asked James laughingly. "It must be good to judge from that smile of yours. Have the invitations begun to come in already?"

"You've guessed it right," answered John. "This is a letter from a great friend of my fathers, inviting me to come up to his house and stay there, while I remain in Denver."

"Then, I suppose you were smiling over the idea of leaving me here and of

you're going there?" said James, rallying.

"Not at all, Jim," replied John. "He says to bring any friend I have along with me, that there is room for all. But I think we'll be more free and have a better time by remaining here at the hotel, where we can go or stay, sing or dance, as we choose. It's all very nice to stay with father's friend, but——"

"That's right, old man," said James. "You've great horse sense. We're out here for our health—yes, perhaps we are—and for fun, and when we're 'busted' we'll look up a couple of friends for shelter."

"Yes, we shall save him to fall back on," said John. "But, we must go up there this afternoon, as he says he'll expect us to dinner. One evening can certainly be spent there, and his daughter, I have heard, is one of the prettiest girls in Denver."

"Yes!" said John. "Well, now; that's worth knowing,—otherwise we might not be able to appreciate her beauty."

"Oh! don't worry about that," said John, laughingly, "I've seen her picture, and she is really a beauty."

"I won't take any second-hand judgments," said James. "I'll see for myself. When shall we go?"

"This afternoon, of course, in time for dinner, which, he says, they have at six," answered John.

They spent the day in a listless manner, looking up places of importance, making enquiries, and finding out how they might best pass the summer.

Evening came. Each had been particular about his appearance and evening dress. James Harland, tall, and handsome, had a high forehead which stood out in strong contrast to his thick dark hair. His cheeks were high and full, with the flush of manliness strong in them. A straight, well-defined nose separated a pair of dark eyes, whose friendly but keen look dispelled any possible doubt as to the genial nature of their owner.

John Spencer was somewhat neater in dress than James Harland, and showed greater taste. But his figure was not so attractive. Of medium height, he bore his shoulders too far forward, and this gave him a slightly stooped appearance,

even when he stood erect. His head, set close to his body, was unusually large, his eyes, small and restless, his nose pinched and when he spoke a decided nasal tone was noticeable.

CHAPTER II.

"Thirty, Torrance avenue," said John to the driver, as they entered the cab.

In half an hour they drew up before a beautiful stone house standing some two hundred feet from the street. Tall, graceful trees lined a neat gravel drive that led past the front door.

They had scarcely alighted when Mr. Eldridge, their host, stepped forth to greet them. He was glad to see the son of his old friend and happy to entertain him.

"So this is the little John whom I used to dance on my knee some twenty years since," said Mr. Eldridge, as he grasped the hand of John Spencer. "I am delighted to see you. How like your father, as he was thirty years ago!"

"I am happy to have the pleasure of seeing you again, Mr. Eldridge," said John. "I am always delighted to meet those with whom my father was intimate; they are so many ready-made friends of mine, you know."

"This is my friend, James Harland," continued he, turning to introduce James. "We have been chums at college and have come out here together, partly on account of our health and partly for a vacation."

Mr. Eldridge welcomed James in his cordial manner, and led them into his house, which was magnificently furnished. Dinner would be ready in a few minutes, Mr. Eldridge said. In the meantime he inquired about John's father and family.

"And you never heard of your sister since her disappearance, or obtained the slightest clue to her fate?" asked Mr. Eldridge.

"No, nothing," answered John, with a slight tremor in his voice. "Once we thought there was a hope of recovering her; but now we have given up all quest for her as useless. Some years ago your old servant Jakey pretended he knew something about her; but he afterwards confessed he was only lying to obtain some money."

"Yes," said Mr. Eldridge, "Jakey is a queer fellow,—inconsistent and faithless. I've suffered many a time for his fickleness. He would do anything for money and I am surprised at myself that I have kept him so long."

There was silence for a moment and then Mr. Eldridge began again :

"You remember my daughter, Lucy ? She was of the same age as your sister."

"Yes ; I have some slight recollections of her," replied John, "but she was young then,—not much more than a year old when I saw her last ; so I can't say that I know her."

"True !" said Mr. Eldridge. "I thought you saw her since that time ; but now I recollect it was your father alone who has seen her since she has grown up."

As Mr. Eldridge finished speaking, his daughter came to announce that dinner was ready. Lucy Eldridge was a tall, slender girl, who looked scarcely twenty years of age. She bore herself with the greatest ease and grace, as she moved across the floor with a quick, light step. Her shoulders were thrown well back so that her slender arms hung gracefully at her sides. Her dark brown hair was caught back from a broad white forehead. Her cheeks, soft, round and full, seemed to have caught the tint of the bursting rose. Her eyes were small but lively with the light that gleamed from their clear blue depths. The face bore an expression of candor and earnestness, that told of the true womanly spirit within.

Her father introduced her to his two guests. Both were in admiration at the frank, kindly way in which she addressed them. There was no embarrassment, no affectation in her manners : hers was the freedom of a guileless heart.

After dinner, which passed quite agreeably for all, they retired to the piazza where they sat looking toward the white-capped rockies. John Spencer and Lucy Eldridge were soon engaged in quite a friendly conversation, while Mr. Eldridge explained to James Harland the beauties of the scenery around Denver at the various seasons of the year. In a few minutes, however, Mr. Eldridge received a message from a business friend who desired to see him at once on something very important. Mr. Eldridge ex-

cused himself and said he would return in a few minutes.

"Isn't it a sad thing, Mr. Harland," said Lucy, addressing James, "this loss of Mr. Spencer's ; I suppose you know all about it,—about his sister, I mean?"

"No, I don't," replied James. "In fact it was only last night I found out that John had had a sister."

"Really !" said Lucy, surprised. "Why, I thought you would know all about it, being a great friend of Mr. Spencer's.. But Mr. Spencer will tell us the particulars. I've heard considerable about the matter, but not all, I suppose. If Mr. Spencer is willing, I would like to hear everything about his sister, especially as he says we were of the same age and often in a cradle together."

"It was this way," began John. "One day the nurse took my little sister out for a drive, through the suburban roads of Denver. She was not a year old at the time. As the carriage turned a sharp angle in the road, two masked men set upon the vehicle, overpowered and stunned the driver and nurse, and then carried off my sister, Mary. No trace of the robbers could ever be found, except that by an anonymous letter an offer was made of releasing her on the payment of a large sum of money. My father, who was reputed to be very wealthy, was at that time in dire straits and could not raise the sum. His friends thought that he cared little for the recovery of his daughter Mary, but the real reason was his lack of funds and his pressing necessities. In fact, he could hire no detectives at the time to follow up the case. In after years, when he recovered his fortune, and could have paid the ransom, no communication could be received from the robbers, nor could the best detectives ever obtain the slightest clue as to my sister's whereabouts or her fate, whatever that may have been.

"I have often wished to have Mary back, as I have often longed for a sister, and somehow, though I have no reasonable grounds for hope, I feel that the mystery will yet be cleared up. The sight of those mountains brought back to me the picture of my little sister. I can remember even now how she looked. She used to be lying in her cradle as I came along to look at her. Often she would

raise her tiny hands to grasp my curls as I stooped to kiss her. I can see her deep blue eyes yet, and do you know, Miss Eldridge," continued John, suddenly looking at Lucy, "that your face has a marked resemblance to hers."

At this juncture Mr. Eldridge returned and was just in time to hear the last words of John.

"And you really think, John, that Lucy looks something like your sister?" asked he with unusual interest.

"I do," replied John, "but then it may be but a fancy of mine."

"Strange! Your father said the same thing," said Mr. Eldridge quickly. "But wherein do you imagine any resemblance to exist?"

"Besides the blue eyes," replied John, "I know of nothing precisely. Yet, in Miss Eldridge's face there is something which I cannot describe, but which I feel or fancy to bear a distant resemblance to the face of my sister."

"Now, Jack," began James Harland, good-naturedly, "don't be too sentimental and imagine Miss Eldridge to be your sister. I didn't think there was such a vein of poetry in your nature."

By this time, John was in too reminiscent a mood to enjoy the humor of James, and replied rather seriously and vaguely:

"There isn't much poetry in it. It's a hard, dry fact."

As the evening wore on, the conversation turned upon various subjects. John Spencer and James were both captivated by the charms of Lucy Eldridge. John of course was drawn towards her from the moment that she interested herself in his sister, and the more he saw into the sympathetic nature of Lucy, the more attached to her did he become. In fact, with all respect to the love he bore his sister, vague ideas of making up for the loss of her, by putting Lucy Eldridge in her place in his affections, were hovering thick in his mind.

It was for other and almost opposite reasons that James was attracted to Lucy, but these reasons were none the less effective with him. Her liveliness and vivacity, her varied accomplishments, drew his admiration, while her true womanly bearing won his heart.

When they were leaving for the evening, Mr. Eldridge told them to come often, to make his place their home in as far as they wished without hindrance of formalities. They promised to do so; and as one can easily opine, they were in all earnestness and sincerity about keeping their promise.

"Isn't the public opinion about Miss Eldridge true?" asked John as they drove off in their cab "I couldn't help admiring her from the very first."

"The public is wrong in its opinion about her," said James dogmatically.

John looked in blank amazement at his companion.

"Wrong?" he exclaimed. "Are you crazy, man?"

"No; I am sane and sober," replied James, "and I repeat it: the public judgment is false."

"In what is it false?" demanded John with a feeling of insulted pride as he saw the idol of his heart dethroned.

"Why, just in this—it does not do her half justice," said James slowly, as he burst into a laugh.

"Oh!" said John, feeling mean as the foundation of all his ire slipped from beneath his feet. He didn't even smile; to him the subject was too serious for banter.

CHAPTER III.

Three weeks of lively vacation passed away. John and James had been up to the Eldridge's several times during these weeks and each visit seemed to draw them oftener. They had gone to the theatre on several occasions,—once in company with Mr. Eldridge and his daughter. John Spencer was ever at Lucy's side, and every word of hers made him believe all the more firmly that she was the one woman in the world who could make him happy. Lucy appeared to be happy and intimate with him, certainly more intimate than with James Harland. Was it because she felt herself freer with John Spencer, who was her father's friend and who knew her in the cradle, or did the reason for such intimacy lie deep within the woman's bosom?

"O, who does know the bent of woman's fantasy?"

James Harland noticed, with many misgivings, the growing friendship be-

tween his two friends. He knew that it was but natural for Lucy to be more intimate with one who knew her years ago. Still, this reason did not dislodge the feelings of jealousy which were fast increasing within him. His determination on the matter soon took a more definite shape. It might cost him the loss of a friend to win the object of his desire; but day by day that object grew brighter, till finally a dozen or a hundred of the boonest companions could not have turned him aside from the pursuit of his desire. He had concealed all his deeper feelings from John, and had stood by, as it were, when John was present with Lucy, as an uninterested spectator; but when he found himself alone with Miss Eldridge, all his words bore the unmistakable impress of his growing devotion.

But he was resolved to play a double roll no longer. Chary, moreover, about giving John too great a handicap, he concluded to let him know the true state of affairs at the earliest suitable occasion.

They were returning home one evening from a tour in the mining districts, and John Spencer was unusually gay and cheerful. They had visited the large claim that belonged to Mr. Eldridge. John was not one who could be styled avaricious, but the sight of the vast wealth represented by the land of Mr. Eldridge seemed to lend a new lustre to the beauty of Lucy. John would not have acknowledged the cause of his unusual hilarity, but the quick observant spirit of James at once divined the bottom truth.

An English mystic writer has said that man never does any one given thing from one single motive. Perhaps he is right. If so, can one not conclude that no one ever loves from one single motive? Some who pride themselves on the singleness of their motive for love, may object to so radical and sweeping a notion; but if anyone thinks himself or herself an exception, an analysis will show whether the case follows the rule or the exception.

"Jim," said John, in a confiding tone, to his companion as they neared the hotel, "I suppose you have noticed how at-

tentive I have been to Lucy Eldridge. You know why?"

"Anyone not stone-blind could guess it," replied James, dryly.

"Now don't be angry Jim, because? I have gotten the start of you," said John.

"Start!" echoed James, sarcastically. "I think you are overestimating yourself."

John was dumbfounded at the sarcastic tone of his friend, and was taken back.

"You're rather cutting in your remarks to-day, Jim," said John in a conciliating tone. "You needn't take offence at what I say in devotion to Lucy Eldridge."

Not another word was spoken till they reached the hotel. As John stepped from the cab, James hissed rather than whispered, in his ear:

"Lucy Eldridge shall not be yours! All is fair in war. Since you have set your heart upon her, our friendship is at an end forever!"

Saying this James Harland turned upon the pavement and walked hurriedly into the hotel, leaving John Spencer thunderstruck upon the street.

John stood as if petrified, gazing vacantly on the tiles at his feet, until aroused from his daze by the impatient cabman, demanding his fare for the third time. Having paid the fee, John turned and walked slowly into the hotel to his room. He flung his coat and hat on the bed, and threw himself into an arm chair to think over the tremendous crisis he had reached.

James Harland, his friend, with whom he had lived through his college days, whom he had befriended and loved as a brother, had broken with him, had challenged him to a struggle for the heart of the one woman whom he felt he loved. What did it mean? Was he to lose his friend and his sweetheart? At least he felt that one was to be sacrificed for the other. Which one? He needed not to ask the question. His feelings could not let him decide except against James Harland. His bliss was embodied in the one word—Lucy. All hopes, fears, friends and enemies were naught beside it. To him it was the veritable panacea the real elixir of life.

"I shall never desist," he muttered to himself between his teeth. "No, not for James Harland or any other living mortal,—no, never! The scurvy baseness of the man who has played me false! He shall rue the day he has insulted me. His preventing me from marrying the girl of my choice! Pooh! who ever heard of such a thing! I shall show him what stuff John Spencer is made of, if he persists in crossing me. The fellow who plays the false hypocrite as he has done has not much to frighten me. Yes—he shall rue this day!"

John Spencer leaned back in his chair and gazed in vacancy at the chandelier before him. Wild thoughts rushed through his heated brain. Wild schemes were concocted, only to be put aside by fresh ones, which in their turn fled before new arrivals.

Suddenly he started up in the midst of his fierce thoughts, and striking the dresser with a blow that made the mirror rattle, exclaimed:

"No! He shall never do it!"

CHAPTER IV.

On this same evening, James Harland started for an aimless stroll around the streets of Denver. Since his intimacy with John Spencer was at an end he was now alone in this Western city with only a few friends whom he had picked up during the month of his sojourn there. Among these, and most important of them, were Mr. Eldridge and his daughter. On the good will of the former he did not place much security. Keenly observant he saw that Mr. Eldridge had looked with pleasure on the prospect of his daughter's marrying John Spencer. Since he had parted company with John he felt that it meant severing friendship with Mr. Eldridge. This caused him no little anxiety, but of the final outcome he felt sanguine.

He had been doing office work for his father in the East. Why could he not take up some similar work here, and thus have some plausible excuse to offer his family for desiring to remain in the West? In the mining business there appeared to be a great opening for enterprising young men. He was sure something would turn up and enable him to get a respectable position, for the pay

did not signify much, as he had plenty of money. Perhaps he could make some profitable investments, and thus, at one and the same time, gain a fortune and the girl of his choice.

He turned his steps toward the Eldridge mansion—perhaps more from force of habit than anything else. After he had walked for about an hour, the house where he had spent many happy hours and where the object of all his hopes and desires rested, loomed up before him.

Its broad stone front stood out before the darkening blue of the western sky. The ample sloping lawn in front seemed to fall back to set off the stone structure that crowned it. The regular rows of trees in front and the irregular clumps of pines at short distance from the sides of the house but showed how art knew the limit of its beautifying powers. Near the front of the lawn played a marble fountain. Around it was a network of flower-beds and shrubbery. Two rustic seats were placed a few paces from the fountain in the midst of the flowers.

There it was that Lucy Eldridge was wont to spend many a summer evening watching the playing waters and the phantasmagoria of colors on the sunlit Rockies in the distance. John Harland knew this and as he approached the lawn, he instinctively looked toward the rustic seats by the fountain. No one seemed to be there. But in a moment he caught sight of the fluttering white shawl of Lucy Eldridge, and in another, he was by her side.

"Good evening, Miss Eldridge," he said approaching her, "I trust I am not intruding on your evening reveries. I was just strolling around and happened to pass by this way."

"Good evening, Mr. Harland," said Lucy, looking around instinctively for his friend. "No intrusion, whatever; you know you're always welcome. Isn't Mr. Spencer with you?"

"No," said James, unconcernedly. "He did not come out to-night for a walk."

Why, I thought you were two inseparables," said Lucy smiling. "I think this is the first time you have come here alone."

There was something in Lucy Eldridge's last words that sent a thrill of delight through the heart of James Harland. He had never heard her speak so before, and her words and tone sounded especially sweet at this trying time of his life. If he had lost one friend, those words conveyed to him the assurance that he had found another.

"I'm glad you are so pleased to see me alone," said James, laughingly. "May I sit down beside you?"

"Certainly," replied Miss Eldridge, promptly moving over. "Yet, perhaps you prefer going into the house?"

"No, I would sooner stay out here," said James. "Mr. Eldridge will be out soon, I suppose?"

"No, he went away this afternoon and won't return till late," said Lucy naively, "but I don't mind being left alone."

"I suppose not," said James. "A person of your accomplishments ought naturally to be able to live on, independent of much which others need. I mean you are above 'peaking and pining,' as Shakespeare has it, for what you momentarily lack."

"How flattering you are, Mr. Harland!" "Can't you overcome that absurd habit? I thought you were above such banalities."

"Pardon me, Miss Eldridge," said James hastily, fearing that he had made a false step. "You must not take me too seriously."

"I never really cared for people that were not serious; they are usually so frivolous," said Lucy, with seemingly offended pride.

"Oh, dear! Miss Eldridge, don't persist in misunderstanding me," he said.

"Please don't call me 'dear,'" she rejoined in spite of his entreaty. "It's rather too familiar."

"You are positively incorrigible, Miss Eldridge. I shall not mind what you say in future," said James at his wit's end to know whether or not Miss Eldridge was making a laughing-stock of him.

"Then, I suppose it's best to have nothing more to do with you. I wish people always to pay attention to what I say. I don't usually speak to the wind" said Lucy in a haughty tone that took the breath from James Harland, so that for the time he was speechless.

In a moment, however, he recovered his good sense, and recognized in Miss Eldridge's words and bearing only the most friendly and coquettish banter.

"Really, Miss Eldridge," he began, deeming it his turn, "I shall be forced to be silent altogether, unless you treat me with a little more humaneness. I shall positively report you to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals if you don't stop."

"And I shall plead a demurrer," replied Miss Eldridge, not to be silenced.

"Then, in all gallantry, I shall withdraw the case and exonerate the defendant; but on one condition," said James.

"And what's that?" asked Lucy innocently.

"That she make up for lack of civility and love toward the plaintiff in the past, and by an increase of it toward him in the future," said James laughing.

Lucy blushed, and in the twilight James saw the crimson tint mantle her face. It was the charm that had won his heart before; it was to him now a token that assured him of her devotion in the future. With the rise of that color, James felt all his fears sink toward oblivion; and, come what might, he felt certain that Lucy Eldridge would be his in the end, though that end was yet in the long obscure vista of the future.

It was with a joyful heart that he walked towards the house with her as he was about to leave her for the night. She asked no further questions about John Spencer, and James concluded therefrom that John occupied but little room in her affections. As he bid her good-night, he kissed her hand; she made no resistance. With hopes bounding high, he strode down the walk toward the garden gate, when suddenly a shadow fell across the path in front of him.

CHAPTER V.

He looked up expecting to see John Spencer before him. But, no; it was only Jakey, the gardener of Mr. Eldridge, and the oldest servant at the residence.

"Good evening, Jakey," said James, ready to be friendly with everyone except one—and with that one on certain conditions—"are you taking a stroll about the grounds this beautiful evening?"

"Yes," answered the old servant, "I am just looking about a bit to see that everything is all right."

"You're an old servant of the family—of Mr. Eldridge's family—at least, so I understand," said James, in a condescending tone.

"I've been with them some—since the seventies," said Jakey, and a better family I never knew."

"You remember, then, John Spencer's family that lived up the street at that time, and were great friends of the Eldridge's?" asked James, almost purposelessly.

"I mind on 'em," said Jakey.

"And the kidnapping or something of their little daughter?" continued James;

"I do. 'Twas a queer bit o' business, it was," replied Jakey, "and the queerest part of it is, that it is as deep a mystery as ever, after all the hunting and fishing about it."

"The girl, I believe, was of the same age as Miss Eldridge," James went on, and John Spencer says Miss Eldridge has some resemblance to his sister."

"Does he?" asked Jakey with considerable interest and surprise. "Did he tell you so?"

"Yes, he mentioned it the other day," replied James, but noticing the eagerness of Jakey, he asked:

"But why are you so concerned? What signifies that to you?"

"Nothing, nothing—quite nothing!" said Jakey, emphatically, but still unable to conceal his interest. "Mr. Spencer is in love with Miss Eldridge," he continued, with a somewhat nervous chuckle. "And you, too, Mr. Harland."

"That's a private affair," said James curtly, and not to be publicly discussed."

"But Mr. Spencer is," insisted Jakey. "He was head over heels in love with her before he had seen her a week. But," he added, prophetically, "he shall never marry her."

The mysterious way in which Jakey uttered these last words drew the attention of James Harland. Did this old man mean that he, James, was to marry her? How could Jakey know what was to happen? Miss Eldridge couldn't have told her love to old Jakey! He couldn't possibly know; but then—why was he so dogmatic in his assertion?

"Why, I don't see any reason against it," said James trying to draw Jakey out.

"He won't marry her, anyway," the old man insisted, "and I know why."

"Oh! I suppose it's some old foolish superstition of yours," said James, anxious to get at the bottom of the matter. "Have you been consulting the gypsies in regard to the future of your young mistress?"

"It's no superstition, nor gypsies," persisted Jakey, "but if I wasn't afraid, I'd tell you why he——"

Jakey stopped suddenly as the carriage of Mr. Eldridge turned into the drive way on the opposite side of the lawn. When it had passed, he still remained silent, and just as James Harland had thought to get the old man's secret, he was left as much in the dark about it as before.

"Well," said James, making a last effort—indirect though it was—to learn the old gardener's secret, "shall I have any chance of marrying her?"

"That's a private matter not to be discussed in public," replied Jakey, with a knowing look, as he turned and walked quickly toward the house.

(To be continued.)



Wireless Telegraphy.

In the closing days of 1902, a message flashed from a station in Cornwall. It was only a combination of dots, that to an indifferent world, carried no intelligible idea, but far away on the shores of Newfoundland, the tiny waves struck Marconi's receiver, and as he listened to the faint ticking of that signalled "s," he heard the promise of a world-wide renown, for the Atlantic had been spanned by "Wireless Telegraphy."

Years before it had been prophesied by an electric spark, leaping across the gap in a broken hoop some few feet distant from a small induction coil; but none then read aright the mystic symbol. During the short months of life remaining to him, after his great experiment, Professor Heitz never realized the possibilities of the electro magnet waves he had discovered, and not by the learned scientists of his day was the writing on the wall to be interpreted.

A youth, not a professional electrician, who held no academic or scientific degrees, saw that with a better detector than a broken hoop, a better transmitter than a small coil, might send out flashes bearing a message "through all the silent spaces of the world." It is true that the chasm between the earliest theories and the latest achievements was not bridged by him alone; but all discussion of the relative deserts of rival electricians must be left to their friends and enemies. We stand on neutral ground.

Now that the sending of signals by means of the all enveloping ether is no longer an untried theory, and the demonstration of its practical use is a near probability, advocates of telepathy argue that "beyond the myriad coming changes, transmission of thought without the clumsy medium of voice, pen or gesture, will be a realized dream, that those forces of influence acting independently of distance between man and man; whether called thought transference, psychic sympathy or spiritual affinity, will have claimed an honorable recognition from the physical investigation." Prof. Ferraris asserts that electricity is not only the formidable agent which now and

then shatters and tears the atmosphere, terrifying you with the crash of its thunder, but it is also the life-giving agent, which sends from heaven to earth with light and heat the magic of colors and the breath of life. It is that which makes your heart beat to the palpitations of the outside world; it is that which has the power to transmit to your soul the enchantment of a look and the grace of a smile.

Notwithstanding the almost evident insinuation of this sage, that the medium of communication between man and man is the electric fluid, we do not profess this belief; nor does it seem justifiable on scientific grounds, although neither the possibility nor the fact of such mysterious communications can reasonably be denied.

In fact, what prevents us from believing that the spiritual world may form this connecting link, and we need not assume, that these spirits are evil, but that God allows His angels to act as messengers who bear tidings from one human soul to another? Or, again, why should it not be possible for the spirit of man to commune with its kind directly, without any intermediation?

It would be difficult, if not altogether impossible, for the human mind to determine the nature of this strange intercourse, as such an inquisition must necessarily lead to a labyrinth of uncertain theories and fruitless hypotheses. But it must be admitted that the human mind and heart form, as it were, a wonderfully constructed battery, whose waves of potent energy ripple out on the trembling ether. Over arid deserts, stormy oceans and populous cities they pass unnoticed, but somewhere the delicate receiver is met and the message conveyed to a listening heart. Everyone, by his mere living, is radiating waves of sympathy or sorrow, morbidness or happiness, and far reaching are the ever-widening circles. O, poor, susceptible human nature! so easily does it respond to the passing currents, that life is made or marred by this influence of others. To come within some magnetic fields makes us chafe and fret without our knowing

why. As the directing needle of a ship is deflected when it approaches mountains of iron ore, so in an instant is our moral compass disturbed and made untrue. A person may be kind in heart, affable in manner, talented in mind and may have attractive powers, proven by a host of friends, and yet by us the repelling force alone is felt. To determine the currents that produce the sympathies and antipathies of the human soul is as profound a problem as to analyze electricity itself. The effect is seen, but the cause eludes the most brilliant searchlight. We will say nothing of the transient allurements of society's votaries, and but little of society's maskers. We have all met the latter. They are good-humored and ready of speech; they have a wondrous interest in our welfare and a flattering appreciation of our talents,—when there is something to be gained from our good will. They always have a carefully prepared property smile and put it on so suddenly, when it serves their purpose, that we wonder if it is operated by a concealed electric button. What a blessing is the magic loadstone hidden somewhere in the helpful genial soul! How it draws away our every petty care and worry, until calmed, rested and peaceful, we feel with Whitcome Riley, that: "The world is full of roses, and the roses full of dew, and the dew full of heavenly love that drips for me and you."

We are tempted to envy its happy possessor and to wish that we too were natural magnets, whose lines of force would draw about us serried ranks of friends. And would our longing sigh be wholly vain? The circuit of a small battery passing around an iron bar, transforms it into a magnet, stronger often than any from nature's work-shop. Currents of sympathetic kindness surrounding even a common-place personality may endow it with a charm surpassing innate gifts or grace. But the success in this, as in physical experiment, depends largely upon the quality and temper of the metal employed. Lead and copper have no capacity for magnetization, and twenty-five per cent. of alloy renders steel inert.

If our personal influence is to be a potential factor in the well-being and

happiness of others, we must first possess a character marked by integrity of word and action, a generous heart throbbing in unison with the human family. No great deeds are required; our tasks may simply be:

To love some one more dearly every day,
To help a wandering child upon the way,
To ponder o'er a noble thought and pray
And smile when evening falls.

To follow truth as blind men long for light,
To do our best from dawn of day till night,
To keep our hearts fit for His holy sight
And answer when He calls.

A DEAD BEE.

Under the rose a poor bee lay,
O, half-interred in summer clay
As if it saw the hollow spot
And chose it for its burial lot.
I stooped and found it very cold,
Still on its lips the honey gold,
And thought how true the words and tried:

"As men have lived, so have they died."
Mary Allegra Gallagher.

STARTLING.

A bulletin just issued by the Census Bureau discloses the fact that the native-born children of foreign parents show less percentage of illiteracy than the children of American parents. The difference in favor of the former is nearly four per cent. This statistical comparison will come as a shock to the snugness of those Americans who find a reason for every national evil in the "ignorance" of the foreigners. Just over 99 per cent. of the children of foreign-born parents are able to read and write.—Exchange.

Money is a good servant, but a dangerous master.

Revenge is a momentary triumph of which the satisfaction dies at once and is succeeded by remorse, whereas forgiveness, which is the noblest of all revenges, entails a perpetual pleasure.

Editorial Notes.

The feasts of our Lord and the Saints teach us various lessons. In their lives we can always see something worthy of imitation. On the Feast of the Purification of the Blessed Virgin, her humility is recalled to our mind. She had conceived miraculously by the power of the Holy Ghost, and always remained a virgin, still she submits herself to the humiliating ceremony of purification. She wished to appear as other women and be considered one of their number. In this she has given a lesson of humility to all. Very often Catholics shirk some thing which they are even obliged to do, because they imagine other people will think less of them. How careful they are when in certain company, not to give the least sign which would betray their religion, and if they are detected, how many apologies do they not make to excuse themselves. But the truly humble man will never be guilty of so vile an act. He goes ahead in the fulfilment of his duties, even if others sneer at him and pass disparaging remarks concerning his character. He knows that Almighty God, and not the people, will be his judge at the end of the world, and hence he tries to please Him, and to make himself pure and holy in His sight, entirely regardless of what others think or say of him.

* * * *

On the twentieth of this month His Holiness Pope Leo XIII will complete the twenty-fifth year of his reign. On the 20th of February, 1878, the people of Rome and the rest of the world, and even some of the Cardinals, assembled in conclave, were greatly astonished when the announcement was made from the balcony of St. Peter's Church that Cardinal Gioachino Pecci was elected to fill the vacant chair of St. Peter. He did not belong to the papabile number, and besides he had always been of a sickly disposition, and could not live long they thought, and hence his election was a surprise and a disappointment to many. But God disposes all things wisely. Of all the Cardinals that took part in his election in 1878, only one remains, and

since his election he has appointed 146 new Cardinals. The weak, frail man has reached the ripe old age of ninety-three, (March 2nd) and still has the robust constitution of a young man. About the only one who considers him frail is Marianna Morini, who carried him in her arms when he was a baby, and whose death the other day, in her 101st year was the result of an accident. After an audience with the Pope last October, she said: "He is a fine old man, but he is not so well preserved as I." His Holiness remarked, after the interview: "She is frail looking for her years."

For twenty-five years he has stood at the helm of Peter's barque and guided it with extraordinary prudence and sanctity, through the continual storms which have deluged society for the last quarter of a century.

There is no doubt that but few popes have had more influence over the whole world than the present occupant of St. Peter's Chair. Even the Protestant and pagan rulers show him great reverence and respect, and the people and press of these countries are loud in his praises. The venerable white Shepherd of the Vatican is deserving of all this. He is truly the Lumen in Coelo. By his prudence and tact he has removed much of the bigotry and prejudice, which formerly existed in the minds of non-Catholics; brought many of the Greek schismatics back to the true fold, and evaded the attacks of his enemies. The House of Savoy, with its clique, for instance, must confess that it gained no advantage from him, and that its power and influence are less now than a quarter of a century ago. His encyclicals are master-pieces of literature. By them he dealt a severe blow to secret societies, and gave an efficacious remedy against the principal evils of our modern times, defending the laboring man, human liberty, the rights of the Church, pointing out to all their social and domestic duties. To all that approach him he is a kind father; with words of consolation sending them home with hearts filled with joy. Only one who has witnessed a

crowd of fifty thousand in St. Peter's Church at Rome, their faces beaming with joy, greeting him with many a shout: "Long live the Papal King," as he passed through their midst with a smiling countenance, blessing them with his trembling hand; such a one feels and recognizes the magnetism of his presence. But there is something in his person also that inspires awe. A kind of fear seems to take hold of the greatest personages in his presence. It is said that the German Emperor, when coming into his presence, was so disconcerted that he dropped his cane, and Prince Boris of Bulgaria, who treated his wife and child so cruelly, was crying when he left his room. Since God has spared our venerable Pontiff so long, it is only proper that the Catholics of the whole world should celebrate worthily, this, the twenty-fifth anniversary of his election,—and as loyal Catholics they are doing so. During the past year special prayers have been offered up for him throughout the world, and numerous pilgrimages have gone to Rome. But the culmination of the celebration will be on the 20th of this month, and the 3rd of March, the anniversary of Coronation. It is proposed by the international committee having charge of the celebration, that it be observed everywhere as a day of thanksgiving to God for the long and successful reign of His Vicar. On this day the venerable Pontiff will be the recipient of numerous presents from all classes of people,—from kings and emperors to the laboring men. Among the gifts intended for him is a tiara of gold which he will wear on the occasion of the coronation ceremonies. It is described as follows: Three crowns will stand superimposed in high relief, representing the triple power of the Papacy. Beneath the highest crown is a medallion of the divine Redeemer as the Good Shepherd. On the crown is the inscription: "The King of Kings and Lord of Those Who Rule." On the second crown are the words: "The Good Shepherd will Feed His Flock." On the third is inscribed: "Thou Art Peter, and upon This Rock I Will Build My Church." Between the second and third crowns are medallions of St. Peter and Pope Pius IX. The tiara is surmounted by a cross.

The "Non videbis annos Petri" will not be verified in him, and in St. Peter's Church, above the bronze statue of St. Peter, they can place the picture of Leo XIII, with that of his predecessor, Pius IX, the only ones in the long list of the Popes who reigned longer than the Prince of the Apostles.

* * * *

The parochial schools and other similar institutions for young people should be a source of pride to all Catholics of the United States. The government refuses to lend them a helping hand, but how many millions would it be compelled to disburse if the Catholics were to give up their schools. The statistics at hand show the great number of children that are receiving a Catholic education. In the arch-diocese of New York alone there are 71,000 children receiving a Catholic education. In the Archdiocese of Boston there are 75 parochial schools, with 44,536 pupils, not counting the children in other institutions. Father Barry gives us the statistics of the arch-diocese of Chicago. In the parochial schools there are 67,321 children; in orphan asylums and similar institutions, 18,238, and colleges, 7,098. This gives a total of 92,658, who are educated without cost to the State. Estimating the cost of each child's education at \$20 a year, Father Barry shows that the State is yearly saved \$1,853,140 by the Church in the archdiocese of Chicago alone.

* * * *

After many books being written to prove the contrary, many Protestants still continue to assert that the Jesuits taught the principle, "The end justifies the means." The Antigonish Casket in a late issue gives the reason of this: "We have often wondered why it is that those who justify regicide when executed by a Cromwell, high treason when committed by a future Duke of Marlborough, non-payment of taxes when threatened by English Nonconformists, infanticide when practised to save the mother's life, and so many other things subversive of public and private morality, we have often wondered how people who justify their deeds on the ground that they were done for a good purpose can have the hardihood to call the doctrine that "the

end justifies the means" Jesuitical. No Jesuit moralist has ever taught this doctrine; on the other hand, almost the whole world outside the Catholic Church may be said to practice it and defend the practice. Yet the world persists in saddling this immoral principle upon the Jesuits. Why? The only explanation we can give is, that the end the Jesuits have always had in view is the destruction of heresy. This end or purpose being in the eyes of heretics, the worst of all possible ends, the means employed to secure it must be the worst of all possible means. It is precisely because so many non-Catholics are in the habit of judging the lawfulness of the means by the end which these means are intended to accomplish, that they condemn the Jesuits so unsparingly. Had the actions of Loyola's sons in England, France and elsewhere been directed to the extension of Protestantism instead of the repression of that heresy, we should never have heard them called immoral by those who now use the term "Jesuitry," to denote everything that is bad.

* * * *

We are glad to hear that the Very Rev. Henry Robinson, Vicar General of the Diocese of Denver, has been elevated to the dignity of Monsignor. He is well deserving of the honor conferred him, being one of the pioneer priests of the State. He is a regular subscriber of the Review, and the Review takes the occasion to extend its hearty congratulations.

* * * *

At the close of the mission given by the Carmelite Fathers, A. J. Kreidt, Prov., and D. F. Best, in the Church of the Holy Rosary at Thorold, Ont., on Jan. 11th, Rev. Boniface Hund, O.C.C., was ordained priest by the Most Rev. D. O'Connor, Archbishop of Toronto. There were present in the sanctuary besides the missionaries, Rev. T. Sullivan, the beloved pastor of the church, who was master of ceremonies; Rev. F. Smyth, of Merriton, who assisted the candidate, and Rev. A. J. Werner, O.C.C.,. The beautiful ceremonies were carried out to the letter. After a very instructive address by His Grace, the Archbishop, the newly ordained priest gave

his blessing to the immense crowd of people that thronged the church. On Jan. 18th the young priest sang his first Solemn Mass at the Shrine of Our Lady of Peace at Falls View. Ad Multos Annos!

* * * *

On the 25th of this month the holy season of Lent begins. Many, and in particular young people, begin to feel sad and downcast when the priest signs their foreheads with ashes on Ash Wednesday. It is, indeed, a solemn season, a season of penance and mortification in preparation for the great Easter solemnities. But we must not necessarily be sad, we need not, as they vulgarly say, put on a long face. In fact we should try to avoid putting on a long face. The Pharisees, when they fasted, dressed shabbily and put on a sorrowful look, and we know what our Lord thought of them. When you fast, He says, do not be sad like the Hypocrites. Many of us can perform penances and mortify ourselves if others know it, and praise us for it. But it is rather difficult if nobody knows anything of it, yet this is what we must do. If others see our good works and praise us, we receive our reward from them, and God will not reward us. Hence we should all try to be cheerful and kind to all. If anybody gives us trouble, let us bear it patiently, and when we do penance, we should always be cheerful, so that nobody will know what we are doing. Many of us, for different reasons, are not able to keep the fast, as is prescribed by the Church, but we all can do penance. We can avoid going to the theatres and entertainments during the holy season; in eating and drinking we can abstain from something for which we have a great liking; we can put a guard on our senses, especially the eyes; we can put on a cheerful countenance, and answer back with kind words instead of getting into a passion, when others displease or offend us, and in a hundred other ways we can mortify ourselves, without anybody knowing the least thing about it.

* * * *

Here are some figures taken from the Catholic Universe which are said to be

exact, that will surprise many :

There are fourteen States and Territories in the Union in which Catholics outnumber all the Protestant denominations combined. The following table, which is accurate, will therefore be of some interest :—

	Cath. Pop.	Per Ct. of Catholics
New Mexico	120,000	96
Montana	51,280	85
Arizona	42,710	74
Nevada	9,900	72
Massachusetts	862,500	71
Rhode Island	291,33	69
Louisiana	355,120	65
Wyoming	6,640	62
New York	2,174,300	58
California	312,370	55
Colorado	61,200	54
Connecticut	271,880	53
Minnesota	333,310	53
Michigan	367,400	51

In the 125 largest cities of the United States the Catholic population aggregates 3,644,000, while the total number of Protestants is only 2,117,000. The entire population of these cities is 14,110,000. In the country as a whole, one person in every 3.21 is a communicant of a church; in the cities one person in every 2.24.

From 1850 to 1900 the value of Protestant church property rose from \$78,000,000 to \$401,000,000; of Catholic Church property from the insignificant sum of \$9,000,000 to \$121,000,000.

We have endless opportunities for exercising love. Our brothers lie stricken all along life's highway—brave men who have fought and failed, feeble folk who were never strong enough for earth's conflict, some without health, others without money; some without friends, others without hope. What is to become of them? If we would be helpers in this world of perplexity and sorrow, if we desire any real peace and happiness, if we would ever rest our aching heads where St. John rested his, on the very bosom of Jesus, we must practice the lessons of love.

Meekness repairs the mischief done by anger, and instead of the bloody spear sends the olive branch of peace.

Letters of Thanksgiving.

Dear Rev. Fathers,—

Some time ago my daughter was seriously sick, and I promised St. Joseph that, if she recovered, I would have it announced in the Carmelite Review. Please publish this for me.

Yours, etc.,

Mrs. D.

* * * *

Dear Fathers,—

Enclosed please find an offering for a Mass for the Poor Souls in Purgatory, at the Shrine of our Blessed Lady of Mt. Carmel, for a favor received. Kindly publish in the Review.

Pittsburg, Pa.

M.C.M.

* * * *

Dear Fathers :

I enclose a small offering to your Hospice in honor of our Blessed Mother, who has only this day answered my prayers, by granting me a great favor. Would you be so kind as so mention it in the Review, the fact that it may bring honor to her name, and perhaps induce others to have recourse to her.

S.

Wearers of the Brown.

Scapular names have been received at: Falls View, Ont.; from St. Patrick's Church, Milwaukee, Wis.; Findlay, O.; Detroit College, Detroit, Mich.; Church of St. Francis of Assisi, Mildred, Sullivan Co., Pa.; St. Ignatus' Mission, Mont.; Presentation Convent, San Francisco, Cal.; St. Joseph's Church, Shediach, N.B.; Louisburg, C.B., N.S.; St. John's College, Toledo, O.; Lismore, Picton Co., N.S.; Church of the Holy Rosary, Thorold, Ont.; St. Canisius College, Buffalo, N.Y.; North Sydney, C.B., N.S.; St. Mary's Industrial School, Baltimore, Md.; St. Hedwig, Bexar Co., Texas.

At Holy Trinity Church, Pittsburg, Pa., from: St. Richard's Church, Pittsburg, Pa.; St. Mary's Convent, St. Louis, Mo.; St. John's Church, Indianapolis, Ind.; St. Sylvester's Church, Woodfield, O.; St. Nicholas' Church, Zanesville, O.; Holy Trinity Church, Pittsburg, Pa.; St. George's Church, York, Pa.; St. Boni-

face's Church, Williamsport, Pa.; St. Mary's Church, New Albany, Ind.

At Scipio, Kas., from: Martinsville, Wis.; Ashton, Wis.; Verbaat, Oreg.; Kansas City, Mo.; Lincoln, Neb.; Carenthersville, Mo.; St. Joseph's Church, Easton, Mo.; Cumberland, Io.; Plena Blanca, N. Mex.; Exira, Io.; Wilber, Neb.; Viesman, Marien Co., Mo.

At New Baltimore, Pa., from: Nicholson, Pa.; St. Joseph's Convent, Somerset, O.; Holy Savior's Church, Wilkesbarre, Pa.; St. Patrick's Church, Sparata, Wis.

Petitions Asked For.

The prayers of our readers are kindly requested for the following petitions:—

A conversion to the true faith; that a patent may be granted; that the members of a family may obtain good positions; for another family; several special intentions; that a young man may attend to his religious duties; four persons who are addicted to drink, and neglect their religious duties.

THE ROSARY CHAIN.

In pearls of tears our Mother shed her eyes,

Those tears became her children's lovely gain,

For Christ upon a golden cord of love

Strung every one and made a rosary—chain.

Mary Allegra Gallagher,
11 Chelsea St.,
East Boston, Mass.

Ah! to those who have no knowledge it is easy to speak of processions of angels; but those who have seen where an angel is—how they flock upon us unawares in the darkness so that one is confused, and scarce can tell whether it is a reality or a dream—to those who have heard a little voice, soft as the dew, coming out of the heavens—the angels do not come in processions; they steal upon us unaware, they reveal themselves to the soul.

Custom may lead a man into many errors, but it justifies none.

Obituary.

We recommend to the pious prayers of our readers the following lately deceased:—

Cardinal Lucido Maria Parocchi, subdean of the Sacred College and vice-chancellor of the Catholic Church, who died of heart disease at Rome, Jan. 15th. He was born of humble parents at Mantua, Aug. 13th, 1833, and was created Cardinal June 22nd, 1877. After occupying various important positions, he was made Cardinal Vicar of Rome, and as Cardinal Bishop he held successfully the suburban sees of Albano and Porto and Santa Rufina. In 1899, on account of ill-health, he was compelled to resign the office of Cardinal Vicar of Rome, and was appointed by the Pope, Vice-Chancellor, which office he held till his death.

Cardinal Parocchi was one of the foremost Cardinals during the whole reign of Léo XIII. He was noted for his profound learning and powerful eloquence, but with all this, he was of a kind, loving disposition. He was a devout client of the Blessed Virgin, whose livery he always gloried in wearing. He was also a member of the third order of Our Lady of Mount Carmel.

* * * *

Rev. Elias Mayer, O.C.C., who departed from this life on Jan. 10th, at Scipio, Kansas. Father Elias was born Feb. 2nd, 1846, in Baden, Germany. When he was only three years of age, his parents came to New York, where he attended the parochial school, giving great satisfaction, both to pastor and teachers. When yet a boy, he studied with the Redemptorists, but afterwards joined the Carmelites in Kansas. He was sent by Father Cyril Knoll to Rome to finish his studies, where he was ordained May 22nd, 1869. Returning to America, he attended to different missions in Kansas, and was pastor for some years at New Baltimore, Pa. Two years ago he was attacked by inflammation of the lungs, from which, however, he partially recovered until the beginning of this year, when he began to fail rapidly, and on Saturday, a day dear to the Blessed Virgin, Jan. 10th, he passed away peacefully. He was always noted

for his simplicity and piety, and always considered it a great privilege to be able to say Mass, and especially to sing High Mass. When confined to his bed during his last illness, he regretted very much that he could not say Mass. He always asked his superior if he could say Mass the next day, but on being refused he was content with receiving Holy Communion every day.

He died on Saturday, a day dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, and we hope that she used her privilege and took him to herself. Bishop Fink, of Leavenworth, on hearing of his death, said:—"I am sorry that F. Elias is dead. I will say Mass for him to-morrow. The good Father Elias was a great helper in the diocese."

In May, 1894, he celebrated the silver jubilee of his ordination, on which occasion he was the recipient of many honors, and congratulations.

Frances, wife of Joseph Chisholm, of the law firm of Borden, Ritchie & Chisholm, who died at Halifax, N.S., Jan. 11th. She was a daughter of the late Captain Affleck, of Halifax, and a sister of Lady Thompson, now of Toronto, Ont., and Sister Helena, of Mount St. Vincent. She had been sick only a short time, when the end came. She was always exact in her religious duties, and so devoted to her husband and children, that it often was a matter of remarks among her friends. She is survived by a sorrowing husband and five little children. The funeral took place at St. Mary's Cathedral, His Grace, the Archbishop, celebrating the Mass.

Samuel R. Brown, Grand Secretary of the Catholic Mutual Benefit Association of Canada, who passed away peacefully at London, Ont., on Jan. 17th.

He had been ill for nearly a year, from a complication of diseases, which he always bore with patience and resignation. Since the introduction of the C.M.B.A. into Canada, about twenty-three years ago, he has filled the office of grand secretary to the great satisfaction of all the members, which is shown by the fact that he was always re-elected to fill the same office. He was, by profession, a school teacher, and was

employed as head master of St. Peter's parochial school in London, until the increasing duties of secretary compelled him to resign. He always performed his duties conscientiously, the welfare of the Society being his highest aim. His death will be a cause of sorrow not only to all members of the Society, but to all his friends and acquaintances.

* * * *

Rev. George Brohmann, who died at St. Clemens.

Mrs. Patrick Craven, an old subscriber, who died at Jersey City, N.J.

William J. Schirman, who departed from this life on Dec. 18th, at Buffalo, N. Y.

Henry Ninepipe, of Montana, who only shortly before his death, had been received into the Confraternity of the Brown Scapular.

Frank J. Stinson, a subscriber to the Review.

Richard Morris, who subscribed in his mother's name.

Mrs. Maggie A. Hanlon and Edward Barrett.

Mary Immaculate.

"Macula non est in te,"

O lily maid of Israel!

O nature whiter than the snows

That never yet on earth hath fell!

"Macula non est in te,"

O mother of the Christ Child, we

Pray that we blest and pure of heart

Shall see God here in truth like thee.

"Macula non est in te,"

Of angels' queen in those pure skies!

O white dove of Humanity,

Through thee we are divine and rise!

Rose C. Conley.

As wholesome food and constant exercise are conducive to the health and strength of the body, so useful knowledge and frequent meditation promote the vigour and happiness of the mind.

We have received several beautiful volumes for review from B. Herder, St. Louis, which, for want of space, will be reviewed in our next issue.

Are Women Degenerating?

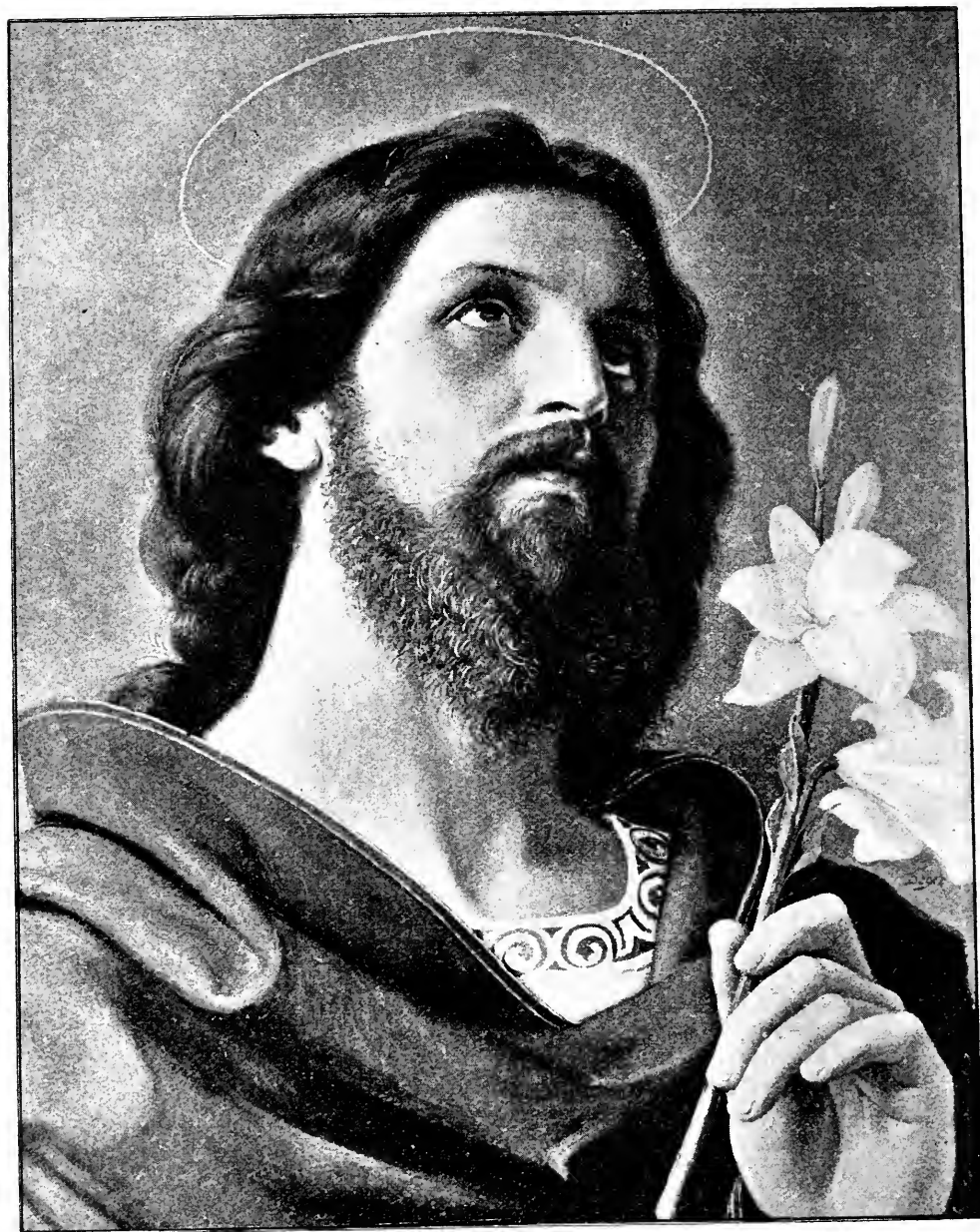
Is the modern woman degenerating? For our Catholic women let the thronged confessionals and crowded altar rails answer on every Sunday and holiday and feasts of devotion throughout the year. Sodality, confraternities increase constantly in membership. Religious vocations to the multiplied sisterhoods are not lacking. The Sisterhoods never weary in their offices of mercy, visiting the sick, aiding and supporting charities in that virtue's many forms. Our crowded parochial schools have for their teachers these devoted, self sacrificing women. No hope of an earthly reward actuates them, they look to the Great Beyond. Who will estimate the numbers of devoted mothers rearing their children in the love and fear of God. Blessed women, the aid and the mainstay of the future, who in their humble homes are bringing up the future citizen in virtue's way. Are our Catholic maidens less reserved, less religious, less gifted in all truly feminine accomplishments that mark culture, refinement and innate modest instincts, than their grandmothers, whom we delight to picture as such charming exemplars? We trow not. There are exceptions to this gracious picture, but the exceptions, few and far between, heighten the beauty of the colors in the true portraiture. Sad and sorrowful that the exception should be found in the ranks of those who have the peerless Virgin for their example and their guide. Not to them wholly the blame, but to the untoward surroundings that blur the mirror of woman's worth. No; woman is not degenerating; were this to be admitted all hope for society's future might well be abandoned. Rob woman of her exalted position that comes through her Christian education, and we must confess that Christianity is a failure. Then comes paganism with woman crowned as the daughter of unchaste love. It would be degenerate to entertain even the thought.—Pittsburg Catholic.

Wisdom is compared to the tree of life; it grows in the soil of a renewed heart, and yields the fruit of peace and joy.

It is a solemn duty developing on all to make the utmost possible out of themselves. Men seek the highest development of their flocks and herds and grain and flowers. The result is the improved flora and fauna of these days over those of prior ones. But should this evolution cease with the lower order? Should the body of creation improve, and not the head, which is man?

In view of the brutal treatment of the Sisters of the French government it is of interest to know what the Sisters have been doing. According to an authoritative statement they cared for 260,000 sick, infirm, aged, orphans, homeless, deaf and dumb children and Magdalens, besides teaching 150,000 school children.—Freeman's Journal.

A young lady of a well-to-do family was stricken with a cancer of the face. Her parents secured a Sister to help them in caring for the poor, unfortunate girl. It would be impossible to give an idea of the solicitude with which the devoted religious nursed her patient, but in spite of all care the malady kept growing, and it soon spread over the whole face. After months of suffering, the agony of death mercifully set in, a terrible agony, if ever there was one. The entire family was present, bending over the bed of the dying martyr. She was fully conscious and felt death coming slowly but surely. A crisis more violent than any preceding one was followed by a few moments of relative calm—the calm that usually heralds death. Slowly she raised her sunken, glassy eyes to the assistants, her lips quivered an instant and then with a supreme effort she asked to be kissed once more before leaving this earth. Her relations looked at one another in bewilderment; none dared approach, not one had the courage to grant the dying request. Then the Sister unaffectedly bent over and devoutly pressed her lips on the cankered, foul-smelling face. She, a stranger, gave the longed-for parting kiss. The sufferer breathed her last a few minutes later, her disfigured features transformed by the light of a heavenly joy.—Denver Catholic.



Saint Joseph

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Ecce Fidelis Servus.



GUARDIAN of God, our Brother ;
Husband of Her who bore
The Word made flesh—our Mother—
Make us to love Thee more.
Teach us the peace, the beauty
Of life in Nazareth ;
Faithful to every duty,
Even—if so—to death.

Head of the Household Holy,
The Home of God on earth,
Oh, Servant, chaste and lowly,
The Master knew Thy worth !
Teach us to trust Thee duly,
Oh Friend of God's elect !
Shield us from thoughts unruly,
From all our foes protect.

Thou in Thine hour of dying
Hadst Mary very near,
Jesus, sweet help supplying
To wipe away each tear ;
Oh ! when we die, be near us,
In that last bitter strife !
Jesus and Mary cheer us,
Bring us to endless life.

Francis W. Grey.

The Lost Inheritance

DOLOROSA KLINE.

CHAPTER XIV.

Of a charming personality, graceful and accomplished, it was no wonder, that in the beau monde of society, Beatrice Staunton was a reigning favorite. Few there were who could compare with the dusky loveliness which she had inherited from her Southern mother, but without her mother's haughtiness, and to which she united those other admirable qualities, one might scarcely expect to find in one so petted and indulged. She was neither selfish nor overbearing, but generous and gracious to everyone, irrespective of class, and the humblest servant in her father's house was not beneath her kind notice. She was neither flippant nor affected, and the fact of her being heiress to millions and one of the finest old homes in the State, had, instead of spoiling her, given her that charming unconsciousness of self, that so few in a like position could possess or, possibly, have. The same quiet dignity and good sense that marked her in her private life, she carried abroad with her, and which contrasted so forcibly with the superficialness and affection practiced by some of her friends, and many other butterflies who flit through the social world of modern society. Deeply religious and firm in her Presbyterian convictions, she was attentive to her church and its rules without any parade or show, and, like her mother, who was naturally so inclined, and her father, made so by the great change that had come over him in late years, with regards to his disinherited daughter, Millicent, liberal toward all other creeds. Her personal charities were many and great, and hospital wards with their sick poor were especial objects of her bounty. "Beatrice's hobby" her mother was wont to call her daughter's exceeding generosity, whenever her friends, as they sometimes did, commented on the heiress' praiseworthy works. The lady's own character was formed on totally different lines, and she took but a passing interest in her daughter's philanthropy, because her worldly heart and mind were bent only in the one way. She dispensed to the

poor, of course, because to a certain extent she pitied them, and being the president of an exclusive charitable club, it behooved her well to set a good example to her wealthy sisters, but she usually intrusted its giving to the other members of the club, or to her daughter, rather than having anything to do in common with her less fortunate brethren or their sufferings. Vain of her own great beauty, that was rivalled only by the more youthful loveliness of her daughter, she was well aware that in her adopted city, she had "come, seen and conquered," and held a sway in the social kingdom that was second to none. In the art of entertaining, she was pre-eminent, and she made her husband's name more famous for its hospitality than any mistress, if we except what the gentle Millicent had done before her. Her aged husband, and her beautiful daughter were the two loves of her rose-bright existence, and her affections, for the latter especially, bordered on idolatry, so much so that even with Bruce Everett as a prospective son-in-law, and the pride she felt in being able to claim him as such, she dreaded her daughter's marriage. Critical to an extreme, she ruled her household with the strictest discipline, but justly and kindly, and if her servants did not love her, they respected her. She believed it a woman's right, no matter what her station in life was, to understand the care of a house in every detail, and had she ten housekeepers, instead of only two and an assistant, she would have still held herself the responsible head, and they only the helpers, in the management of her extensive establishment. Proud of her blue blood and Southern ancestry, she had a horror of the common people, and the ever increasing admittance northern society seemed willing to give to those who had no family nor social prestige, but only their acquired wealth to recommend them, filled her at times with repugnance. Her daughter had no such notions, and all men, if they were good, had a right to aspire to the highest circles if they so desired.

Her daughter's happiness was her happiness, and yet, it was destined to pass from them both, even as all things of transitory earth are said to pass, taking with them all that is bright, and leaving only the sad. "I want a favor of you, Beatrice," she said one morning as she sat with her daughter, who was carelessly perusing some letters her after-breakfast mail had brought, "when you are ready."

"I am ready now, mamma. Is it some writing you want done before you go to town?"

"Yes, my love, I wish you to write that advertisement for a companion I have been thinking of getting. In fact, I have intended it ever since we came home from Newport this summer, but with unpardonable procrastination I have deferred it until now. It will be nice for me, and a release to you, from the tiresome little duties which I so often impose on you."

"Nonsense, mamma, to read and write for you or anything else you might demand of me, is only a pleasure, and I shall scarcely like to relinquish them to a paid companion, but, in consideration of coming events, I suppose I must do so."

"That is one of my own reasons, love, for certainly once your marriage takes place, I cannot monopolize you as I think I do now; you will belong to some one else then," and she caressed the dark, regal head. "But in the advertisement you will please state that the applicant must be a person of refinement, and the application may be made between the afternoon hours of two and five. I should like it to be sent to the post to-day. Sampson will take it with the other mail if you have it ready by eleven o'clock. Do you ride with Bruce to-day?"

"Not until this afternoon, mamma. For what hour have you ordered the carriage this morning?"

"Ten. Are you going to town?"

"No; I am lazily inclined this morning, and do not feel like changing my dress. I shall write your advertisement immediately."

"If you will, my love, I shall be pleased," and kissing the lovely Southern face, the stately lady swept out of the

entrancing room, across whose blue and gold-tinted walls the rays of the morning sun were falling like gleaming bars, to her own apartments across the corridor, while Susetta, her daughter's pretty French maid, placed Ma'mselle's writing materials and handed her the pearl handled pen, with which she was accustomed to write.

Little the proud heiress thought as she wrote and sealed the brief words for insertion in the daily paper, that she was signing the death warrant to her own happiness; nor what the coming of a paid companion for her mother's comfort, meant to her.

CHAPTER XV.

With Rosamond's convalescence, there had come to the young girl, a painful anxiety to get back to her work. She knew her illness had been an expensive one, and that her's and her mother's funds were almost run out, and the sooner she got to work again the better it would be for them. The sacrifice her mother made in the first of her illness, to procure the medicine that had helped to save her life, the girl of course knew nothing, for why, thought the mother, should she pain the tender, sympathetic heart, by telling her of the sorrowful act. She had never known of the existence of the wedding dress in the old trunk, and since it was gone now, and had been put to such good use, there was no need to speak of it, but ah! what memories for the loving mother had gone with the perishable fabric. But used as she was to suffering, that was but a small item, especially when her child was concerned in it, and she regretted it not.

The first day Rosamond took up her work was a proud and happy one for the young girl, and the thought of being once more occupied added fresh vitality to her returned strength.

Three pupils, though, was a miserable number to be sure, and to wait for money until the end of the new quarter, a long time, and they were so hard pressed; but to-day, very fortunately, Mr. Holland, for whom Mrs. Raymond still worked, had promised to settle a small payment, he owed, and that would relieve present necessities.

"I am going in to see Father Madden"

on my way home, mother," Rosamond said as she started away for the dealer's; "he told me I was to go and see him, and he was so kind when I was sick that I think it is the least I can do."

"By all means, dearie; indeed, he was kind, and we are very much indebted to him. Remember me kindly to him. I expect he will be coming to see us soon, and I will be glad, for we were strangers so long."

"Yes, you are so reserved, mother, and Father Madden is so lovely. Mrs. Curran calls him the holy saint."

"He is high up in priestly sanctity, without a doubt, and a true spiritual father, as I have learned from recent events. Go, now, and do not be too long away, as Mrs. Curran and Charlie are coming up a while."

Rosamond buttoned her coat up tightly and doubled her comforter around her throat for the air was chilly for the middle of September, and on account of her recent illness, she was bound to be careful. A few seconds later she was tripping to town, brightly anticipating her interview, after her business was transacted, with Father Madden. When she arrived at Mr. Holland's, she found she would have to wait, as the merchant and his clerks were all busy with customers. She accepted a stool one polite, smooth-faced young fellow handed her, and seating herself, picked up the morning Post, and began as a matter of course, to scan its newsy front. Her eyes wandered to the advertisement columns, and suddenly they brightened as she read: "Wanted by a lady, a young or elderly person of refinement, to serve in the capacity of a companion. Liberal remuneration promised to the right person. Apply between the hours of two and five, afternoons, to Mrs. Oswald Staunton, 64 old Granton Road. Reference required."

Like a flash the thought came to her. Why should she not try for this God-sent situation? No more drudgery or trying to eke out the poor living she was now doing for herself and her mother. No more coming here to try to make a few extra pennies, by selling her mother's hand-work; no more going out into storms, and suffering the ill-effects

of the cold. But maintaining her beloved parent in constant comfort, and giving a rest, at least, to those thin worn fingers. Having all the comforts of rich surroundings, and coming in daily contact with educated, refined people, with whom even in her early childhood she had a desire to mingle. These were the inducements it held out to her delighted fancy; if she was not too late, and was lucky enough to get it. At first, she intended to tell her mother of her intentions, but one second thought, as she issued from Mr. Holland's dingy shop, and wended her way to St. Cyr's presbytery, she decided not to do so, but to consult Father Madden. The priest received her in his study, where he sat amid a pile of books and papers, important and unimportant, for with such a large parish as his, Father Madden was a very busy man.

"Well, well!" he said, in his warm-hearted way, "you have come to see me at last, Rosamond, my child. You are very welcome. Sit down here and tell me if you are all well, and strong again, and we will have a good long chat afterwards."

"Thank you, father," was the low soft reply, "if I will not be intruding on your precious time."

"Intruding! not at all my child. My morning's work is mostly done, and I was just finishing the reading of a letter from a distant friend. Let us go into the other room; it is pleasanter there than in this disorderly den of mine."

The "other room" was right next the sunny study, and was a parlor and sitting room combined, and with its plain furniture and general aspect so neat and tidy, that Rosamond decided if "order is Heaven's first law," it was the law also in St. Cyr's Presbytery. The priest and his young parishoner soon drifted into conversation and were chatting like old friends. The minister of souls charmed with her naturalness and sweet simplicity of speech and manner, and the young girl delighted with his kindness and the interest he took in everything she spoke of to him.

Just as she was about to take her departure, she seized the opportunity to broach the question, that since she had left Holland's, was uppermost in her

mind. "I've a question,—a temporal one," she said, "to ask you, father, or rather your advice on a matter which concerns me greatly. It is, what would you think of my taking up a situation?"

"A very good idea, my child, but it depends on the nature of it. What would you like to do, besides teaching music, or perhaps you have something in sight?"

"Which I have, father," then she told him of the advertisement she had seen in the Post, and whose it was. "Mrs. Oswald Staunton? I know of her, she is Judge Staunton's wife, and a very great lady, but I should think the position of being companion to her a very desirable one. Does your mother know of your intention to take it up?"

"No, father; and I want it kept from her until I see if I am successful in getting it, and give her a nice surprise; that is my reason for consulting you, because I could not go without some one's advice, and there was no one better I could ask than you. But Mrs. Staunton wants references." "Which I can willingly furnish, my child, for I think I understand you enough to know that you are all one may desire you to be, but first, let me ask you, if your mother will not be displeased with you, for undertaking so much without consulting her?"

The blue eyes dilated widely.

"Displeased! I don't think she would be, father, for she knows how hard and for what small pay I work now, and she could not condemn my trying, at least, for this situation. It would be so much better for us both, if I got it. Music teaching is so uncertain, and it is hard for me to get pupils, because I am not much known, and there are so many better teachers in the field than I, so I don't think mother will object."

"Very well, my child; if you are sure on that point. For my part, I consider this a wise change, if you will only be able to procure the situation. You can try it for a month anyhow, and by then you will know whether you like it enough to continue it or not."

"Oh! once I go, father, I'll stay, that is if I suit. Another change to anything else might make a rolling stone of me, and I would gather no moss."

The priest smiled at the earnest tone of the dulcet-voice, but admired none the less the strength of will and purpose, that seemed to underlie the words.

"And that would never do, would it Rosamond? I am pleased to find that you are one who wishes to spend your life well, and your work, whatever it may be, to be done well. Now for your references."

He went back into his study, and soon after returned with an unsealed envelope in his hand, which he gave to her with the query:

"Do you know where Granton Road is my child?"

"I have an idea of it, father, though I've never been there before."

"Well, I will tell you the exact direction. You can take the car from the Square, (for, of course, you will ride to Staunton House, as the distance you will have to cover is not a short one), as far as Rector street, and there you will get a transfer to the car that goes to the Battery. It will take you straight to your destination. So long as you have the number you can make no mistake about the house, and I hope you will have ever so much success. You will not go until this afternoon?"

"No, father, and I am so thankful to you. I owe you so much already, especially since my heavy sickness that time, that words seem but a poor way by which to express my gratitude."

"You do not owe me anything, my child, but sometimes you might think of me in your prayers. You must bring mother with you the next time, and tell her I am coming to see her shortly."

"Thank you, Father Madden, she will be pleased to see you," with a graceful bow that would have done credit to a Spanish senorita, she bade him good-morning, and clutching her precious references tightly in her hand, came away.

"The noble child, of a noble mother," was the priest's inaudible remark, as he closed the door, after having seen his visitor out, and gone back to his books and papers, "and may God always keep her so, by exercising His fatherly care over her. May her beauty prove a blessing, and not a curse, as alas! with poverty, it has done so often."

CHAPTER XVI.

When Rosamond got home, she gave her mother the amount Mr. Holland had paid her, on her parent's last piece of work. Then she straightway plunged into an account of her visit to Father Madden, but with never a word on the subject that had been of so much interest to them both, nor of the precious envelope stowed away in her pocket.

Early after dinner, Mrs. Curran and Charley came up, and Rosamond amused the latter with pictures and puzzle blocks until it was nearly two o'clock. Then she rose up to go to a pupil, who, fortunately, for the better success of her present plan, had been unable to take her lesson the day before.

"I may be a little late getting back, mother," she said, upon starting away. "There is something, oh, so nice, that is going to detain me, and if I'm successful in its gaining, I know you will be glad. Now, don't ask any questions until I come home again, then I'll answer everything you and Mrs. Curran will have a mind to ask me." She smiled happily into the landlady's plump, rosy face and her mother's pale, serene one, and descended the narrow stairs.

Never did it come to Mrs. Raymond what the "something" was that would detain her daughter in town. She thought quite contentedly the young girl was searching up a new pupil, but of whom she would not speak, until she had really gained her or him, whichever it might be. So, believing this, the mother asked neither where she was going nor why there should be so much silence in connection with her afternoon's movements, but with a cheery good-bye, in which she was joined by Mrs. Curran, wished Rosamond every success in the important "something."

Down in the hall Rosamond stood for a minute, and took out the contents of the envelope Father Madden had given her, to read with great satisfaction: "I have known Rosamond Raymond for a great many years, being, with her mother, a member of my parish. She is a Virginian by birth, as I believe her mother also is, and as regards person and character, she is irreproachable, and would make a most desirable companion. Since she and her mother came from the

South, they have always lived on Bartley Square, and her appearance, I am sure, will at once indicate her refinement and careful upbringing."

"Reverend William Madden,
P. P. of St. John's Catholic Church,
23 West Seventh street.

"How kind of Father Madden to write so nicely of me. I'll go in on my way back from Granton Road, to tell him if I have the position or not, and thank him again." She returned the reference paper to its envelope, and opening the street door, went out.

When Maud Crichton's music lesson, (which, by the way, had never seemed so long to Rosamond as on this particular afternoon), was over, the young music teacher walked back within sight of the Square, and hailing a car, was soon being whirled away from town, dust and noises, to the quiet, nature-throbbing outlying suburbs.

She had changed cars on Rector street, as Father Madden had directed her, and she looked out of the window with eager expectancy, when at last the trolley wound from a narrow street into a beautifully sanded road.

"Granton road," the conductor called out sharply, whereupon Rosamond rang the bell, and when the car stopped up, alighted. She stood for several seconds to drink in the beauty of the scenes around her. On either side of the road were tall pine and cedar trees, whose verdant green were beginning to turn to autumnal brown, but which to Rosamond's nature-loving eye, rendered them none the less attractive. The green covered walks, also showing autumnal tints, seemed like a soft carpet to her feet, used as they were to the hard pavements of town streets, and the carrollings of numerous feathered songsters were as sweet to her ears as the playing of David's harp was to King Saul. Then, remembering the important business on which she had come, and that the loss of a minute might prove expensive to her, Rosamond drew her eyes from the beauties she was enjoying for the first time and began a rapid walk past several mansions.

"Excuse me," she said to a nursemaid, who with three young charges,

came out of one of them, "but where is sixty-four, Staunton House?"

"On the opposite side, Miss," the girl said respectfully, curiously inspecting the young stranger's fair face. "The number is on the gate. The first over there is Dr. Greely's, and where you see all those trees growing up is Staunton House."

Rosamond thanked her, and passing quickly to the opposite side found the number on the iron gate, as the maid had indicated. Descending the cedar walk with no small trepidation, she pulled the bell on the massive front door.

Her ring was answered by the ever obsequious Sampson, who, with a broad grin on his ebony face (Sampson was proverbial for his broad grins) showed her into the first room of his mistress' Japanese square.

"What name please, Miss?" he asked, "or mebbe you'll gimme your card," and he geld forth a small silver salver.

"I have no card; my name is Rosamond Raymond."

"One ob Mistress' companyuns, I spec's. Fadah Mossess, what a lot she am a-gettin'" was the negro's unspoken comment, as he left his visitor to seek his mistress, in his back parlor, evidently thinking, in his Sampson-like mind, with Sampson-like perception, that each one of the many persons who had applied during the last three days, were all going to be accepted by his mistress, as her companions. This last comer included, Sampson did not understand the importance his mistress attached to this position, and that all the young women he had been seeing in and out of late had found no favor in her critical eyes. She had dismissed them with but little parlance, with the understanding that they need not trouble themselves again for further applying to her.

When Rosamond found herself alone in the reception room, with its fantastic draperies and odd furnishings, all bespeaking a most delightful orientalism, she could have exclaimed aloud in her admiration. Everything was so delicate, so dainty, in this much Japaned room that she shut her eyes to think if it might be possible that she would soon be living among such art and elegance. If fortune favored her, she certainly would, but then again, she thought, "it is sel-

fish of me to desire this, when mother won't be here to share it with me."

As was always, her mother was the subject paramount of her thoughts, and the roseate gleams of a future life spent under this roof lost half their coloring, because that gentle, tender parent, whose own past life was wrapped in mystery, could not be a partaker of it.

"Miss Raymond, please ter foily me," said Sampson, cutting short her train of thought, by showing his ebony face back in the curtained doorway, and leading his visitor to the middle of the hall, waived her to the sitting room of his mistress, and that lady's stately presence.

"Miss Raymond, I believe," she said, eyeing the young girl closely, and motioning her to a chair, "and you have come to apply for the position of my companion?"

"Yes, madam," Rosamond replied, without the least show of nervousness or embarrassment, at thus being thrown into company for the first time of one of the greatest ladies in the city, which were not lost upon her interrogator. "Have I come too late, or is there any chance of my obtaining it?"

"There is every chance," the wealthy lady replied, scanning the dainty spiritual face, and wondering from what source it had caught its happy, pure expression, and also wondering where before she had seen shapely features similar to it, and the proud, straight glance that came from the soft blue eyes.

Somewhere she had undoubtedly seen them, and she forgot that that somewhere was up in her husband's art gallery, wherein, beside another loved portrait stood a small brown one, whose very perfection always excited what was worse in her nature, each time she looked on it.

"Yes," she said again, "there is every chance for you. Have you references?"

Rosamond dropped her hand into her pocket and drawing out Father Madden's note, handed it to her.

When Mrs. Staunton saw the name signed to it, she merely glanced over it.

"Though I do not know Mr. Madden, (the Mr. sounded strange to Rosamond's ears) personally, nor by sight, I can understand that as befits his sacred calling he would not write anything but what is

reliable, and of course good references from a clergyman, of whatever church or creed, can be at once accepted. So you are a Catholic?"

"Yes, madam."

"That would make no difference to me, nor to my family. We are Presbyterians but liberal minded, so your creed would be respected by all in my house. How old are you?"

"I was seventeen this past June, madam."

"Indeed! you are very slender, and you have no other living relative but your mother, with whom you reside on Bartley Square?"

"No, madam."

"And your present occupation?"

"Teaching music, madam; but having but three pupils, I find that the small amount I earn by instructing such a few is not enough to support mother and me, and to supply all our needs. Having been ill for quite a while, some time ago, I might almost say, we have been very hard pressed, so a situation would be a welcome change to me."

"Do you think you would like being a companion to me, then?"

"I could like any occupation that would enable me to give my mother more comforts, madam, and serving you would be a pleasant task, I know."

The words were simply and truthfully spoken, but so diplomatically that this cold, proud woman was bound to acknowledge the tact that prompted them, and above all the filial love, in which there was no boast, and the anxiety for the well-being of her mother.

"I hope you will always think so, for I must tell you your face and well bred manners have pleased me. You seem on a different plane to the several applicants I have had before you; also your solicitude for your mother has impressed me very favorably. You may consider your-

self engaged to me, Miss Raymond. Your duties here will be light; you will do my reading and writing and accompany me on my morning outings or walks, and sometimes help my maid to arrange my toilette. Heretofore my daughter, my only child too, has rendered me all these services, but it has been selfish of me to bind her so, so the procuring of a companion will not be amiss. You will have your own apartments where you may receive your friends, whom, I presume, to be respectable, at certain hours, and you may visit them during your free time."

Then she finished by asking a few more questions she considered necessary, and giving the young girl some information as to how she wished her to dress, and finally, by asking: "When can you come to Staunton House?"

"As soon as you wish, madam," was Rosamond's reply.

"I should like you to-morrow, but perhaps you may need a few days: grace, so we will say Saturday. I shall expect you at four o'clock, so expecting to see you on Saturday at this hour, allow me to say good-afternoon, now, or, rather good-evening, Miss Raymond." Inclining her head with her southern stateliness Mrs. Staunton rang for the alert Sampson, who showed Rosamond out with all the obsequiousness with which he had ushered her in.

She returned to the road by the graceful cedar walk, and taking many a backward glance at the magnificent place she had just left, that with its beautiful garden seemed to her a veritable Eden. Again she hailed a car, and was soon being whirled back to the Square. All the way her heart was palpitating between joy and fear; of joy, because of the success that had crowned her afternoon's journey, and of fear, lest her mother would be displeased with her act and condemn its secrecy.

To be continued.



Saint Albert of Messina.

Of the Order of Carmelites.

By the COUNTESS DE BEAUREPAIRE DE LOUVAGNY

Translated from the French by MISS S. X. BLAKELY.

CHAPTER VI.

Albert Delivers Messina from Famine,

When our Lord sees fit to chastise a guilty people, by sending some terrible calamity, in His great mercy He always raises up amongst his faithful servitors some heroic souls, who by prayer and sacrifice, hold back his avenging arm and atone for the crimes committed by the mass.

By their own penances these athletes of Christ obtain pardon for contrite sinners and fervor for tepid souls. Albert was essentially such an athlete. Let us cast a glance at the history of Sicily. During the life of the Saint, already merging into years, the island had endured much and suffered many cruel vicissitudes. Frederic II, Emperor of Germany and King of the two Sicilies, after having been sustained by Pope Innocent III in his contest against his competitors, proved himself ungrateful. He refused to fulfil the vow he had made, to go and fight against the infidel hosts. He had incurred the stigma of excommunication from Pope Gregory IX, who had succeeded Innocent III. He finally decided to set out for the crusade. His cowardly conduct in the Holy Land drew upon him the anathema of the Pope. Upon his return he found a portion of his kingdom in revolt against his rule. He knew how to re-establish his power. New troubles, however, having broken out, he repressed them by the commission of incredible cruelties. The sovereign pontiffs have always defended the interests of the oppressed, and placed a limit to the too arrogant ambitions of princely rulers. Thus Frederic II was excommunicated anew by Innocent IV. In those days when faith prevailed, the voice of the pontiffs was heard. A prey to apprehensions, laden with years, and disfigured with the guilt of flagrant crimes, the monarch withdrew to Frien-

zuala in Ponille. As if to prove that one cannot, with impunity, violate the law of God, he died, having been poisoned, it is said, by Mainfroi, one of his illegitimate sons. To the old Emperor, succeeded Conrad, his son, whose reign was of short duration, lasting only four years.

And again Mainfroi was accused of having removed the sovereign by poison.

After Conrad came Conradin, a sweet little child over whose head but three sunny summers had passed, who, of course, could not exercise the sovereign power. But this was not what the ambitious spirit of this base born churl, who had no scruples as to the means by which he attained his ends, desired. Deposing his nephew from the throne he caused himself to be proclaimed king, and crowned to the royal dignity. Filled with a just indignation at so many crimes Pope Urban IV issued against him the ban of excommunication.

A crusade was preached against the disloyal Protector, and the pontiff bestowed his estates upon Charles D'Anjou, brother of St. Louis, king of France. But Mainfroi was not amongst those who submit to the punishments of the Church. He rebelled, but the struggle was of not very long duration, for he was conquered at the battle of Grandella, and perished. After the death of the usurper, Conradin tried to regain the crown, which he considered his, and entered the lists against Charles of Anjou. He displayed the greatest courage in the contest, but it was beyond his age, his strength, and the forces which were at his command. Vanquished in turn he fell into the power of the enemy. Unfortunately Charles did not possess the same virtues as his brother, and after a pretended trial, he was beheaded, at the tender age of seventeen! Such cruelty could not fail to bring its own reward, and the yoke of Charles soon became an

unwelcome thralldom to the Sicilians. Terrible reprisals, and a determination to free themselves from the burden,—a plot was formed, under the leadership of a nobleman, Jean de Procida. Easter Monday was the day agreed upon; at the Vesper hour. All the French who were in Palermo were massacred without mercy. Revolts became the order of the day throughout the island, and one scene of carnage after another was enacted.

These tragic events were followed, on the continent, by the overthrow of Charles, and the Island of Sicily was separated from the kingdom of Naples. Such intestine troubles had naturally the effect that might be anticipated. Sorrow and despair shrouded the land in gloom; misery and suffering, under the many ghastly appearances, transformed its loveliness into a desert waste. Although neither the anonymous historian of Albert, nor any of his commentators, allude to the fact, it is most probable that several of the miracles wrought by the Saint had for their object the signal amelioration of this unhappy people. The one, for instance, through which, later on, he delivered Messina, in particular, is a most special example of this opinion. Every fact concurs in authorizing the adoption of the supposition. The confidence with which, in their despair, the people turned to Albert, is also a convincing proof. But further trials were in store for Sicily. After the Sicilian Vespers, Pierre d'Arragon, who had been the secret instigator thereof, caused himself to be recognized as King of Sicily, for which he incurred the penalty of excommunication. The sovereign pontiff had bestowed it upon Charles of Valois. At the same time Jacques, King of Majorca, brother of Pierre, put forward pretensions for the possession of that unhappy country. Pierre, therefore, had to defend himself against his own brother, and against Charles de Valois, which he did with great energy, but before the termination of the war, his life had come to an end. Some time before he had brought into the island his second son, Jacques, who became king after the death of his father. But his eldest brother, Alphonse III, who had succeeded to the crown of Arragon, having

unexpectedly died, he went to Arragon to assume the reigns of government, and left the regency of Sicily to Duke Frederic, his young brother, who had come thither when but six years of age. Shortly after this Jacques entered into negotiations in regard to Sicily, with the French, already masters of Naples, and commanded his brother to give up the island to them. Frederic refused and began preparations for war. Filled with gratitude, the Sicilians proclaimed him King, and on the 7th of April, in the year of grace, 1296, he ascended the throne. Then came the struggle against the united forces of France, Naples and Arragon. Frederic acquitted himself with renown in the contest, yet his army on some occasions met with defeat. One of the most noteworthy events of the siege was that in which Messina was concerned. Its proximity to the continent rendered it very easy of access, for which reason the King of Naples selected it for the disembarking of a considerable army which invaded the city, whilst its fleet blockaded the harbor. He led his troops as near to the ramparts as possible, in order to destroy them and thus accomplish his intentions.

He established a vast camp, strongly fortified, which cut off all communication between the city and the adjacent points. The blockade was maintained with great strictness. No convoy could enter the city, no vessel dare enter the port. The defence of the royal garrison was heroic. This garrison was not of sufficient strength to combat the invasion of the place, nor sufficiently numerous to efficaciously attempt a sortie, which might have been the means of delivery. In the beginning all that could be done was to harass the enemy, and that without any very good result, and when they did give the troops such annoyances, the blockade would always be more rigidly enforced. It was therefore useless to endanger their precious lives. Meanwhile, their provisions soon were consumed and all the horrors of slow starvation stared them grimly in the face. Reduced to inactivity, they could, alas, do nothing to help themselves, and the culmination of their misery seemed to come even sooner than they had apprehended. Their condition became miserable beyond descrip-

tion. Famine began to make its way into the ranks, and the decimation of the unfortunate soldiers began. One might see women, children and aged men with pale faces and trembling limbs, going hither and thither through the streets in quest of bread. It was not an infrequent sight to see them dying of weakness, upon the public square, or, utterly dejected and depressed, fainting by the wayside. It was horrible what the poor creatures were called upon to endure! The time came when the hapless besieged ones recognized that all hope of assistance from the hand of man was over. Even those who had nobly sustained their courage through all the siege now seemed on the point of giving up. Disunion and disorder, the natural consequence of their terrible situation, now began to increase its miseries. Dissensions arose on every side, the convocations of the nobles became scenes of tumult,—a rebellion in their own circle seemed imminent. The suppressed murmurs of the approaching revolt arose upon the air. Some advocated surrender, but Frederic was energetic and courageous. He had no intention of ingloriously delivering to his enemies this valuable point of his kingdom, its very key! He preferred its destruction and the entombment of himself and his army beneath its ruins, and moreover he would not permit his subjects to lay down the law to their sovereign. However, the time for a supreme decision had come! It could be postponed no longer, for every instant of the day was marked by the passage to eternity of some fainting soul. A royal edict accordingly went forth. In this document Frederic commanded the inhabitants of the city to withdraw to the rural districts which joined Catania. Then Messina was to be delivered to the flames! The edict, however, called upon the people, the magistrates and the nobles, to meet and have a general consultation before the determination was accomplished. This was accordingly done. One can imagine the feelings of men who have to choose between death—and a frightful death of famine—and the demolition of their family firesides! Some amongst them proposed opening the gates to the Neapolitans, and were indignant that it had not

been done before. Others protested against this cowardly thought! All bitterly deplored their lot. The assembly, apparently, was as far from agreeing as to the cruel choice to which they were condemned as ever. Meanwhile a braver spirit than the rest took up the speech. He said that God would not abandon those who put their trust in Him, and that it would be wiser to rely upon Him than upon earthly promises. This view of the situation met with universal approval. The most timid now lent their voices in agreement with him. "It is true," was the unanimous response. "God never betrays the hope of those who approach him with trusting hearts, who believe that he, the all powerful One, can release them." "It is our sins which have drawn upon us these misfortunes," exclaimed other voices. "Let us pray that our destruction may be averted." But he who had first spoken, cried out: "Come quickly, let us seek that servant of God, Albert. He has the gift of prayer; his fervent entreaties will obtain our deliverance, from God." And not a dissenting voice was heard. The vast throng hastened to the Carmelite Convent and begged that they might see Albert. It was his hour for celebrating Mass. Several of the nobles advanced towards the Saint, and explained to him the melancholy situation. They depicted, in vivid colors, the terrible sufferings they had undergone. Albert knew them already, only too well, and had done all in his power to relieve them. Finally they told him all that they hoped for from his powerful prayers. "Servant of God, we have recourse to your mediation, for we will perish of hunger if aid does not come. Obtain from God the pardon of our sins, restore unto us the love of our dear Mother Mary, and beg her to take us again into her favor. Do not let us meet with the destruction that we merit." Albert listened to their pressing entreaties, and encouraged them in their confidence. He recommended them fervently to pray, with humility and contrition to implore the divine assistance. Then he proceeded to celebrate Mass, during which he was seen to shed tears in abundance. The Mass over, he went to the foot of the altar and fell on his knees. He rais-

ed his suppliant hands to heaven and began : "O ! King of Kings, Sovereign Lord and Father of all mankind, who dost never refuse salvation to those who ask it of Thee, look from Thy heavenly home upon these Thy penitent people. They trust in Thy mercy, do not refuse their petition. Inundate them with the plentitude of Thy benedictions. Behold these men, these women, these children ! Give it to them, O, Thou who didst feed the multitude in the desert. Stretch forth Thy powerful arm over this afflicted people. The whole city trembles, reassure it. It is almost without hope, re-animate it. Without Thy aid there will be no deliverance for it, no earthly power can avert the fatal stroke. Poor creatures ! They do not place their hopes in the number of combatants, nor the strength of armies, they have not asked the succor of man. All their hope is in Thy supreme power. Almost dying, O Lord ! they call upon Thee. Do not refuse, lest they yield to despair, and give the demon cause to triumph over the loss of so many souls." Scarcely had the last words left his lips, than a violent peal of thunder startled the listeners—the first token that his petition had been heard. But God did not wish to leave His servant in a moment's uncertainty, therefore a voice was heard promising the assistance desired, and proclaiming the clemency of heaven. Every one was overwhelmed with admiration and gratitude. Without awaiting the realization of the divine promises, the entire populace yielded to the joy of anticipation. Confidence in God is the surest means of meriting blessings from Him, and the suppliants were about to experience the truth of this, as full of hope and happiness they left the monastery. They soon were in full position to view the sea, that sea which the pitiless invaders so jealously guarded from them. O, wonderful ! at that very moment four large merchant ships were seen coming into the bay. Slowly, majestically, they sailed into port. Whence they came ? No one knew. No flag floated over the waters. They came toward the shore. No one ventured to meet them. Finally, they touched the shore and their rich cargo of provisions of every kind was left thereupon. Then their mission

over, they disappeared, no one knew whence ; they left no trace behind. As Theodorie and Polucca aver, the angels were their crew, and the pilots were also those radiant messengers of heaven. The inhabitants of Messina could scarcely persuade themselves of the reality of this marvel. They compared their present hopes with the implacable severity of the fate which awaited them had it not been for the divine interposition. Would it have been possible for them even to have reached Catania, since up to that time the enemies' ranks had remained impassable ? Their gratitude cannot be described, nor the fervor of the prayers with which they expressed it. The king was immediately informed of the good news. A great satisfaction was experienced and a wave of joy inundated his soul. He ordered that a portion of the provisions be distributed to each one, and the remainder left for a reserve. This order given, he summoned his valiant men at arms. Then attended by a brilliant escort of brave chevaliers, he wended his way to the convent. The man of God had returned to his prayers. In his great humility he would have preferred to avoid any evidences of respect or gratitude. But he considered that all expressions of gratitude would be addressed to the Divine Majesty, whose agent he was, and he responded to the summons to the King, who met him and reverentially kissed his hand. "Great Saint," he began, "I have come hither, with my gallant captains, to thank you for prayers so efficacious that they obtained pardon and deliverance for my people. I hope that, through your powerful intervention, we will yet obtain the triumph of our armies, and achieve the ruin of the arrogant schemes of our enemies." This hope was eventually realized. The sanctity of Albert had been the buckler of the city, the support, the salvation of its inhabitants. The miraculous convoy of provisions had restored confidence and courage. Having so powerful a friend at court they never doubted of success, but the enemy, despairing thereof, gave up the siege and withdrew their army. Thus was Messina delivered. The splendor of the miracle radiated all over the continent, and thousands testified to its truth. All

were, more than ever, eager to testify to the holiness of this humble Carmelite monk.

CHAPTER VII.

Other Miracles—A Buffet of Satan.

There was at Messina a spacious and very celebrated monastery belonging to the order of St. Basil, and placed under the special protection of our Saviour. Shortly after the deliverance of the city, one of the religious fell ill. His trouble was a swelling in the throat which caused him intense suffering, and grew each day, more painful and serious, so that the gravest apprehensions were entertained. The physicians redoubled their efforts, nevertheless, they began to abandon all hope of saving the patient. The swelling now assumed a cancerous form and the poor monk could no longer endure the torture. A painful operation was pronounced necessary, but it, like the expensive medicine which had been prescribed, proved of no avail. Behold the moment when learned physicians know and acknowledge their utter helplessness. They gave the patient up, and left, averring that in but a little while he would be no longer alive. The dying man then asked if the Rev. Father Albert was at Messina, and upon being answered in the affirmative, he entreated those who attended him to go to the Saint. "Beg him," said he, in accents which could scarcely be heard, "not to refuse to visit one who has the greatest confidence in his sanctity, and who is in imminent danger of death." The request was taken in all haste to the Carmelite monastery, and the messenger asked for Albert, who scarcely permitted him to finish. Full of compassion he proceeded at once to the patient, and as he went into the cell, he said: "Why have you sent for me? Do you take me for a divinity, Brother? The dying man could not answer. Albert went on. "We feel the afflictions and infirmities which overwhelm this miserable flesh of ours. We all commit sin daily. Nevertheless, God's mercy is infinite. Trust then, in the Lord, whose power can cure every ill and grant salvation to the most guilty." As he finished the Saint made the sign of the cross upon the forehead. Then he pronounced these words: "Have confidence

Brother, in our Lord Jesus Christ. Have confidence also in his blessed Mother, the Virgin Mary, by whose intercession mankind will be saved." "Yes," faintly whispered the sufferer, "I have confidence in Mary, but I have faith also in your sanctity. I trust myself to you. God will listen to your prayers. He will not refuse to cure me." At the same moment he experienced a great concussion in his head and in his throat, and he began to throw off what had troubled the latter. Corrupted matter and decomposing blood entered largely into the mass which produced an odor insupportable. Suddenly the wound healed, and the monk began to sing the praises of God. He was cured. The servant of God had accomplished, with the sign of the cross, what neither medicine nor operations could do. The monk evinced the liveliest gratitude to Albert, and disseminated his praises far and wide.

The office of preacher, together with other duties, often necessitated the absence of Albert from the monastery. A few weeks subsequent to his miraculous cure, he was called to Gela, a city in the southern part of Sicily. Although it was comparatively far from Messina, and at that time communication between the different centres was infrequent, the fame of Albert's miracles had penetrated thither. As formerly, he was sought out, and received tokens of the love and veneration of all. They had the most unlimited confidence in his intercession with divine Providence, and therefore hailed his advent with joy. The day of his arrival at Gela, scarcely had he entered the monastery than he was told of a young maiden, belonging to one of the noblest families of the place, who was possessed of the devil. The malicious spirit had tormented her for some time, and did not let her have one moment's rest. Her parents were desolate beyond description, on her account. When he heard of this afflicted soul, the heart of the Saint was deeply touched. He cried out, in his generous indignation: "O, Satan! miserable spirit! who has given thee this power?" and leaving the house, he sought the dwelling of the afflicted girl. Her mother, however, having heard of his arrival, was preparing to go and implore him to aid them. In-

spired by maternal love, she yearned to recommend her daughter to his prayers, and when they told her that the Saint was within sight, she joyfully hastened to meet him. Throwing herself at his feet, she solicited his powerful intervention. "I know," said she, "that the divine goodness has favored you, and that through the same you can aid me in my trouble and despair, profound though they be. My only and beloved daughter is in the power of the devil, possessed by the spirit of evil. The frightful monster has for a long time taken up his abode within this child, so lovely still, and before, so sweet and mild. Deign to visit her in her trial, and let me have the bliss of seeing her cured." "I have anticipated your wish," replied the Saint, "and have come." At his request they took him to the unhappy girl. He spoke kindly to those who were in the apartment, addressed to them some salutary words, and wished them all the peace of the Lord. Then he went to the sufferer. But the proximity of the Saint enraged the demon, and his victim became violently agitated. Albert addressed to her a few earnest words of exhortation. Then the girl, in obedience to the evil spirit, which held her in its wicked grasp, gave him a resonant blow upon his cheek. Far from evincing the least emotion, he calmly turned the other cheek, saying "Strike again." This humility filled the wicked spirit with confusion and wrath, and his pride impelled him to complain most bitterly. "Alas," he broke forth, "how thou dost make me suffer; I cannot endure thy hated presence; I abhor and detest thee; I will

depart hence." But the Saint said:—"Thy sovereign Creator, Who, for thy wicked pride, banished thee from a paradise of delights, will banish thee from the body of this innocent girl. He will do it without thy permission." At that instant the sufferer was seized with a violent trembling, which seemed as if it would never end. Her teeth chattered her limbs became twisted in the most frightful way, and the deepest commiseration filled the hearts of all who saw her. Albert raised his voice, and in a solemn tone said: "In the name of Christ, begone satan and leave this creature of God. Do not presume to work any evil in her." Then he gave her the Crucifix and sprinkled her with holy water, and once more humility triumphed over pride. Satan dared not insult the blessed image of Him Who died to save mankind. He dreaded the effect of the saving water which so powerfully protects God's creatures and their habitations, and left his victim whilst the room resounded with howls of the most appalling sound. Then the maiden regained her health and strength. She humbled herself before the Divine Majesty; and gratefully gave testimony to the power of God. As to her parents, their happiness could never be described; they never ceased entoning the praises of God, and of his faithful servant, Albert, whose virtues had rendered him worthy of so great a power from our Lord, through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

But the beneficent deeds of Albert were not to stop with that. On the contrary one might say that his every step was marked by some wonderful act.



A Stroll 'Neath a Decade of Arches.

"Music is a thing of the soul; a rose-lipped shell that murmurs of the eternal sea; a strange bird singing the songs of another world."

One of the oldest lyrics in the English language, Dryden's "Ode to St. Cecelia's Day," describes with exquisite nicety the varied emotions aroused in man through the influence of music. The enchanting melody of Timotheus has a deep, ethereal power by which the whole gaunt of the soul's capabilities responds in breathing accents to his masterly touch. Similar are the effects produced on us to-day by the great musical masters. The inspired virtuosi of the past hundred years have infused a new element of fulness, melodiousness and emotional expression into an atmosphere whose ether waves vibrate with the stirring tender heart-tones of a Beethoven, a Mendelssohn and a Liszt, breathed forth in resonant messages and glorious lays that strike a sympathetic cord in the souls of all lovers of music.

In the past century the travellers on the road to Parnassus, o'er which hovers the guiding spirit of the Sainted Cecelia, have been numerous and noted. From the massive arches that bridge that gulf of time, as from the mighty dome of the invisible throned in eternity itself, re-echo those solemn sweeping concords and pathetic cadences that fail not to fetter the soul with shackles of ecstatic admiration and transport it, as Timotheus did Alexander, to the realms of celestial bliss. How our senses are thrilled! How our heart pulsates in unison with the liquid rippling notes of Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata, as we pass 'neath the first gorgeous arch of the century. An undercurrent of pathos, combined with depth and soulful quality, swells into an elevated reverie of devotional and worshipful repose. As Beethoven was the first tone poet, who left the well-beaten path of the nightingale to soar on the mighty wings of the eagle, his majestic creations are freighted with a wealth of sublime melody unperceived save by those whose souls are correctly attuned to the profound undercurrent of his heavenly revelations. As the glories of daylight dis-

solve into the glories of twilight, the spirited symphonies of Beethoven melt into the fresh poetic strains of Von Weber. The passing from the first to the second and third arches seems to transport us from the abode of celestial harpists to that of sprightly fairies. As Weber's fancy loved to wander in the regions of enchantment and to embody the will in fantastic images of German superstition, we fancy we hear, "Frieschütz," the lovely melody, for hours; the mysterious tremola with the weird notes of the clarionets and bassoons and the sad wailing strain of the violincello, that swell into a fortissimo passage as if a terrible commotion of nature were thrilling us with all its fury.

Quite in contrast to the pleasing mysticism of Carl Maria's eloquent themes, are the grand, the gigantic, the superhuman lays of Wagner, Liszt and Paganini, whose strains ravish our senses as we stroll from the fourth to the eighth decade. So flooded with rapturous melody is the atmosphere of this period that the very breath of angelic choirs must have passed into matter in fashioning the subtle, tuneful arches that bridge this double score of years. Magnificent phraseology, rather than delicacy of fancy and humor constitutes Wagner's most striking characteristic.

Like a silver thread running through a rich brocade a minor undertone pervades his elaborate and richly scored operas, "Lohengrin," "Tristan" and "Isolde." 'Twas he who proved music to be the most perfect reflecting mirror of the spiritual and emotional life of humanity. As we revel in an atmosphere of Wagnerian song, torrents of cords peal forth as from some mimic orchestra. Harmonic passages are thrown off with the sharpness and sonority of a flute, accompanied by a guitar, then attenuated as it were to a thread, but still more distinctly audible and resonant, the divine melody dies away. Paganini's violin has become a throbbing sentient being, more eloquent and persuasive than the oration of Demosthenes or Cicero, convincing us that of all arts, music alone is the oracle of God, the whisper of His

voice, a spirit comforter given man in his exile. Soon we are magnetized by the impassioned playing of Liszt. Like the roar of Niagara his fortissimo passages are immense, while his pianissimos are the most delicate murmurings of the mighty cataract prisoned in the heart of the rose-lipped shell that speaks a language all its own.

Next Euterpe surprises us with the dulcet songs of Mendelssohn and the lyric strains of Chopin, so distinctly resonant, that the very arches themselves tremble with the floods of melody transfused into them by these gifted artists. Tender, sad, graceful and somewhat Byronic in sentiment, the creations of Chopin are embroidered with a delicate efflorescence of melody which is very pleasing. Clear, sharp, concise and masterly in the extreme is Verdis' celebrated opera "Otello," which fills the eighth decade with flights of rapturous sound. 'Mid these thrilling, pathetic chimes, we may clearly distinguish the melancholy vibrations of a single heart string touched by the finger of age. Verdis' celebrated Requiem, finished and executed when Time had wreathed him with the halo of fame as he passed the sixty-first milestone of life. The last arches now reached, serious and organ-like peals burst forth with tintinnabulary embellishments that remind one of the gentle sighing of summer zephyrs. How significant the title of this meditative theme—Gottschalk's "Last Hope." Suddenly we are aroused from its delightful reverie by the shrill voice of the bugle.

"It heralds now a later lay,
The grandest anthem of the day.
If God made flowers with light and music
in them
And saddened hearts could win them;
If notes were stars, each star a different
hue,
Trembling to earth in due;
If flame passed into song with chime of
brazen bell,
How Paderewski plays then might I dare
to tell."
And Paderewski plays! And was it he
Or some disembodied spirit which had
rushed
From silence into singing and had crushed
Into one startled hour of life's felicity."

As one who contemplates the grandeur of the sun-kissed lake embossed with myriad opals naturally reverts to the mighty sea whence it drew its life and beauty, so we, too, reflecting on the signal merits of the great musicians of the past century, are unconsciously drawn to the unseen source,—the Master Spirit of all musical inspiration. Life is his instrument, omnipotence His trow and love the undying melody from a thousand throbbing strings.

"Down o'er the vibrant strings
That thrill and moan and mourn and
glisten,
The Master draws His bow;
With breaks of instant joy all interwoven
Piercing the heart with lyric knife;
But all earth's joy and all life's grief
and wrong
May turn at last to beauty and to song.

The Sacred Heart in the Angelus.

I sigh for thee O Sacred Heart!

At dawning of each day,
Accept with Mary's "Fiat" mine
To suffer, work and pray.

O "Word made flesh!" O "light of light!"
Descending from above,
Illumine my spirit with the rays
Of pure and ardent love.

The twilight shadows swiftly fall,
And fades the golden west,
Most watchful Heart! in silent night
Enfold me as I rest.

A chime of mystic bells ring out
This "Angelus" for thee
Whose first pulsations softly thrilled
At "be it done to me."*

Whene'er, with Archangelic words,
God's "handmaid" blest I greet,
Reverberations gently steal
Of Jesus' Heart most sweet.

Enfant de Marie.

St. Clares

* * * *

*"When her calm 'Fiat' broke the still-
ness sweet,
A little heart began with love and life
to beat."

Fr. M. Russell.

The Grotto of the Son.

JUAN PEDRO.

In all the aspects of the life of our Divine Lord, there is nothing more poetic, nothing more enchanting, more sweet, nothing more consoling than the remembrance of the grotto of Bethlehem, with its retinue of many happy memories. Surely, it is the one word in the Christian vocabulary that is truly crowned by a magic influence; the one word that preserved throughout the life of the Church a magnetism solely its own, a charm of beauty that years, or centuries, will never dim. Within its little surroundings, in the company of irrational creatures, the great Creator of heaven and of earth, lay as a helpless babe in its wide manger. Here God was made man for the love of man; here in the cold frosty air of a dark, dismal, December morning, He was born to save a world and redeem mankind from original sin and from the slavery of the devil. Here the Immaculate Virgin, the spotless maid and mother and St. Joseph, adore the Saviour of the human race. Here the angels sing the glory of God, and proclaim peace to men of good will, whilst the humble shepherds and those kings from afar, invoked by the heavenly hosts, hasten, also, to the same grotto, in order to receive the graces of heaven, and carry away with them the priceless, miraculous mercies of God.

But centuries come and go, and a great section of the human race, then redeemed, forget the benefits of Redemption, commenced in the blessed cave in Bethlehem, but notwithstanding this, the signal mercy of God, and the motherly love of our sinless Mother Mary, presents to-day to an unbelieving and materialized age, another famous grotto nestling beneath the shades of the Pyrenees,—the world-famed and miraculous Shrine of our Lady of Lourdes—and which has so many sublime resemblances with that of Bethlehem of Judea. In the one commenced the graces and blessings of Redemption, whilst in the other Our Immaculate Lady confidently invites us to benefit by and perpetuate the blessings of the former.

Whilst the sombre clouds of paganism enveloped society, whilst the might of sensual pleasure kept captive its votaries at the dawn of Christianity, in order to scatter them, there appeared this light of heaven in the quiet modesty of the little rocky cave of Bethlehem. To-day on the commencement of the 20th century, the clouds of luxury and the darkness of error and unbelief, and the still darker growing gulf of materialism invades the actual society of the present age, and when, then, the bright light of heaven is again needed to scatter those clouds of satanic darkness, and dissolve their threatening thunderstorms, it is within the Miraculous Grotto by the waters of the Grotto that heaven chooses to display its Almighty power,—its heavenly wonders.

Oh! the shepherds were invited by the angels to visit Bethlehem,—a similar message from heaven comes again and invites men to visit Mary's predilect grotto at Lourdes, through the voice of a humble shepherdess,—the Saintly Bernardetta. Let us go to Bethlehem, exclaimed the shepherds, in response to the angels' invitation to the grotto—let us go to Bethlehem to see the prodigious event which has just taken place, and humbly look on what God had been pleased to manifest to us. To-day heaven, by the silent voice appealing to our consciences, repeats, let us go to Lourdes and particularly is this celestial invitation addressed to the loving clients of Mary, who, like the shepherds of old, are invited to Lourdes. Let us go there and contemplate the miraculous events—those hundreds and thousands of celestial miracles of soul and body—which are there day by day verified, and behold once more the beautiful and miraculous manifestations of the power and of the mercies of God. Our Immaculate Mother calls to these, her children, that their souls may receive the most precious graces,—graces that are so profusely scattered over every nook and corner, over every little oratory and chapel, over Shrine, and grotto and Basilica of this

chosen sanctuary. Thus, as the star guided the Magi from far-off lands the Bethlehem, the star of heavenly inspiration, appearing to the souls of Mary's countless children in all lands of the Catholic World, and which makes them for a season to abandon home, forsake the family hearth and proceed joyously to Lourdes, and there offer to the Sinless Mother the gold of fervent prayer and the myrrh of these sacrifices, at once numerous and heroic, which are increased by the pains and by the dolorous and excruciating sufferings of their infirm friends, whom they accompany as ministering angels of charity, to the alleviation of whose bodily sufferings, through the love of God, they devote themselves. To these favored pilgrims can be applied that which the Evangelist says of the Magi: "They found the Divine Child with Mary, His Mother, and prostrating themselves they adored Him. Opening out their little treasures, they offer their presents of gold, of incense and myrrh. Truly, with Mary the pilgrims found Jesus, that is to say, the graces and the most intimate union with Jesus at Lourdes. If the Magi came from far-off lands and adored the infant Saviour of Bethlehem, this was their source of happiness, this the over-flowing fountain of their joy, their reward for their long and weary travels, their incessant fatigue. So, too, the pilgrims of Lourdes come from the most distant parts of the Church's domains, to-day, with their faithful sick—men, women and children—who in long years of sickness have forgotten what the abounding sense of robust health is like, yet fear not to suffer additional pain, privations and increased sufferings from the length and difficulties of their journey, in their resignation and their patience, they bless their fatigues and their acute sufferings, when, at length the train arrives, and the unanimous "Glory be to God," is uttered. Here they are at length permitted to prostrate, in the little humble grotto of Mary Immaculate, that fronts the waters of the Lari, and offer their little packages, the offerings and requests of obedient friends, the gold of fervent prayer,—as the poor shepherds once deposited theirs. The pilgrims' offerings are not the wealth of

this world, but these beautiful flowers that embalm with their aroma the grotto of Our Sinless Mother, those waxen candles, those tiny tapers and luxuriant palms which beautify and burn perpetually at her feet, and which are able to symbolize the love of Jesus and Mary, by that sacrifice that burns so ardently in their souls, so long as they remain in this predilect spot.

Oh, yes, how beautiful it is to contemplate the fervor of the devotion of the recent arrivals amongst the pilgrim throngs,—of the poor, of the sick and of the invalid who have sickness in every joint, pain in every nerve, languor in every sense, headaches never absent, yet with ardent faith they pray confidently in the little grotto of Our Lady, and our Mother. Here, as in the Cave of Bethlehem, resounds the heavenly hymns of praise to God and to his sinless Mother Mary.

Certainly great were the extraordinary graces of heaven shown to those who visited the Divine Child and His Holy Mother and His Foster Father, St. Joseph, in the grotto of Bethlehem, but graces and special graces, aye, countless unthought-of blessings, are also received by those who visit, pray and honor Jesus in the Holy Sanctuary of Lourdes. Of their communions, and by their crowded and fervent processions, accompanied with the martial strains of the "Lauda Sion, no greater proof of heaven's approval can be had than the countless miracles and innumerable conversions wrought there. But these visible miracles are not the sole recompense which visitors to Lourdes gain. The Gospel tells us that, "Mary treasures in her heart the remembrances of Bethlehem's little stable," but no less does she keep treasured up the graces which her devoted children receive at Lourdes. No wonder they leave it and return to their distant homes as the Shepherds and Magi of old, "Not ceasing to praise God for all they had seen and heard." To Mary's children, too, might be applied the words of Holy Writ, those words that were applied to the Magi, when in their dreams they received the warnings not to return to Herod. Yes, to the pilgrims of Lourdes may be applied also similar interior warnings, for they return to their homes, but

oft and oft by different routes,—the path of virtue and the by-roads of prayer, of sacrifice and of piety, of which this little Pyrenean grotto had shown them an example. Yes, the pilgrims, by word and example, are for the rest of their lives apostles to their friends and to their neighbors, publishing the miracles they had witnessed and the graces which heaven had scattered over them, as the Infant Jesus from the grotto of Bethlehem had scattered over his early visitors. Thus

are made known the impressions they had felt, above all, showing by the efficacy of good example, that they are moved to glorify God and love with a client's and a child's love their Immaculate Mother, contributing by these means to extend over the Christian world, over the Vicariate of Jesus Christ and His Vicar' Leo XIII, the joy of heart that the strains of the hymn which the kings and shepherds intoned, elicits to-day in Holy Lourdes Glory to God and peace to men of good will.

Our Holy Father's Benediction.

No doubt many of our readers have had the happiness and privilege of kneeling at the feet of Christ's Vicar on earth, the saintly and venerable Leo XIII, and receiving the Apostolic Benediction for themselves and their friends. To these, we feel assured, a curious incident which occurred about fourteen years ago, will be of interest.

A pious lady, who resided in the vicinity of Dublin, had two of her family in Religion. One entered the Franciscan Order and died while yet a novice, but, as we shall see, his mother had friendly relations with the fathers amongst whom she hoped her son would be one day elevated to the dignity of the Priesthood.

Her daughter joined the Carmelites, and from this cherished Spouse of Christ the subject of our little story received a gift much treasured, a large photograph framed of our Holy Father. She kept it in her room, and loved this souvenir for many reasons of piety and maternal affection.

On the feast of the Immaculate Conception, while dressing for dinner, as she expected guests that evening, and trying on a new cap, she felt as if the eyes of this photograph were fixed on her, and that she either said to herself, or that another voice said: "You are dressing yourself now, and you ought to kneel down and ask the Holy Father's blessing." She did not pay any attention but continued her toilette arrangements. Again she heard: "You ought to ask the Holy Father's blessing," and again diverted her thoughts from so doing. A

third time the words were uttered, and then, in stern, commanding tones: "Kneel down, and ask the Pope's blessing." Terrified, she threw herself on her knees, and asked it earnestly for herself and her whole family.

Not long after, a letter came from one of the Irish Franciscans in Rome, informing her that on the feast of our Lady's Immaculate Conception, he had an audience with the Sovereign Pontiff, and obtained for her the Apostolic Benediction.

It may be imagined what joyful tidings this welcome letter obtained, and how much she was surprised, as no intimation whatever had been given as to the kind Priest's intention. We have related this curious occurrence, from an account sent by a religious well acquainted with this lady and the other persons concerned.

God's ways are wonderful, and perhaps He desired this pious lady to receive the waters of celestial grace, all the more abundantly, by permitting her earnest solicitations for them the very day they were bestowed.

Enfant de Marie.

The meditative heart attends the warning of each day and hour, and practices in secret every virtue.—Goethe.

The simplest soul, provided that it be virtuous, will find written even unto the heart of God this maxim of Christian perfection: "Blessed are the poor in spirit."

On the Wings of Fate.

C. J. ANDERSON.

CHAPTER VI.

In spite of John Spencer's resolutions not to let James Harland cross him in his love for Lucy Eldridge, and of his pretended feeling of triumph, he could not sleep that night from fear. He would fall asleep and wake every few minutes. Whether he was asleep or awake, the figure of James Harland was continually throwing its shadow across his path. One moment John imagined he saw Lucy Eldridge flying with outstretched arms toward him to seek refuge from the pursuit of James Harland. In another minute the picture would be reversed, he would see Lucy Eldridge denying him and saying she loved another. Thus between fear and hope, hope and fear, he rolled restlessly in his bed.

Once, indeed, his heated imagination pictured to him James Harland leading Lucy Eldridge to the altar. At the sight the blood rushed violently to his brain. In a fit of rage he sprang toward the phantom bride and bridegroom, and crashed into the dresser, whose mirror he shattered into a thousand pieces. The shock brought him to his senses again, and it brought the porter to his room to see what disaster had occurred. With an astonished look the porter glanced from John Spencer to the shattered mirror, and from the shattered mirror to John Spencer.

"Bring me something strong," said John to the porter in a commanding tone; "I can't sleep to-night."

The porter eyed him dubiously and then looked around the room—evidently to see how many "something strong's" had already been consumed. Seeing nothing, however, he bowed and went out.

It was ten o'clock next morning before John Spencer came down to breakfast. He looked as if he had not been in bed for a week, so woe-begone was his appearance. After breakfast he ordered a cab and drove out over the mountain roads through the fresh, clear air to regain himself. At half past two he re-

turned to the hotel considerably fresher in his looks.

In the evening he made up his mind to go to Mr. Eldridge's to see Lucy. Courage seemed to have returned to him with the bright sunshine of July, and he was determined not to lose a moment in forestalling his opponent. He set out early in the afternoon in order to find Mr. Eldridge alone and to explain to him that a disagreement had occurred between James Harland and himself on a most vital matter.

He was much troubled as to how he should broach the matter with Mr. Eldridge. It was an awkward affair, this mentioning of the point of dispute; but perhaps it would be better to do so, in order to understand precisely the true feeling of Mr. Eldridge on the matter. By his actions the old gentleman had shown himself favorable to John's advances to Lucy; at least so John judged.

He found Mr. Eldridge in the library pouring over his books; for in spite of a very active life, the wealthy mine owner never lost the love for study, which he had acquired early in life.

"Good afternoon, John," said he in a friendly tone, as John entered, "where have you been? I haven't seen you for several days."

"Good afternoon, Mr. Eldridge," replied John. "During the last few days I have been driving around. I have been out to Spike's Head, and have seen your claims."

While speaking, John Spencer was wishing Mr. Eldridge's next question would not be about James Harland; but it was.

"And where's Mr. Harland? Didn't he come up with you?"

"No, I don't know where he is," said John shortly and nervously, as his face twitched.

"Don't know where your friend is?" exclaimed Mr. Eldridge, surprised. "You don't seem to be concerned about him, either. What have you done to him?"

"Nothing. He has been doing all," answered John.

"A friendly quarrel, I suppose," said Mr. Eldridge laughing, "just for the pleasure of making up."

"We can never be friends again," said John decisively. "He has insulted me, played me false, and exploited me, I may say, and all friendship between us is at an end forever."

"But why?"

John felt that he had fallen into the very predicament he had wished to avoid. Seeing however that he could not evade the question, and that sooner or later the whole affair must come out, he placed all his hopes and fears on a single hazard, and looking Mr. Eldridge squarely in the face, said:

"Because he has said he will marry your daughter, and that, in spite of any feelings on my part."

"Yes?" said Mr. Eldridge slowly as his face became serious, for he felt that the matter was personal. He inwardly wished John Spencer to marry his daughter, but he was reserved and wise enough not to tell John his wishes.

"And what are you going to do?"

"With your good-will," replied John, pushing the matter further, "I intend to follow up the matter I have begun."

Mr. Eldridge leaned back in his chair and scratched his head, and then flicked a spot of dust from his trouser leg. He felt that the matter was coming down to the level of a business question, and as yet he did not feel like disposing of his daughter as if she were so much private property.

"Personally, I have no objections," he said, uneasily, "and if my daughter has none—but that is not exactly an affair of mine."

John did not reply, and Mr. Eldridge wisely changed the subject. He spoke of his great prospects in a new adventure into which he had put a great part, in fact nearly all of his property. He considered it an absolutely sure investment which would yield fabulous profits. In a few weeks he would be many thousands of dollars better off.

John Spencer listened with great interest to the explanation of Mr. Eldridge, regarding the new claims and mines and machinery. He drank it all

with the greatest avidity, for he already considered not only the daughter, but all connected with her, as his by indisputable right. Mr. Eldridge's success meant only so many thousands more for him, and he became enthusiastic in encouraging his father-in-law to put all his money into so sure an investment.

The evening passed quite pleasantly for him, living, as it were, in a dreamland of airy castles and wealth, where Lucy Eldridge, his wife, was the cynosure of all eyes. He met her at dinner. She was extremely friendly to him, but her persistent enquiries about Mr. Harland somewhat nettled him.

"Where is your friend, Mr. Spencer?" He hasn't gone home yet, has he?" she asked, as he sat down beside her after dinner.

"No," replied John, "but he has gone to another hotel, and I didn't see him as I came up."

Lucy was quick in guessing something was wrong. Mr. Harland had come up alone the preceding evening. Mr. Spencer had come to-day without his friend; neither cared to speak about the other, and hence Miss Eldridge concluded some change—great or small—had taken place between the two friends. But what the cause of it was she could not form even the remotest conjecture. She dared not ask Mr. Spencer directly about the matter, for if he did not tell her of his own accord, he probably did not desire her to know anything about it. Accordingly she said nothing further on the matter.

John felt that Lucy was not so communicative with him as she had been a few days before. She answered all his questions in the politest manner, but she did not appear desirous of carrying on the conversation. John could not account for this, and wondered what had occurred since their last meeting.

"You don't seem so very cheerful to-night, Miss Eldridge," he ventured to say when a lull in the conversation had become almost painful to him. "Are you feeling unwell?"

"Oh, no!" replied Lucy. "I am well enough, but somehow I am not in a talkative mood to-night. Surely," she added, laughing, "you ought to be glad to have some chance to speak."

"Now, Miss Eldridge, you are too hard

on yourself altogether," said John pleased with the humorous spirit of Lucy. "You know I am always glad to hear you speak."

"How should I know?" asked Lucy, with a mischievous look, and curious to hear what he would say.

"Of course, I never told you so in as many words," he replied, "but—but you—I mean you should take it for granted."

"Granted!" exclaimed Lucy. "Why, I think it should be the last postulate of politeness. Imagine the postulate: Everyone is pleased to hear me talk!"

Here Lucy burst into a laugh. John was delighted. He was congratulating himself on his success in getting Lucy to be pleasant, and was expecting a continuance of this friendly conversation as James Harland walked into the room.

Mr. Harland bowed politely to Miss Eldridge, who smiled sweetly as she held out her hand.

"I was wondering why you didn't come with Mr. Spencer," said Lucy looking from one to the other, "but he said you had changed your hotel."

Lucy stopped. The smile faded from her cheek, as she saw the glaring look of John Spencer. His forehead was flushed; his eyebrows contracted and his small eyes glittered fiercely. His breath came fast and thick and he seemed ready at any moment to spring upon James Harland.

The latter stood in front of John with a look of determination in his face, a look that told he was ready for any emergency. The silence became oppressive and Lucy would fain have darted from the room. But fear made her powerless.

"What do you want here?" demanded John Spencer at length mustering courage to rise and speak.

"That's my business," replied James Harland, determinedly, "not yours."

"How dare you intrude upon our privacy, you scoundrel," shouted John, unable to keep in his boiling anger.

"I'm not intruding, and I'm no scoundrel," replied James firmly.

"You're a lying villain and hypocrite," shouted John.

"And you're a fool," replied James, with a cynical smile upon his lips. "You deserve to be thrown out of the window

for your insolence, but I wouldn't soil my hands on you."

Saying this James Harland bowed to Miss Eldridge and left the room.

CHAPTER VII.

Mr. Eldridge heard the noisy dispute in the sitting room. He came hastily from the library just as James Harland closed the front door. John Spencer told his version of the dispute in an excited manner to Mr. Eldridge, who readily believed an insult had been offered to his daughter and guest. Lucy was too frightened to give any explanation, and immediately sought the retirement of her room.

Mr. Eldridge, highly incensed that any one should insult his daughter, gave orders that on no account should Mr. James Harland be allowed to enter his house. He had insulted its inmates and henceforth was to be shunned by all. When John Spencer called again and heard of this decision, he thought all things were turning out well for him, and that there was no more to fear from James Harland.

In truth, things did look brighter for him from day to day. Since he had arrived in Denver about two months ago, he had felt much better. He had written this to his physician in St. Louis, who, by a return letter, advised him to pass the coming winter in Denver, as the mountain air would doubtless have a lasting and very beneficial effect upon him. Mr. Eldridge had already asked him to spend the winter with him, as he desired some companionship during the long winter nights. As may be expected under the circumstances, John consented with but little hesitation. Thus, a few weeks after the break with his friend, he took up his permanent abode at the Eldridge home.

The time for the great boom in the silver claims in which Mr. Eldridge had heavily invested came and went. But the boom remained unrealized. Mr. Eldridge became nervous about it, and went about the house in a distracted manner. Suddenly a crash came. The whole affair had proved a fizzle. The leaders of the movement had absconded, leaving the investors in the lurch to the extent of half a million!

Poor Eldridge! Almost his entire fortune was invested in the scheme and he realized he was a ruined man. He hid the extent of his loss from Lucy and John; but that it was great both perceived from his uneasy and nervous manner. The truth of the matter was that it was worse even than Mr. Eldridge himself realized. If his creditors had pressed him, he would have been turned into the streets, a penniless beggar.

Mr. Eldridge now became anxious that Lucy should marry John Spencer. The latter was heir to a large fortune, and even at present possessed quite a large sum of money. If Lucy should remain on his hands, thought her father, he would be forced to take to daily work to support her. He dreaded the thought of humbling himself and of telling her the real state of affairs. If she would only marry soon—before he was turned out—she, at least, would be provided for and have little to trouble her personally.

As the months wore on, the needs of Mr. Eldridge became more pressing, so that when John asked him, in the early part of November, for the hand of his daughter, he was not long in giving his permission. And this, in spite of his former protest, that it didn't exactly belong to him to give his daughter away. But the gaining of Lucy's promise was a more difficult matter. She respected, admired, and in a way, loved John Spencer. But the deeper devotion of her woman's heart was reserved for another—for one whom John Spencer thought to be entirely out of her heart.

Yet Lucy was extraordinarily devoted to her father. His will was to her almost law. To him, indeed, she paid the filial devotion of a child who has never known its mother, and to whom a father had been all in all. She could not think of displeasing him. When she learned his desire in the matter of her marriage, it was the hardest test to which her filial love had yet been put—to comply with that desire. She put the decision of the matter off as often as it was mentioned, hoping against hope that something would happen to extricate her from her difficulty.

Toward the end of November Mr. Eldridge's creditors began to importune him

for money. He saw no escape unless he could get some. One morning, he came to his daughter's room, and told her that he was in the direst straits,—that only her marriage with John Spencer could save him. John, he said, had promised him the use of several thousands, as soon as she would consent. He must have this money; it was her duty to yield to his wishes, especially when so eligible a match as the one in question was offered her. He couldn't see why she didn't like John. It must be only a foolish whim of hers to reject one whom hundreds of girls in a better position, would gladly take. In short, considered from her personal standpoint alone, it would be foolish to throw away so good opportunity of marriage.

Thus it was that the distracted father urged his daughter to a marriage she did not wish. Two months before he would not have done such a thing. But in his foolish anxiety for his good name, he had left the feelings and rights of his daughter out of the question. Nor has he been the first to do this; neither shall he be the last. Alas! how often has the love of fame or name, of power or wealth, been confounded with the true love of a woman's heart. True love—yes it is a gift of God, and woe-betide the man who barter's God's gifts. If evil befall him not, 'tis a mercy of heaven, and a mercy that he little deserved.

"But, father," said Lucy, "I can't love him as a wife should. I feel that I would be a deceiver if I should not."

"Nonsense," said her father; "put away such foolish thoughts. Be a woman. Have sense. Look upon the matter philosophically. He has everything necessary for a good husband—wealth, name, family, personal accomplishments. Why, Lucy, what can you want?"

"But, father," protested Lucy, "I can't feel that—"

"Feel nothing!" exclaimed her father, bristling at her opposition. "You'll have to marry him. I'll be ruined if you don't. I'll tell him that you've consented."

Mr. Eldridge rose and left the room. Lucy burst into tears. Oh, the sacrifice that she was called upon to make. If she had been let alone to follow her own feelings, there would not have been one

moment's hesitation. But her father,—he who had been so good and kind and loving—would be ruined if she should not consent. For some time she debated within herself. The big, burning tears rolled down her cheeks. She knelt down, and folding her trembling hands, offered up a prayer for strength to make the sacrifice she felt called upon to make.

CHAPTER VIII.

James Harland learned with fear that his rival had taken up his abode with Mr. Eldridge. He realized that he was now at a great disadvantage; but the conviction that Lucy Eldridge's love was his buoyed him up under the reverses. Forbidden to enter even the grounds of Mr. Eldridge, he often walked past the place in the hope of catching a glimpse of Lucy. Once only did he see her alone, often in company—generally with John Spencer. He made use of Jakey to carry letters to her and to fetch her answers. These answers were his happiness, for in them he read Lucy's heart.

John Spencer, however, found out about these letters in a short time, and spoke to Mr. Eldridge about them. The more dependent Mr. Eldridge became, the more did he favor the wishes of John. Thus it was that Lucy was finally forbidden to hold any communication whatsoever with Mr. Harland. In this way, almost the only means of reaching Lucy was taken from James.

In September Mr. Harland had written to his family and told them that he had taken a liking for mining. For the nonce, he said, he had taken a position at the Miners' Bank. But the real reason for his taking this position was that Mr. Eldridge's business was done there, and Lucy often came to attend to it. Here, however, he saw her seldomer than he had expected, because her father, upon learning that James Harland was there, hardly ever sent her.

These scanty means of keeping near Lucy had given James great hope, because through them he was assured of Lucy's love. For the rest, he was awaiting future events. Towards December, it became well nigh impossible for him to reach Lucy at all. It was two weeks since he had seen her at the

bank, and then only in company with her father.

It was with no small fear that Mr. Harland saw the dwindling account of Mr. Eldridge at the Miners' Bank. When rumor became rife about the probable bankruptcy of Mr. Eldridge, his fears increased. Late experience had convinced him that John Spencer would be sure to use such an opportunity as a coign of advantage. All his direst forebodings were confirmed when a check for \$20,000 drawn by John Spencer, in favor of George Eldridge, was deposited in the bank. A few days afterwards he heard that Lucy was engaged to John. His heart sank within him. Could it be true? Had she given him up? Impossible! If it was true she must have been forced into giving consent.

The day after he heard of the engagement, Lucy came to the bank to cash a check. How changed she was, and in two weeks! Her bright, cheerful look had almost lost itself. Her eyes, so deep and blue, seemed now to be bottomless depths of sorrow. It was evidently a painful effort for her to be cheerful as she was of yore, though she bravely strove to be so. Her hand trembled as she placed the bills in her purse. When she turned to go, James Harland stepped quickly out of the side door and met her as she entered the hall.

"Good afternoon, Miss Eldridge," he said, almost afraid to speak, "I haven't had the pleasure of speaking to you for some time."

"Good day, Mr. Harland," replied Lucy, as a painful smile brightened her face, "neither have I seen you lately."

There was something like accusation in her tone and James Harland felt guilty as he gazed upon her sorrowful face. Perhaps it was owing to his lack of inattention during the last few weeks that she had given him up and consented to marry John Spencer. He had written to her but she had not answered his last letter. Perhaps she did not get it. His conscience smote him, and in self-justification he hurriedly replied:

"But you know I couldn't go up to see you. I would not have been welcome. So you must pardon me."

He felt the weakness of his reply, and his heart rose in his throat as she said:

"I, at least, would have welcomed you. But you never answered my letter of three weeks ago."

"Letter!" exclaimed James aghast. "Why, Miss Eldridge, I received no letter of you at that time."

"No letter?" said Lucy, surprised in her turn. "Then I have been too hard in my judgment upon you. Forgive me."

"But tell me what you wanted in the letter," he insisted, as Lucy moved towards the door.

"It's useless now," said Lucy, drawing a deep sigh.

"No, no!" he exclaimed, wrought upon by the confidence placed in him by the one girl he loved.

"I hoped you would have helped me," said Lucy as a crimson flush suffused her face and tears dimmed her eyes. "But it's too late. Good bye, perhaps I'll never see you again."

For the moment James could not speak, so filled was his heart with mingled remorse and emotion. As she opened the door and went out, he tried to call her back.

"Miss Eldridge," he cried, but the door was closed and he was alone.

Dumbfounded by the overwhelming news he had just received, James walked back toward his desk, utterly unconscious of what he was doing. He bumped into a clerk, who was carrying some loose coin, and upset the box. So totally oblivious was he of all around that he had heard neither the crash of the coins nor the loving epithets and pet names applied to him by the enraged clerk.

"Mr. Harland is in love," giggled one of the bookkeepers to the enraged coin-picker on the floor.

"He's more than in love; he's insane," replied the irate clerk, as he picked up his box.

CHAPTER IX.

All the arrangements were being made for the wedding. Mr. Eldridge was in better cue, as he had managed to recuperate, in part, his failing fortune by a wildcat investment, made with no more consideration than the former disastrous one. But luckily for Mr. Eldridge, it turned out better than its daring promoters had hoped. He looked upon John Spencer as his benefactor; and in

spite of all his paternal instincts, he went cruelly on in the enforcement of his daughter's marriage. It meant great financial loss to him to pursue any other course; but that loss would have been a thousand times preferable to the annihilation of all his daughter's hopes in life. Occasionally a pang of remorse pierced him to his soul's inner self, but he had started on the wrong path, he had advanced far, and now, sooner than turn back, he would go to the bitter end.

With John Spencer, the case was somewhat similar. He had finally become convinced that Lucy's heart could not be won. Yet this made him more obstinate in his determination. If he could not win her love, James Harland, at least, could not have her. He would trample a dozen hearts in the dust before his rival should foil him.

And poor Lucy! She moved about the house, silent, sad, sorrowful. It was touching to see how wilted was that flower which had once shed such joy and fragrance upon all that household. She came and went, but the gladdening spirit of her presence was no longer felt as it was of yore. She listened to all the wishes of her father and carried them out,—but in a machine-like way. She no longer appeared to have a will of her own. The surrendering of it on the one great affair of her life seemed to have sapped its vitality and left it a withered stalk.

Her white forehead had grown whiter, but its whiteness had lost its charm. A crimson tint came at times to her faded cheeks, but it served only to show more clearly the beauty that had once been theirs. Her step had lost its elasticity, and when she spoke her voice seemed an echo of its former self.

She had written to James Harland, to find some way of extricating herself from the fate that awaited her. For a whole week she awaited an answer. None came. Her last hope had vanished and slowly, sadly, touchingly she wilted away.

After going home from the bank on the day he had seen Lucy Eldridge, James Harland sat in his room at the Belvidere, racking his brains to find some scheme to free Lucy. He felt that her case had become desperate, and that if

anything was to be done it must be done at once. He had put on his coat and was reaching his hat when a knock came to the door. Opening it he found, to his astonishment, standing before it, Jakey, the old gardener of Mr. Eldridge.

"Come in Jakey," said James excitedly. "You're just the man I was going to see."

"It's very kind of you, Mr. Harland," said Jakey bowing, and guessing the motive of Mr. Harland's intended visit, "to think of going to see an old fellow like me. I'm sure you can't get much good from me."

"Now, Jakey, just sit down," said Mr. Harland, as he closed the door. "You and I must come to an understanding. I believe I am not far wrong when I say that the motive of your visit to me is the same as my intended visit to you—Miss Eldridge."

"You're a pretty good guesser," said Jakey, smiling, "but how are we to speak of her when it's a private business and not to be discussed in public?"

"I'm not in a joking mood to-night, Jakey," said James sternly, somewhat displeased with this old sally of the gardener's. "Let us get to the point. You said once that John Spencer could never marry Lucy Eldridge. Now I want to know your reason, if you have any. Give it to me and name your price."

From several previous conversations with Jakey, James Harland had been convinced that he possessed some secret. He had tried to worm it out of him, but all in vain. Now, however, he was determined to have it, whatever it was, and cost what it might to get it. The secret would, perhaps, save him from carrying out his desperate resolutions; for on returning home that night he had sworn that John Spencer should never wed Lucy Eldridge.

"I'm an interested party," said Jakey, "and more interested than you."

James looked at the gardener in surprise. "More interested than I?" he mused to himself. "What can the fellow mean?"

Jakey saw the puzzled look on James' face, and reading its meaning, continued:

"But in a different way. But before I begin you must swear to me that no harm shall befall me from what I tell

you. Otherwise my lips remain closed forever, and the secret goes with me to the grave."

"I promise and swear that no one shall touch a hair of your head," said James Harland in his most solemn and deliberate tone.

"And you'll never make it known without all necessary precautions being taken beforehand."

"I swear."

"Now give me a check for ten thousand dollars," continued Jakey calmly.

James Harland looked up in amazement. He had foreseen that Jakey would have to be paid. But \$10,000!

"I haven't that much money on hand," said James after a moment.

"Well, how much?" asked Jakey, coldly.

"About \$3,000."

Here Jakey hauled a parcel of papers and a small package from a capacious inner pocket, and placed them on the table before him.

"Give me the three thousand dollars, now, and you shall have my secret. When you pay the balance of the ten, you can have these proofs," said Jakey.

James hesitated. Was this man about to make a fool of him? Did he really possess any secret worth knowing? Grave doubts on the matter presented themselves to him. But the thought of Lucy crossed his mind, and the doubts disappeared. Everything was worth risking for her. But could he not seize the helpless man and force him to disclose the secret. It would scarcely do. The noise of a scuffle would be heard. The reason of it would be learned and the secret would become known to others, and perhaps Lucy would, thereby, be lost to him forever. Yes, he would risk all.

"You must have the \$3,000?"

"Absolutely," replied Jakey, beginning to fold up his bundle again.

"Well, then, I suppose I must come to your terms," said James, reaching a check book.

"Just as you wish, Mr. Harland," said Jakey with perfect nonchalance.

"There," said James, pushing the check across the table. "The remaining \$7,000 as soon as I raise it—perhaps the day after to-morrow."

"Good," said Jakey, looking at the check, and then quietly placing it in his pocket. "As soon as you give me the balance these things are yours,—not before. But without them, the secret on the authority of my word alone will be worth little."

"I agree," said James, anxious to solve the mystery. "Begin."

"In the seventies," began Jakey leaning back in his chair, but still keeping his hand on the bundle before him, "the two families,—Eldridges and Spencers—lived near together. I was then, as now, a servant of the Eldridges. Both had baby girls which looked much alike and yet which a close observer could easily distinguish. The Spencer child was kidnapped, and no trace of it could be found. A servant of the Spencers and myself were the kidnappers; we expected to get a large ransom from the family. We made an offer; it was refused, Spencer pleading unable to pay such a sum. We thought it a ruse to gain time but we soon found out our mistake, as Mr. Spencer went almost bankrupt a week after. We were then in a rather awkward position,—a child on our hands and no easy way of getting rid of it. We were about to return it, when an accident happened that changed our plans and let us off without much difficulty."

"The nurse of the Eldridges and I were very intimate. One day, I overtook her while she was carrying a baby and walking along a rough piece of road. It was twilight. I walked up behind her stealthily, wishing to frighten her. As I came within a pace of her, I shouted. She jumped. In doing so her foot caught on something and she fell. The baby's head crashed against a stone, breaking the poor creature's neck and crushing the skull. The baby was Lucy Eldridge."

"You can imagine the consternation and terror of the nurse at the sight. She began to rave like a mad-woman, and it was some time before it occurred to me that the Spencer baby could be substituted for that of the Eldridge's. I told the scheme to the half-distracted girl and the poor thing was ready to do anything. Accordingly we carried it out. Lucy Eldridge lies buried at the foot of

Craig's Cliff and Mary Spencer lives with Mr. Eldridge."

Jakey stopped. James' face was a study. The lowered forehead, knitted eyebrows and cynical curl of the lip showed how he despised the degraded character of the ruthless kidnapper. And yet there seemed to be a look of pleasure in the depths of his soft eyes. But he was silent.

"Remember," said Jakey, rising and putting the package into his pocket, "that these are yours when you pay me the balance."

Without waiting for a reply he left the room.

Next day James Harland set to work to get the required sum. He found it a more difficult task than he had anticipated. It forced him upon the 11th of December to go to a mining camp 30 miles distant to get the signature of the president of the bank who was making a tour of several claims in company with a party of engineers. He appointed a place of meeting with Jakey so that there would be no delay on his return, for if he should try to prevent the marriage without proofs of his assertion he would be treated as a crazy lover.

CHAPTER X.

December 12 had been appointed as the day for the marriage. It was the evening of the ninth that Lucy met James Harland at the Miners' Bank. She had received nothing from him since,—yes, one thing. He had sent her, through Jakey, a note with a few words hastily written with pencil upon it: "I'll save you from him. Trust me.—J. H."

She received this note on the morning of the tenth. That day passed by; the eleventh came and went; the destined morning arrived, but no further sign of James Harland. It was with a deep sigh that she awoke that morning from a fitful sleep. The bright sunlight streamed through the half-open shutters into her chambers. It lighted up the bridal veil hanging on the opposite side of her room. Lucy moaned as she saw it; for its beauty was but mockery to her.

The ceremony was to take place at eight o'clock. At half-past seven she was accompanied to a cab by her father.

John Spencer and a nephew of Mr. Eldridge's followed them in another. The wedding march was played in a solemn manner as Mr. Eldridge slowly led his daughter down the aisle to the front of the church.

In a few minutes the priest, preceded by a choir of altar boys richly arrayed, issued from the vestry. Mass began. At the proper moment John Spencer and Lucy Eldridge knelt at the altar steps and plighted their troth. Lucy's voice was scarcely audible, and a hush as if death passed over the church as she murmured those awful words. Mass was ended, the blessing given, and the priest proceeded towards the sacristy.

Suddenly there was a rush in the vestibule. The door of the church flew open, and James Harland rushed bare-headed down the aisle, holding a paper in one hand and a small package in the other. A moment of panic followed. All rose from their seats in fright; girls screamed; women fainted.

The priest turned to see the cause of the uproar, and James Harland leaned over the chancel railing calling to him. The priest called in a commanding tone to the people to be seated. In a few minutes there was order, and in an excited tone, James Harland said, pointing to the bride:

"That woman is John Spencer's sister."

At these words the bride screamed and fell fainting into John's arms. A sudden panic seized upon the people and they rushed from the church. With some difficulty the bride was revived in the sacristy. The document and proofs presented by James Harland were hastily and nervously examined. The priest seemed to be convinced of their genuineness. The particulars of the case were given minutely and the clothes contained in the small package dispelled all doubt even from the mind of John Spencer himself.

Mr. Eldridge stood aghast, and refus-

ed to believe a word of the whole affair.

"It's false! it must be false!" he exclaimed excitedly, "and I will bring the rogue to justice that is playing the hoax!"

It was with difficulty that the old man could be persuaded to go home quietly, as the case would afterwards be examined at length.

John Spencer was the most abashed person in the crowd. He keenly felt the awful absurdity and ridiculousness of his position, and so, without waiting for anyone, he slipped out of the sacristy door unseen.

Mary Spencer was taken back to the Eldridge home in the cab that awaited to take her away as a bride. James Harland assisted her to it. As he did so he pressed her hand gently. She looked up. A bright smile flitted across her face. Their eyes met, and between them passed an unspoken message which none but they could read.

* * * *

A year afterwards James Harland had returned one evening to his cozy home—once the Eldridge home which he had been forbidden to enter. As he was passing through the hall he glanced into a half-open door. His wife was sitting at a table attentively examining some photographs and papers before her. He tip-toed quietly into the room. Standing behind her he looked over her shoulder to see what she was gazing so intently upon. It was that short note scrawled in pencil—"I'll save you from him. Trust me.—J.H."

"Surely," she muttered to herself, "I have been borne strangely upon the wings of fate."

Seeing a shadow at her side, she looked around. A crimson tint shot across her face and a smile of love dimpled her cheeks.

"Yes, dearest Lucy," said James stooping to kiss her, "On the Wings of Fate."

The end.

Editorial Notes.

The feast of Ireland's Patron Saint will be celebrated this month throughout the country. Fidelity to their religion, through ages of cruel persecution, and a filial love for their beloved Apostle, is what we witness in the Irish people. On the feast of their Patron then, we celebrate the preservation of that ancient Faith which St. Patrick, commissioned by the Supreme Pontiff of Rome, preached to them by word and example, the good tidings, the Teachings of Christ, which soon changed them from a nation of idolaters into the Isle of Saints. The recent efforts of some of our Protestant brethren to prove that St. Patrick was a Protestant or anything else but a staunch Catholic will always remain futile. For how can they explain that tender devotion to the Blessed Virgin, that faithful allegiance to the Roman Pontiff, that filial attachment to their priests, that high moral standard which particularly characterizes the Irish people? Surely these did not come from the so-called reformers.

* * * *

This month is dedicated to St. Joseph, the Patron of the universal Church. Among all the Saints that we venerate in the Celestial Kingdom, none were more holy, none were higher in the friendship of God than St. Joseph, excepting always his pure Spouse. It is a principle among Theologians that when God chooses anyone for a certain position, he always gives him the necessary graces and help to fulfill the duties of that position worthily. Now, no one on this earth occupied a higher position in the decrees of God than St. Joseph. He was the chaste spouse of the Mother of God, the foster-father and faithful custodian of the only begotten Son of God made Man. To him it was given to hold the Divine Child in his arms, to caress Him, to guard Him, to command Him. Certainly a wonderful privilege! Hence the pious Gerson speaking of this singular privilege exclaims: "O astonishing elevation! O unparalleled dignity, that the Mother of God should call you her Lord; that God Himself, made man, should call you father, and obey your commands. His humility, however,

prompts him to conceal these great prerogatives from the eyes of men, living as the most obscure of men, and although descended from the royal house of David, he is content with his condition, that of a poor carpenter. The Church addresses to us the words of Pharo, to the people who sought help in their want "Go to Joseph." We should often have recourse to this great Saint, during this month in particular we should often pray to him and ask him to help us in our needs. St. Teresa says she never asked anything of him which she did not obtain. Surely if the Saviour of the world was obedient to him, when he lived on this earth, He will not refuse him anything now that He is in heaven. The greatest Saints have testified to this.

* * * *

The feast of the Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin commemorates the most important embassy known in the history of the world; an embassy sent by the King of kings, executed by one of the chief Princes of His heavenly court; directed to the most perfect creature, the noblest being that ever existed; announcing the most important news that was ever heard on this earth. The Archangel Gabriel gives us the first news of the coming Redemption. The Prophets had foretold the miracles of this day: "Behold a Virgin shall conceive and bring forth a Son, and he shall be called Emmanuel." The Patriarchs had sighed for the coming of this day; the holy Simeon was praying to God to hasten it.

* * * *

The Church exhorts us to practise penance and mortification during the whole year, but particularly during this holy season of Lent. Christ taught us the necessity of doing penance, of following Him on the royal way of the Cross, both by word and example. "If any man will come after me," He says, "let him deny himself, take up his cross and follow Me." His life, from the stable of Bethlehem to Mt. Calvary was a life of suffering. In order then to be true followers of him, to be true Christians, we must imitate his life of mortification and self-denial. ..

The final celebrations of the Pope's Jubilee are now begun. The International Committee has made known the principal features of the celebration at Rome :

On Friday, Feb. 20th, the 25th anniversary of the election of His Holiness, an audience will be given to the pilgrimages and delegations present in Rome for the occasion. On the same day, the committee will present to the Pope the golden tiara, the gift of the whole world; the money collected for the restoration of the Church of St. John Lateran, the mother church of Rome, and the medal commemorative of the Jubilee.

On Thursday, Friday and Saturday a solemn triduum will be held in the Church of the Apostles, which will be concluded on Sunday, Feb. 22nd, by Cardinal Respighi, the Vicar of Rome, celebrating High Mass in thanksgiving to God for having preserved the life of the Venerable Pontiff. On the same day at the Vatican a dinner will be given to a thousand poor people in honor of His Holiness, the Father of the poor.

Tuesday, March 3rd, the Holy Father will go to St. Peter's Church wearing the golden tiara. There he will give his blessing to all, and then the Te Deum will be sung by the immense throng of people from all parts of the world.

Beginning Friday, March 6th, a solemn triduum will be held in the Church of Gesu, where the Rev. P. Zocchi, S. J., Mgr. Radini Tedeschi and Cardinal Sattoli, will preach the sermons, after which a Cardinal will give benediction. It will close Sunday evening, March 8th, when all the people will sing the Te Deum.

On Tuesday, April 28th, the Holy Father completing the years, months and days of the Pontificate of St. Peter at Rome, the International Committee will present the congratulations of the whole world to the venerable Pontiff.

* * * *

The sum collected by the International Committee for the golden tiara to the present date amounts to 94,570.90 francs, or about \$18,000. Of this the diocese of Quebec contributed 5,625 francs or about \$1,000, and the diocese of Toronto 2,866.48 francs or about \$570.

Next June the Very Rev. Pius R. Mayer, who was recently elected General of the Carmelite Order, will come to this country. He will visit all the houses of the Order in the United States and Canada, and then he will preside at the Provincial Chapter, which will be held at Niagara Falls in the beginning of July. He will be accompanied by the Very Rev. Anastasius Borras, the Procurator General.

Petitions Asked For.

The prayers of our readers are kindly requested for the following petitions :

That a person may get a good situation and boarding house, for two spiritual favors ; three conversions ; the cure of a person given to drink ; peace in a family ; help to pay a debt ; health for a brother ; that a person may know her vocation ; health for a mother ; success in business for a father ; health for a person ; means to pay expenses ; that a young man may pass a successful examination ; that a young man may return to his religious duties ; that a person may obtain a good position ; several special favors.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

We beg our subscribers again, when writing to us, to give us in full their name and address, and when moving, the old address as well as the new one. Last month we received a letter from a subscriber, who did not give the State in which she resides. As we have subscribers in every State and territory in the United States, it is no easy task to find out the State in which she lives. Another subscriber wrote to us without signing the name. In such cases, if their letters are not attended to, it is certainly not our fault.

Sometimes the Review does not reach the subscribers regularly. This is seldom through any fault of ours. If the Review does not reach you every month, do not wait several months before telling us, notify us at once, and if your subscription is paid to date we are willing to supply all missing copies.

Book Review.

"Thousand and One Objections to Secret Societies," by Rev. J. W. Book, R. D., is a very commendable brochure in which all the objections that are usually brought up against the attitude of the Catholic Church towards secret societies are answered in a popular and concise, but nevertheless very cogent and logic style.

This is an age of unions and combines, as the author remarks, and hence to give the public an idea of the object and nature of forbidden societies is supplying a much felt want, and will go far in preventing men from joining these pernicious associations. B. Herder, 17 S. Broadway, St. Louis, Mo., is the publisher. Price retail 15c per copy.

B. Herder publishes another valuable work in the cause of Education: "The Young Teacher Encouraged." It has merited a splendid eulogy from Bishop Spaulding, whose indefatigable efforts to further the advancement of science and intellectual enlightenment deserve the gratitude and acknowledgement of the people. The noble book of teaching presents indeed many difficulties and if not carried on in the right method will be void of good results.

This book shows the merit, the dignity and the nobility of education. The religious teacher's vocation is a divine calling. Teachers are the instruments Christ employs to sow His seed into the soil of the human heart, that it may bear fruits of virtue and happiness.

It shows besides, that the secret of success in imparting knowledge to the youthful mind and a moral training to the heart lies in the mildness and gentleness and love with which the teacher instructs his pupil; as we can only improve those whose confidence and good will we have gained.

This book will be of valuable help to our Catholic teachers, our Brotherhoods and Sisterhoods, and we wish to encourage them to acquire it for themselves. Price \$1.25.

"A Short Rule and Daily Exercise," by the great master of spiritual life, Louis de Blois, contains in succinct form

wise and useful directions by which the soul is guided in its interior life. Persons aspiring to perfection will find this little book a great help to them. B. Herder, 17 S. Broadway, St. Louis, Mo. Price, net, 20c.

* * * *

From the same publishing firm appears also another work of Blösins, "Comfort for the Faint Hearted," which contains just the proper medicine for souls that are suffering from scrupulosity and discouragement. How common their ailments are is well known, and how painful and dangerous a malady is easily understood. This book, therefore, can be recommended to all and deserves to be studied with careful attention. Price, 75c.

* * * *

In "The Art of Disappearing," by John Talbot Smith, the author displays originality of conception and some of his characters are true to life. The story is told in a fascinating and very powerful style. However, this book on the whole, we fear, will do more harm than good. That Catholics are not very particular about lying, and that according to our principles, the end justifies the means, are the two great objections which Protestants bring up against us. Now, this novel is nothing but a plain proof and confirmation of these objections, instead of being their refutation. For the hero of the story, at the instigation of a priest, a Monsignore assumes the personality of another, deceiving everyone around him, acting lies, therefore, and this for the purpose of punishing crime, his faithless Sonin. The end justifies the means, which principle is false, and hence this novel faulty. It is not the best that came from the pen of the reverend author. Not only is the principal idea of the book false, but the details also lack probability as well as propriety and delicacy. The interview and the attack upon the virtue of Louis by the escaped Nun, with her husband in the next room, seems unlikely. Louis, who after this shocking encounter, runs away from home, is not a person with a vocation for the priesthood, and then for Arthur Dillon, the hero, by force of the Pauline privilege, to marry Barbara, with her evident vocation to the convent, is

certainly not very great heroism.

Whilst we admire this book from a literary view, we cannot approve of it from a moral standpoint.

Publishers, Wm. Young & Co., 63 Barclay St., New York. Price, \$1.50.

* * *

"The Rose and the Sheepskin," by Joseph Gordian Daley. Publishers, Wm. Young & Co., New York. Price \$1.00.

This is a story of college life. There is a great variety of characters among the students, and we can see what a great influence the association with certain persons may have on others, either for the good or for the bad. The death scene of one of the heroes is described very pathetically. We do not think, however, that the book gives us a true picture of a Catholic College. The rectors and professors are more competent men, and more watchful over the students than those of St. Urban.

* * *

D. & J. Sadlier, of New York, have published a prayer book called "The Pious Companion for Young Catholics." It contains the prayers for Mass, Confession, Communions and other devotions suitable to young people. The price is very low.

Bound in cloth, per dozen, \$1.50.

Handsomely bound with gilt edges, \$2.25.

Letters of Thanksgiving.

Rev. Father :

Having promised publication in the Carmelite Review for several favors, which were subsequently granted, I beg their insertion. One, the cure of a child dangerously ill with pneumonia, and other cases of dangerous illness to persons necessary to families. I promised publication in case of their recovery, in the Carmelite Review, which pledges I now wish to redeem.

F. A.

* * *

A Pennsylvania reader would like to publish a great favor obtained through the intercourse of the Blessed Virgin and St. Anthony. It was protection against a very contagious disease to which we were very much exposed. I promised to have it published if my prayers were

answered, and I am glad to say they were.

* * *

Rev. Fathers :

Some time ago I promised Our Lady of Mt. Carmel, if she would obtain employment for my brother (which she soon did), I would have a Mass said in her honor. This happened about three months ago. The favor having been granted immediately, I feel as if I have been very ungrateful for not having the Mass said before now.

E. M. M. P.

* * *

Enclosed please find an offering for a Mass, which I promised to Our Lady of Mt. Carmel if she would free me from a certain sickness. As soon as I made the promise I felt much better, and I am gaining strength rapidly.

M. F.

* * *

Dear Rev. Fathers :

Enclosed please find an offering for two Masses, one in honor of the Holy Family, for two favors received, the other in honor of St. Anthony, for the relief of the Poor Souls for a favor received. Please have these published in the Review.

M. W.

* * *

A lady wishes to return thanks for the cure of her husband, who was given to drink for the last four years.

E. M.

—————

Obituary.

We recommend to the pious prayers of our readers the souls of the following lately deceased :

Mrs. Barbara Koabel, of Snyder, Ont., a model mother, who was loved by all. Charles O'Reilly, of Trout Riverlines, Que.

Peter Brady, of Huntingdon, Que.

William Verhoeven, who died at Rochester, Oct. 8th, 1902. He was conscious to the last, and well prepared to meet his Maker.

Walter Grant, of Antigonish, N.S.

Mrs. Eunice Murphy, who died at Northville, Ont., March 8th, 1902. She was a wearer of the Brown, and a member of the Hospice building fund.

Our Lady's Own.

Scapular names have been received at:
 Falls View, Ont., from Christmas Island, C. B., N.S.; Lismore, Picton Co., N.S.; St. Anthony's Church, Padua, Minn.; North Sydney, C.B., N.S.; St. Paul, Minn.; Alexandria, Ont.; Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception, Burlington, Ont.; Eganville, Ont.; St. Michael's Church, Findlay, O.; St. Mary's Church, London, Ont.; Notre Dame, Ind.; Forestville, N.Y.; Dresden, Kas.; Owen Sound, Ont.; Drayton, Ont.

Holy Trinity Church, Pittsburg, Pa., from St. Sylvester's Church, O.; St. Patrick's Church, Pueblo, Colo.; Elm Grove, Wis.; Dinton, Ind.; Woodsfield, O.; Wittenburg, O.

The devotion to the Virgin Mary is so natural to the heart that its spread is coeval with the Christian law. The influence permeates every rank from the king to the beggar. The scholar loves to demonstrate her excellence; the poet makes her beauty the theme of his rapturous song; the painter causes the canvas to glow with her face so fair; the sculptor with magic chisel carves the rough marble into the living image of her celestial sweetness; the mariner, ere tempting the perilous deep, invokes her aid as he unfurls the snowy sail to the breeze; the soldier confidently implores her protection on the eve of battle; the laborer finishes his daily toil with an Ave Maria, whilst the unfortunate ever seek comfort at her wayside shrine, even as the weary traveler seeks the leafy cedar and sparkling water that springs beneath its shade. The Catholic church hails her not as the muse of fading garlands but as having for her coronet the everlasting stars.—An exchange.

The life of every man is a diary in which he means to write one story, and writes another.—J. M. Barrie.

Go to Our Lady whose love is as of the sea; pray her to help you to overcome your faults, to obtain for you never to commit a deliberate fault, never to offend God. She will not only make you very good, but very happy.

By the Sea-side.

Beneath a pine tree's shadow,
 Close by the silvery strand,
 They seemed as lovely models
 For skilled artistic hand.
 One youthful form of beauty
 Unfolding fair and mild!
 Her face was sweetly pensive
 The other still a child.

But, oh, for Angel-music
 Or high poetic art
 To tell their loving accents
 For Thee, most Sacred Heart!
 "How grand the boundless ocean!
 O watch its ebb and tide!
 Is Jesus' Heart my sister
 As wonderful, as wide?"

The elder sister listened
 To this soft melody,
 Then answered: "O far greater
 Than this blue rippling sea."
 It is indeed most beautiful,
 My dearest, to your glance,
 God truly is Omnipotent
 Who made this vast expanse.

"But still those waves have limits!
 They flow from shore to shore;
 Thus shall ye go no farther,
 Was said by God of yore."
 Her dreamy eyes were gazing
 Beyond the ocean's brink:
 "Far greater, O my sister,
 His Heart than we can think."

How glorious was that evening,
 How calm the sun-lit sea,
 How pleasing were those musings
 Most loving Lord to Thee!
 Thy beauty is abyssal—
 Our noblest thoughts above
 In Thee is light effulgent
 And everlasting love.

Absorb our hearts, sweet Jesus,
 Like glistening drops in Thee,
 And bear them ever onward
 To love's eternity.
 The Twilight shadows gather
 And 'neath an evening star
 The wavelets seemed to echo:
 "His heart is greater far."

Enfant de Marie.

A Charitable Wearer of the Scapular.

Not so very long ago, on the occasion of the celebration of the centenary of the so-called Brandburg miners in Germany, a rich man, the owner of the mines, assembled his workmen and spoke to them words of thanks for their faithfulness. And to give them, as he said, a substantial token of his love, he made them a present of twenty-five thousand dollars, which he had put in the savings bank for the benefit of all. Each workman had a certain sum in the bank, which he was supposed to leave there on interest, unless he was urged by special needs at home, to go and draw his money. So far the agreement—and now what happened? Not a few of the workmen, it is said, as soon as the chance was given, were in a hurry to draw their money for the support of their families, as they pretended. Of course, the rich man said nothing; he let them go. But what did he do in his turn? He went to the banker and told him to double the shares of those of his working men who had not drawn their money. And who did this? Who was the generous giver? He was a child of Mary, a faithful wearer of the Brown, Count Ballestrem, the President of the German Reichstag. It is related of him, that during the Franco-German war, when an officer in the army of his country, quarters were assigned him one day at the house of a French lady of rank. Soon after his arrival, the Count, as a matter of courtesy, sent to the rich lady, asking when it would be agreeable for him to come to pay his respects to her. The lady declined to receive one who was the enemy of her country. A day or two later, however, a circumstance, trifling as it were, in itself, made the lady change her mind. The Count found his scapular torn and gave it to one of his soldiers to mend for him. The latter's fingers proved too clumsy for the task, and he took it to the rich lady's servant-maid, begging her to do the work for him. When the scapular was brought back, it was accompanied by a message from her mistress. In the note the rich lady told the Count that she no longer refused to receive one in whom she recognized a devout servant of Mary.

A.M.D.G.

Homeland Beauties.

Beautiful the homeland rapture,
And its everlasting peace,
When the weary ones are restful
And all pains of exile cease.
Beautiful the homeland music
On that tranquil, far-off shore,
Where the golden harps are thrilling
With God's praise for evermore.

Beautiful the homeland welcomes
After lapse of many years,
When "farewells!" were often murmured
Sadly, through a mist of tears.
Beautiful the homeland angels,
Still more beautiful their Queen,
With a diadem of star-gems,
And arrayed in sun-lit sheen.

Beautiful the homeland vision
Of our Saviour's holy Face!
Radiant "lamp"* in life of glory,
As, on earth, in life of grace.
Faith reveals these homeland beauties,
Hope aspires to things above,
As we glide so swiftly onward
To the homeland of God's love.
Enfant de Marie,
St. Clares.

*—Apac. xxi, 23.

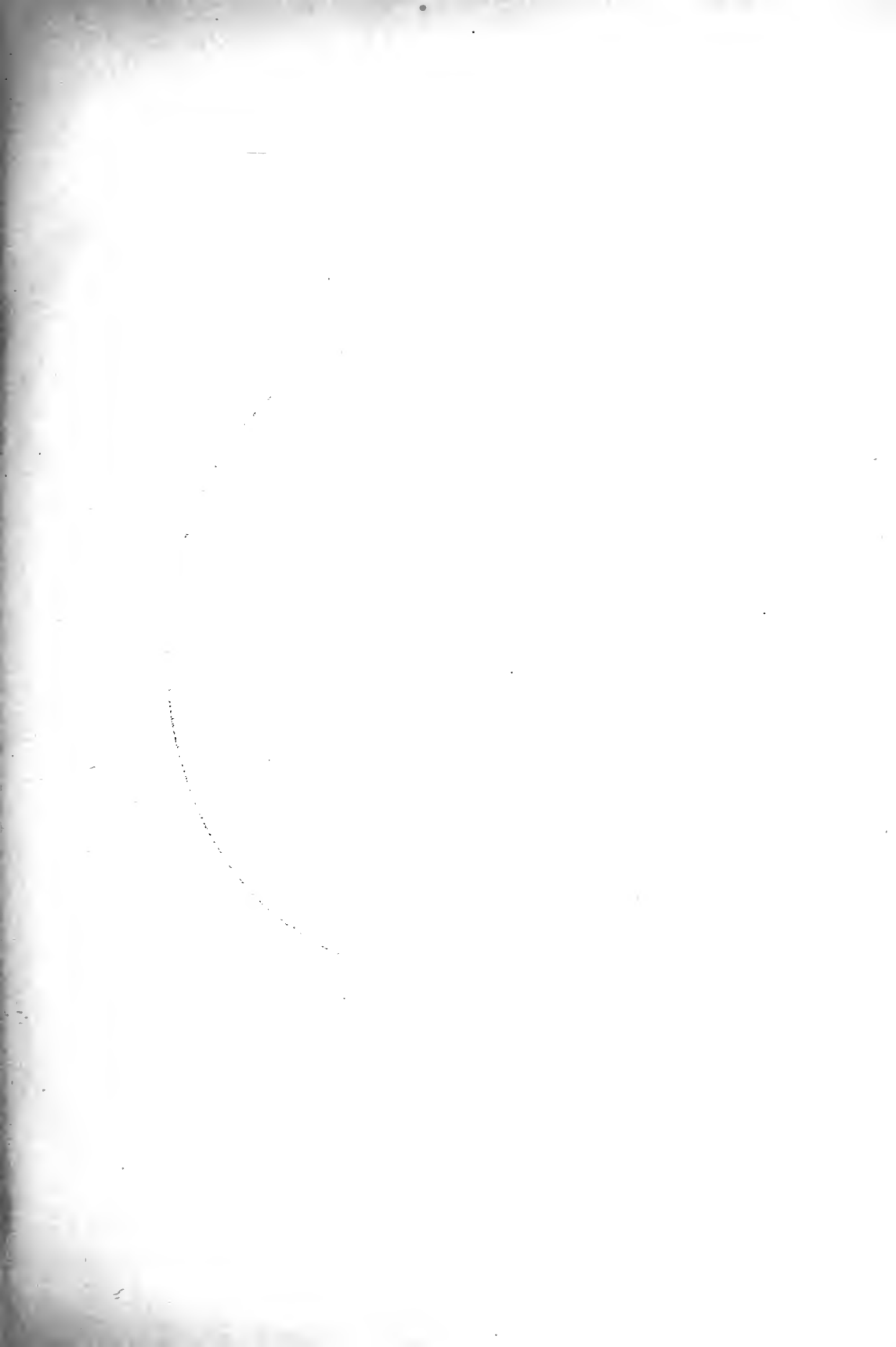
The great doers of history have always been men of faith.—Chapin.

Half the ease of life oozes away through the leaks of unpunctuality.

Our prayers are ships. We send them to no uncertain port. They are destined for the throne of grace; and while they take a cargo of supplications from us, they come back laden with riches of Divine grace.

We never know how rotten the tree is until it falls, and how unstable the wall until it crumbles. And so in the moral nature of men, subtle forces eat their way silently and imperceptibly to the very centre.

Read all history; the despotism of kings, the revels of wealth and luxury wrung from the toils of the poor can never be glorified. The good, the morally sublime, those who have blessed the world, live in the memory of love and mankind.





Ecce Homo.

Carmelite Review



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Easter.



HE joyous bells are ringing,
The Deum choirs are singing
Glad Easter day is here ;
White lilies on white altars,
White souls whose white prayer falters
In that white Presence near.

No more His Heart is grieving,
Our Father's love retrieving
In Gethsemane's dark bower ;
No more He feels the blows that fell
On those bowed shoulders cruelly well,
In one cruel hour.

'Tis past—the thorny crowning,
When with taunts and angry frowning
They pierced His sacred head ;
No more He bears the Cross for me
O'er that sad road to Calvary,
By love and hatred lead.

'Tis past ; 'tis Resurrection morn,
Sweet bells ring clear, ring loud, ring
long

Thy song's glad triumphing ;
"He is risen ! He is not here, you see !"
O grave where is thy victory ?
O Death, where is thy sting ?

Rose C. Conley.

CANADA
NIAGARA FALLS
ONTARIO

One Easter at Highmore.

DR. J. WILLIAM FISCHER.

I.

On a cold October morning in the early eighties, the humble little rectory at Highmore held two happy hearts. The final, decisive words that made Kenneth Cameron and Cecile Emery man and wife had just been spoken, and in the eyes of good old Father Francis—God rest his soul—there lurked a look of intense joy. Often in the twilight he had knelt before the altar holding sweet converse with his God, asking blessings for his children of the parish, and Cecile's name was never forgotten. Often he wondered whether she would really marry Cameron. He was rich, but what, after all, were riches, when the man she loved possessed not even that priceless pearl,—the true faith?

Kenneth Cameron was a man about thirty-five, well preserved and quite good looking, and in his open, frank countenance there was a look of strong determination. His father had been a minister in a little village surrounded by Scottish hills, and shepherds who tended their flocks on the hills were his parishoners. He was a good, honest, old soul, and when Kenneth, his only child, kissed him good-bye years ago and left Scotland to make a fortune in other lands, his heart nearly broke. Kenneth came right to Highmore; he was poor then, but he had pluck, back-bone and endurance, and thus, in a few years, he had made and saved quite a fortune. Now, he was the wealthiest man in the city, and his marriage to pretty Cecile Emery—the brightest rose in all the country side—was just, at this moment, the general topic of the hour. Cecile Emery came of good, sound Catholic stock, was quite accomplished, and in every way suited to become the wife of Highmore's wealthy broker.

"May God bless you both!" Father Francis said thoughtfully, as they were about to leave the rectory. "And remember your promise, Kenneth! You have plucked the fairest flower in all my parish and I hope that bitter sorrows may never mar or blight its beauty—good-bye!" and he shook hands

with both of them vigorously and closed the door. When they were gone, Father Francis sank down before a statue of the Blessed Lady and prayed that the man, whom he had just made happy, might not be lost to the Church, and some day would receive the gift of faith. Cecile was a saint of earth, he thought, and surely her pure, Christian character would do much to this end. Words and exhortations had been useless; they had fallen on barren, hard rocks. Cecile had married the man she loved; she was happy, but in all her joy, there was the undertone of a regret, and she dreamed of the future and wondered in her soul if her dream would ever come true.

For days and days Father Francis' words rang in Kenneth's ears: "Remember your promise!" the strange mystic voices said, and he could not hush them. Perhaps, in some far-off day these self-same voices would remind him of his sacred pledge. Let us hope that, when they did speak, he heard them!

Thirteen years had passed. The Camerons were still counted the wealthiest family in Highmore, and, to outward appearances, really deserved the distinction. Kenneth had changed little in these years, and Clyde, his young son, now ten years old, was the dead picture of him. Cecile had changed much in looks. One would hardly have known her, with her troubled, sad face. The years were weaving light silver strands through her hair, and no one in all Highmore but herself, knew the reason: Kenneth had been a traitor to the promise he made to Father Francis years ago, and this was the strange power that made her so unhappy. The fires of bigotry that had been burning in Kenneth's soul, lit up in all their virulence, one morning after breakfast. The baby was a month old and had not yet been baptized, and Cecile's suffering, mother-heart was bleeding with anguish.

"Don't you think it is time baby was being baptized, Kenneth?" she asked, gladly.

"Baby baptized?" he interrupted hot-

ly. "Cecile, are you going mad? Baby baptized—well hardly! That boy will go to his father's church, so you can put all your little scruples aside," he added, sarcastically.

The color in Cecile's cheeks reddened, and for the moment she was stunned. She thought that she had known Kenneth, but now, alas! she divined in him another self. After a few minutes, she was quite composed and said, in a trembling voice: "But your promise, Kenneth! Have you forgotten how you promised Father Francis that if any children should be born to us, they were to be baptized and raised Catholics. Have you forgotten so soon? It pains me deeply."

"Promises count for nothing," he stammered forth scornfully. "I never for one moment, intended to do it, anyway—and, pshaw! the priest is dead."

"The priest is dead, 'tis true, and more's the pity," added Cecile sadly. "But, Kenneth, there were other ears than his that heard the promise. There is a God in heaven, and He understood and I am glad that there is One who remembers your words still."

"Enough of this nonsense—this old-woman talk!" shouted Cameron madly, and there was a look of deep scorn in his eyes. "My child will never—never, I say—be baptized by a priest," and he stormed out of the room in a great fit of anger.

During the years that followed, Cecile had never again, except on a few thoughtless occasions, mentioned baptism or anything pertaining to Clyde's condition, and when she had done so, it ended in bitter quarrels and strifes. Often she felt as if her heart would break, but she was afraid, and she sealed her lips for the sake of her child—for peace, after all, was very sweet. One day, Clyde came running to his mother with a face pale and frightened, and exclaimed: "Mother, poor Tim Flannagan, next door, has just died. I was at his bedside when the end came, and he beckoned me with his little, pale fingers, and then kissed me good-bye. But, oh, mother, he had such a nice death, and the priest from the Cathedral prayed with poor Tim all morning. Poor Tim! how I will miss him. He was about the only

boy I ever knew, and—and—I—." Clyde could not speak another word, for the deathbed scene he had just witnessed, had made him think of too many things and he burst into tears, and the kindly ring of his mother's voice could not assuage the pain of his little, wounded heart.

After some time Clyde's little rain of tears was over, but the feelings of deep sorrow still penetrated his soul, for he realized that he had lost the first little friend of his heart's kingdom, and that for years to come there would be an empty place nothing could fill.

II.

On the evening before Tim's funeral, the Camerons were seated in their cosy drawing room, when Mr. Cameron suddenly rose, after consulting his watch, and exclaimed: "By jove, Cecile! I almost forgot. It is past seven, and I should have been at the office long ago, fixing up my monthly statement."

"Since you will be away then for some time," interposed Mrs. Cameron, "Clyde and I will take a run over to Flannagan's. Clyde so wishes to see poor little Tim before he is taken away." Cecile's cheeks burned; she would have liked to have taken Clyde to church with her in the morning, but she was afraid lest her husband might enact another scene in their household drama. The very mention of it would bring forth such a volley of abusive, sarcastic words that Cecile once more smothered those feelings that her honest heart had known so well.

When Clyde and his mother returned from the Flannagan's, neither spoke. Their hearts were too full for utterance. Clyde was sitting in a rocker before the fire place, running his fingers carelessly through an open book, while his mother's lips moved silently and her fingers counted pearly beads that lay hid in the handkerchief on her lap.

Presently Clyde broke out tenderly: "Mother, why won't you let me go to the Sisters' school, so that when I am sick they will come to me and pray for me, like they did at Tim's sick bed? I am not like other boys at all, and I just hate my old tutor. He never mentions God's name to me and it all seems so strange, and now I am nearly eleven

years old—and, oh! how I do wish I could say half the prayers that those children do. And, mother, I would like to go to your church on Sundays and do just what you do and learn to pray to Mary, like Tim used to do. Even if father does get angry, I don't care — I want to be just like Tim."

There was a momentary pause. "Never mind, my boy, my prayer, I am sure, will some day be answered," she said, "and then everything will be all right."

"But I want to learn how to pray, now," he interrupted. "That some day may be too late for me, mother. I want to be one of Mary's children, like Tim, and when I know how to pray, I will have much to ask for."

The clock struck eleven. "Come, Clyde" Mrs. Cameron said, sweetly, "it is time you were in bed. When the child was ready to retire, he came to his mother, climbed on her knees, and whispered into her ears: "The prayers, mother! teach me your "Our Father," and that "Hail, Mary," to-night. I am sure poor Tim needs a prayer. Let my first one be for him."

Mrs. Cameron kissed the little red lips and then went to the boy's room, closed the door gently and said in a trembling voice: "Remember, Clyde! that your father hears nothing of this. Come, let us kneel down together."

The moonbeams stole through the fine lace curtains and threw their light upon Clyde's golden, curly hair, as he blessed himself and repeated, word after word, the "Our Father."

Just then the front door opened and in walked Mr. Cameron. The house was unusually quiet, and thinking Cecile and Clyde were fast asleep, he took off his overcoat and tip-toed into the drawing room, so as not to disturb their slumbers.

That very moment the voice of a child came ringing across the hallway—it was sweet and tender, just like the first song of a young bird in spring—and the words stole into the drawing room, reverently and distinctly: "And lead us not—into temptation—but deliver us from evil—now—and at the hour—of our death — amen. Hail Mary — full of grace—"

Kenneth Cameron stood still for a moment, a dark shadow crept into his pale face, his teeth were set and there was a wild look in his eyes, as he tip-toed across the hall and then stood at the door of Clyde's room. It was partly closed, and there, in the corner, he saw all. There was Clyde in his white robe, and beside him knelt Cecile, and his boy was being taught how to chatter "papist" prayers. Was it possible? The fires of a fierce hatred were consuming Cameron's soul. His muscles twitched; he could hardly stand it out. Out upon the silence again came the voice of the child,—"Holy Mary—Mother of God—pray for us sinners—" The excited man bit his lips in anger. "Oh, I cannot stand it," he thought, "the idea of teaching my boy to pray to a woman. I will yet bend Cecile's haughty will and she will yet have to cower down in the dust at my feet and beg my pardon." A thousand thoughts flashed through his mind. Now came the sweet voices of mother and child. They were making the sign of the Cross—"In name of the Father—and the Son—" Kenneth Cameron thought of his promises to poor Father Francis, thirteen years ago, and again he brushed it away carelessly. The battle was on. It had reached the climax. He could not stay the wild impulses of his haughty nature — his face was the picture of a madman's, and in he darted, into the very room where mother and child were kneeling, and roughly snatched the little one from the floor, amid a cry of curses that would have put to shame even Lucifer himself.

"Cecile Emery," he groaned, "let this night put an end to all your foolish fancies! That boy will never be a Catholic and mumble monotonous prayers and bend his knee to the priest, and if you persist in making my life uncomfortable I will tear your heart in two. You do not deserve my love and you are degraded in my eyes for having planned and schemed and plotted against me and my child when my back was turned. By heaven, I swear! you shall yet suffer for this!" Clyde stood transfixed—a witness to another act of high society drama—and in his eyes the tears gathered fast.

Mrs. Cameron knelt at the bedside.

Her eyes were dry, and her hands held fast her throbbing temples.

"Cecile," he shrieked, "do you hear me with your mumbling witchery of prayer? Remember, this night ends your trickery with that child!" and he stormed out of their sight and paced the hall with the fury of a caged lion.

When he was gone, Clyde stole over to his mother's side, put his trembling, childish arms around her neck, and planted a kiss on her feverish cheeks. Then in the moonlight, he knelt down again beside her and, I really believe, his lips moved in prayer.

III.

Two months had passed and the Cameron house was bright and cheerful as ever. Kenneth seemed to have forgotten all about the fatal night, and Cecile tried very hard to forget. Every day she made a visit to St. Peter's and God only knows what her thoughts were.

One day, early in February, when steel-gray skies were dull and cheerless, Cecile stood at her window, gazing down the long, empty, desolate street. It had just begun snowing a little and the streets were very slippery. She had sent Clyde with a message to the grocer's, and he had not returned, though he had been gone a full hour. Just then, the ambulance swept around the corner, and for an instant a mighty fear swayed her inmost feelings. The ambulance halted before her very doors. She felt getting dizzy, everything was moving around her and she came near falling to the floor, but she held fast to a chair standing near by. She stared through the window almost wildly; she saw her husband, and then came the ambulance surgeons carrying an almost lifeless, pale body on a stretcher. The door opened, she stared at the men; she could not speak; she stared at the being on the stretcher—it was the body of a child. She threw her hands into the air and shrieked: "My God! it is Clyde." She moaned as she sank into Kenneth's strong arms.

Another of the many accidents that take place in our large cities had occurred, and again, as usual, the unhappy victim was a poor, little, unsuspecting child. Clyde, on his way home, tried to hurry over the King street crossing

just as a west bound car was coming up a number of yards behind him. The streets had just frozen hard after a thaw, and the poor lad slipped and fell with the back of his head upon one of the iron rails. It was an awful fall; the child was dazed and uttered a sickly cry. A policeman saw the child falling and made for the crossing. The motorman also saw the child lying there, and tried to stop the car; it was going at a slow speed, thank God! There was a heavy thud and the child's body would have been crushed under the wheels had not the policeman's strong arms just then been active. The child was in a state of collapse, and restoratives were administered, until the ambulance arrived that was to convey the little sufferer to his home.

All next day Clyde lay in his little cot, to all appearances dead. His breathing was shallow; his little pulse almost imperceptible. Not a word had yet passed his lips, and he seemed to be in a continual stupor. Dr. Von Hartmann the eminent specialist, had been called into the Cameron house, several days after, by the family physician, and upon examining the child, the famous German professor at once said: "My dear people, I am very sorry, the child will die; its chances to live are very meagre. The symptoms at first were those of concussion of the brain, but during the last twenty four hours meningitis has set in, and this makes the progress so unfavorable. I have seen quite a few traumatic cases and out of their number, only two recovered."

Mrs. Cameron was almost wild; the excitement had been too much for her. If Clyde would only speak, how much better she would feel, and then to think that her only child had to die—and to die unbaptized. O horrible thought! The agony of it sickened her deeply, but she bore up bravely and found a consolation in prayer. Three weeks had passed and Clyde's condition had not changed much, although Dr. Von Hartmann seemed more hopeful. Anyway, she resolved to make a novena to the Mother of God, and one morning she placed a little white marble statue of the Virgin at Clyde's bedside. Before this, a candle was to burn all day and

all night. She cared not what Kenneth would say, but she expected a few words of reproach from him that afternoon. But strange, he saw the statue and burning candle and not a word passed his lips, and Cecile was glad, for she felt that his cold, icy heart was beginning to thaw. I wonder if she was mistaken? Perhaps the sight of the sick child had put a check on his tongue, so as not to desecrate the quiet serenity of the sick chamber.

One evening, shortly after the lights were turned low, Mr. and Mrs. Cameron watched at the bed of their sick child. Clyde moved around nervously on his pillow, his soft blue eyes opened, and for a moment he gazed into the two tear-stained faces over him; then his lips moved, for the first time since the accident, and he whispered:

"Hail, Mary, full of grace—" Then he raised his fingers to his forehead, as if to bless himself, and a stupid, far-away look came to his face, and his hand fell down helpless at his side. Cecile wept bitterly, and upon Kenneth's troubled face there was a look, as if a storm were brewing within his soul. The days wore on, and dark, cheerless days they were, but they were getting somewhat brighter. Clyde seemed more himself; he was less drowsy and tried to speak with great fervor, then, almost as suddenly, his mind would become a blank. But, all in all, the doctors were well pleased with his condition. Day by day his power of speech grew stronger, and he would converse quite freely with those around him. Not one moment was he free from pain, and when his temperature would run up and wild, feverish tempests consumed his energy; then he would sink into a low, muttering delirium, and often, very often, raise his fingers to his forehead, and there they remained until tired and exhausted he fell asleep.

One afternoon, when he awoke out of a refreshing sleep, he motioned his father to his bed-side, and said, in a slow, weak voice: "Father, I am not going to get better, and I am going to ask you one favor before I die. It is the last I will ever ask of you," and he halted as if to catch his breath.

"Go on, my dear," said Mr. Cameron.

"I would like to have Father Doyle come to see me," the child continued, "so that he could speak to me the way he spoke to poor Tim one afternoon when I was there. He has such a large, clean, warm heart, and he will make me very happy. Will you go for him, father?"

"Yes, my child, I will have him come," he answered.

"I wish, father, that you yourself would go for him," Clyde interrupted.

Kenneth Cameron's eyes opened widely; he waited an instant, then he said nervously, "I will, my boy!" Cecile overheard the conversation, and in her soul a fresh, new light was just then shining.

Good old Father Doyle—he of the gentle face and snow-white hair—came daily to see Clyde, and stayed long hours to speak and read to him. After one of these visits, Clyde said to his father: "I don't know, but every time I see Father Doyle coming in the doorway, my heart gives a jump, and all the pains in my back leave me just as rapidly as they came. His kind voice and his gentle smile do more for me than Doctor Von Hartmann does with electricity and drugs. And, oh, father, I am so happy, for I am getting to be more like Tim Flannagan every day,—and he smiled gently. It was the first smile Mrs. Cameron had seen on Clyde's face all during his illness, and that smile lit up the darkness and the gloom of all her succeeding days.

A great change was also coming over Kenneth. He had taken off the mask of his other self, and in Cecile's eyes he was again the upright, manly heart and ardent lover of those early years. One day the little tallow candle on the table in front of the Virgin statue burned out, and to Cecile's great surprise, Kenneth himself lit it,—and with that same match the Virgin herself lit the fires of faith and understanding that were smouldering in his soul, while the embers of his former, vague, religious persuasions were turning cold in death.

IV.

It wanted but two weeks of Easter, and Highmore, with its rich avenues of spruce trees, was beginning to look its prettiest. The lawns were changing to green in the sunlight, the birds were re-

turning in flocks, and flowers were everywhere beginning to push their heads through the wet earth. April's coming had been very welcome, and still he lingered, breathing fresh life into valley and meadow, and from his golden chalice, wreathed with the buds and blossoms of spring, he poured forth fresh, cooling showers. It was a grand awakening, and it spoke to Kenneth Cameron's soul more deeply and more clearly than words or actions had ever done. He, too, felt an awakening, but it was an awakening of the soul—an awakening profound and majestic. He was beginning to think of eternal springs and eternal sunshines, and he stood at the gates of the dreaded dawn, no longer the doubter and scoffer, but the believer ready to pass out into the perfect day of prophetic faith,—a day filled with joy and love and peace.

Mrs. Cameron was also breathing easier, for Dr. Von Hartmann had expressed every hope of Clyde's recovery. The pains had left his back, the temperature was down to normal, his mental faculties were perfectly restored, and the only remnant of the old disease was a slight headache, that Clyde experienced at times. But the poor child was only a shadow of his former self, yet mother and father were both overjoyed to know that God had spared their little one. Clyde grew stronger daily and was now sitting up in bed, and when Dr. Von Hartmann promised the lad a drive with his father on Easter Sunday, the acme of childish happiness was reached.

One evening just as Mr. Cameron was going out the front door, his wife called him back: "Kenneth, are you going out again? My! we haven't had you home with us one evening since the middle of March, and this seems so strange, for you never went out much before. Kenneth, I am beginning to have strange misgivings."

"Calm yourself, Cecile," he answered smilingly. "You see I am so busy, and I have come home so often during the day since Clyde's illness, that my work is never finished. I am, just now, balancing accounts and soon, my dear, I will be able to hand you the receipts."

"To hand me the receipts," Cecile thought. "What did he mean? Had

he been in financial straits that she knew nothing of?"

Cameron, in parting, only smiled, and I wonder if Cecile noticed the merry twinkle in his eyes. No, he had not been in financial straits, but his soul had experienced spiritual difficulties that his wife knew nothing of, and he thought of settling a debt, which he owed her. It all came about in this way:

One Sunday evening early in March Kenneth was out for a walk. A soft breeze came sweeping up from the lake; it was so cool and refreshing. The streets were just crowded with churchgoers and the pealing Cathedral chimes drew his footsteps in the direction of St. Peter's. For some time after, he stood at the Cathedral doorway, doubtful whether or not he should enter the sacred edifice. He had just turned his back on the church and was making for the pavement, when he felt a gentle touch at his elbow. He turned about nervously, and stood face to face with Father Doyle, the gray-haired rector.

"Ah! Mr. Cameron, it is delighted I am to see you," said the sweet voiced Father, gently. "Now, that you are here, won't you step inside a little this evening. The learned Archbishop is to speak, and there is a feast in store for the congregation." The chimes ceased pealing and the great organ pealed forth volumes of sound, as Father Doyle showed Mr. Cameron to a pew in front of the pulpit.

"Divine Providence again," whispered the priest to himself, as he entered the sanctuary.

That very evening Father Doyle had a call at the rectory. It was Mr. Cameron. The archbishop's sermon on faith had set his brain thinking, and every truth in his eloquent discourse had taken deep root in Kenneth's soul. What passed between the two men that night only they themselves know. And for evenings after you could see a dim light in Father Doyle's study at a certain hour, and the venerable old man, catechism in hand, instructing Highmore's wealthy broker. And now we can guess where Kenneth spent so many of his evenings.

Easter dawned, bright and rosy, with the ringing of bells over the roof-tops of

the city. The heart of the morning beat joyous and free, and Clyde could hardly wait for his mother's return from early mass, for this was to be the day of his drive.

"Won't you have breakfast before going out driving, Kenneth?" asked Cecile lovingly. Kenneth shook his head and answered somewhat strangely: "Thank you, Cecile! I little feel like eating anything just now. After the drive, a morsel will taste all the better, my dear," and he laughed a bright, cheery laugh, that sent a thrill of joy through Cecile's heart.

When father and son were comfortably seated in the coupe and speeding down Central avenue, Mr. Cameron turned to Clyde. There was a look of almost superhuman joy in his face, and he asked, in a trembling tone of voice: "Clyde, you have seen so much of Father Doyle — would you really like to become a Catholic?"

"With all my heart, father," came the answer, in a fine, soft childish voice. "I often thought of it, but I dared not ask you."

"You may ask me now, Clyde," proceeded the father. "I have kept a little surprise from you and your mother. Last night I went to confession to good old Father Doyle, and this morning I am to be baptized and receive Communion in the rectory chapel. And now, Clyde, you see, why I could not take breakfast this morning; it would have broken my fast. Little your mother dreams of the surprise that this Easter will bring her"—and he laughed gladly.

Clyde opened his large, blue eyes; he was almost dumb-founded and could hardly believe his father's words. "Oh, father!" he at last broke forth, amidst a flow of tears, "I am so happy. Can't I also be baptized with you? Do speak to Father Doyle. I am sure he won't refuse me."

They had to wait at the rectory some minutes. The housekeeper had told them that Father Doyle had just gone to the Cathedral for hosts, as the Archbishop was going to say his mass in his private chapel in the rectory.

Fifteen minutes later both father and son had been baptized and received into

the church. The Archbishop himself kindly performed the ceremony, and, trembling old man that he was, he seemed still very active and strong for his years, as he mounted, with heavy step, the altar, to administer the first Holy Communion to Kenneth Cameron, while Clyde in his heart, thanked God that his first sweet prayer to Mary had been answered. Father Doyle was sponsor to both baptisms. After mass, the Archbishop blessed both father and son where they were kneeling, and went to the Cathedral to preach the Easter sermon. Mr. Cameron and Clyde occupied front pews, and as the venerable Archbishop spoke, large, heavy tears rolled down Kenneth's cheeks. He thought of the Archbishop's former sermon on faith, and he thanked God inwardly, for having directed his footsteps to old St. Peter's on that memorable Sunday evening.

When the coupe again stopped in front of the Cameron residence, the Archbishop was the first to alight, and he remarked thoughtfully: "You should have told your wife of this, Mr. Cameron. I dare say, she little suspects what has happened, but, after all, it will be a pleasant surprise for her, and a moment of happiness, the like of which she will not experience again."

"A moment of happiness, your Grace" added Father Doyle, as he stepped to the pavement, "into which can be crowded all life's years of sorrow." Just then Kenneth Cameron's face lit up with a smile. He had seen Cecile's face through the lace curtains and his heart gave a wild thrill of joy.

The Archbishop himself took Clyde in his arms and lifted him from the carriage, and together they walked into the house. Mrs. Cameron's eyes sparkled as she knelt to kiss the Archbishop's ring. He had been a dear friend to the Emery's in the days gone by, and as he stooped to bless Michael Emery's only child, his saintly old heart felt a pain that was akin to sorrow. "May all your days be filled with sunshine," he said, "and may God bless you and yours!" Just then a thought pierced Cecile's soul. She thought of Kenneth and wondered in her heart if her prayer would ever be answered. She raised herself from her knees and smiled to

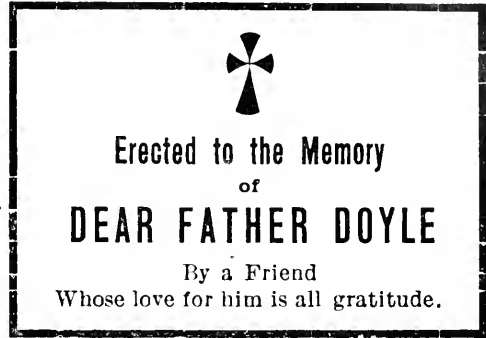
Father Doyle, as she clasped hands, then turning to Kenneth and Clyde, she noticed a strange look in both their eyes, which spoke of a secret something she dreamed not of.

Kenneth rose to the situation and laid bare the secret, that up to now had been hidden in his heart. "Cecile," he exclaimed, with much feeling, "the accounts are balanced—the debt is paid. Here are the receipts," and he handed her two souvenir documents. They bore the particulars and date of her husband's and son's baptism and entrance into the church.

Cecile trembled and held the documents to her gaze. The tears were gathering in her soft eye-lids. The surprise had totally upset her. "Oh, God!" she cried "I thank Thee," and she kissed Kenneth and Clyde just where they were standing.

Many years have gone since that happy day. One of the figures in that familiar Easter scene has passed to the great beyond. Within a magnificent mausoleum in the shadow of dear old St. Peter's, lies good old Father Doyle, and should you ever pass by that way

you will read at the foot of the beautiful statue of Mary, that guards the entrance, the following simple inscription:



It was a last tribute to the gentle priest by Highmore's wealthy broker.

Archbishop McFee, now eighty-five, is still hale and hearty and manages to pay the Camerons frequent visits, and on all these occasions he always states, in his simple way, that of all the memories ringing down the pathway of his years, none are brighter, none are dearer than those which remind him of that one and only Easter at Highmore many years ago.

Reflections.

It is always amusing to hear the narrow-souled deny mysteries. They will tell you that they believe only what they see, and yet they believe—*mirabili dictu!*—in their own brains that they have never seen. There is a mystery within and without us everywhere, as well as in religion. The fluctuations of feeling are unintelligible; the spirit of the landscape eludes the brush of the painter; the ancients represented mountain, river and plain with genii (spirits representing mystery) that the hand could no more grasp than the mind seize. Mystery! the child marvels at the restless spirit of the mill-wheel, the while man is worshipful of the sea. I believe more in mystery than I do in myself. If we had no mystery, we could have no poetry, for it is that ineffable spirit that we feel but cannot understand that gives poetry its character. Why is it that with all our boasted science the violet evades us and leaves us only humbled in admiration? When we

come to the analysis of things, we can only subdivide them into their constituent parts; when we ask what the part is, Echo answers—"What?"

* * * *

Speaking of Mystery, reminds me of our Faith. A man lies when he says he has no faith. He could not travel without faith in the engineer; nor need his child go to school without faith in the directing voice of the teacher. Faith is a condition imposed on him despite the insanity of his rebellious mind; faith yields him each day rich fruits—the happiness of his hope, where love is based on trust; his children show possibilities and he never wanes in his faith in their power when matured years will have brought the opportunities for success. Every living human being around him in his day's doings is to some extent believed in. If this is true of the lesser, how much more true is it of the greater things presented to his mind as good and true and beautiful? Pity the man so blinded in his own conceit that he can say he has no faith.

Saint Albert of Messina.

Of the Order of Carmelites.

By the COUNTESS DE BEAUREPAIRE DE LOUVAGNY

Translated from the French by MISS S. X. BLAKELY.

CHAPTER VIII.

Albert Continues to Prove Himself the
Apostle of the Jews.

During this same year the servant of God travelled through the province and bent his steps towards Agrigente—Girgenti—to labor for the conversion of the Sicilians. They stood in need of such efforts, as well as the heretics and pagans. Their zeal had grown cold during the civil wars, and constant conflicts had excited the most evil passions in their hearts. Hatred had taken the place of charity. Hope, to them, meant only the hope of revenge. As to Faith, they had not utterly lost it. A people must have arrived at the last stage of decadence, before they forget or deny the existence of a God. But this virtue was not of sufficient brightness to overshadow the dark deeds of their iniquity.

The Saint, therefore, redoubled his eloquent discourses. One day he followed the course of the river Platazzi, anciently Lycus, which flows between Siacca and Agrigente. Although generally speaking, this stream was calm and placid and of little importance, it presented to-day a very different sight. The Saint had been deeply engaged in fervent prayers as he walked along a portion of the shore which looked down upon the terrible scene.

Swollen by sudden and unexpected torrents of rain, the waters had burst through their boundaries, and went raging towards the sea, leaving ruin and desolation in their path. The Saint silently looked upon the scene. He recommended to God all travellers who were in peril of their lives, and begged him to watch over their safety. Suddenly he heard himself called by name. It was the Jews who thus appealed to him, as they were in very great danger. They were engaged in some undertakings upon the shore opposite to that where

the Saint stood. They came to a point where, generally speaking, there was a ford, intending to cross the river. Just then the rise began, as violent as unexpected, and the unfortunate people found themselves in the water, tossed hither and thither by the force of the waves, and even thrown down by the current. Scarcely could they succeed in gaining a little isle on a sort of rock which, happily, was there. There they waited ! But the water continued to rise and threatened each moment to engulf them within its depths. Soon the little islet would be submerged. It was at that critical moment that the Jews perceived Albert and called to him. They recognized him at once, and the thought of what they had heard of his marvels rushed to their terrified minds, and in imploring accents they begged his assistance. "In the name of Christ, whom you adore, come to our aid." "Be converted !" cried Albert, in a voice whose solemn tones pierced the tempest's angry roar. "Promise to receive Baptism, that I may pray for you in the name of Jesus Christ. Then, and then only, will you be delivered." At these words divine grace touched their hearts. "We will be baptized," they replied. "We have heard you preach, and we believe in the truth of what you proclaim."

Immediately Albert stepped upon the waters, and walked firmly upon the angry waves, until he reached the islet. Without losing an instant he baptized the Neophytes, then led them to the other shore in perfect safety. The new converts offered grateful thanks to our Lord and his faithful servant, and ever afterwards walked in the way of holiness,

Meanwhile, the Saint had already passed through the greater part of his earthly career. He did not wish to die without having visited the places rendered hallowed by the presence of our Lord. He, who so tenderly loved that

Lord, who had had the happiness of clasping the divine babe in his arms, surely he should kneel at the humble crib of Bethlehem, and follow with breaking heart the road to Calvary. It was in the year of grace 1295 that Albert set out on his pilgrimage to Jerusalem. We fain would enjoy with the Saint, the ineffable happiness which he experienced in visiting those privileged places, the scenes of our Saviour's birth and divine mission up to His painful crucifixion. Let us follow Him in fancy to St John, to the mountain where the precursor was born. There the Virgin Mary visited her cousin, St. Elizabeth; there she intoned that magnificent canticle the "Magnificat," which was to resound until the end of the world, through "the corridors of time." It was upon "Mount St. John" that the dwelling of Zachary was situated. Leaving this mountain we will visit Carmel and taste the impression of peace, the interior joy which permeates souls during the passage over that blessed solitude. We will evoke the memory of Elias, of Eliseus, and of all the pious solitaries who meditated in those picturesque grottoes in ages past away. But alas! when the saintly monk visited these holy places, they were, in sadness, bearing the weight of the Saracen rule. Leaving Carmel, we will haste to Nazareth to adore the Divine Saviour in the very place where the mystery of the Incarnation was accomplished. With the Saint we will fervently recite the angelic salutation.

Then we will go to the scene of St. Joseph's toil, where our Lord gave the example of labor and of obedience, the ancient temple where the Divine Child showed Himself more wise by far than the ancients and the sages. We will visit the fountain where the Queen of Angels drew the water required for the wants of the holy family. In this blessed country one might say that traces are found of the steps of Jesus, Mary and Joseph at every turn. From Nazareth to Jerusalem, in passing by the Tiberian Lake, all the marts are marked by the souvenirs of our Redeemer's terrestrial existence. Here is Cana where our Lord performed the first miracle of his public life; there the lake of Genesareth whose splendor is some-

thing marvellous,—its perfect tint of azure might well be taken for a part of heaven's own blue. Was it not upon these shores that our Lord, after his Resurrection, addressed to Peter those touching words: "Simon Peter, lovest thou me?" Then we will ascend Mount Thabor, and upon its favored summit which Jesus illumined with such radiant glory, we will repeat the words of Peter: "Lord, it is good for us to be here; let us erect three tents." Let us next go to Naim, where Jesus restored to life the poor widow's son; to Sunam, where the prophet brought back from death the child of the Sunamite, and afterwards, we will wend our way to Bethlehem. Before arriving there, however, we will pause at the well of Jacob. It was there that the Divine Saviour of mankind, weary and athirst after the fatigues to which his humanity had been exposed, sat down. There it was that the poor sinful woman, through compassion offered him a drink of water, in return for which he poured forth upon her soul the bright and sparkling waters of eternal bliss. But it was Bethlehem — Jerusalem—which above all attracted the traveller's fervent soul. Bethlehem where all was joy and hope. Jerusalem where the soul, tortured by the agonies of the Passion, awakes to joy in the glories of the Resurrection! At Bethlehem, the Saint could only prostrate himself before the simple crib where the Son of God, a helpless babe, reposed. Where he received the homages of the shepherds, the gifts of the Magian Kings. He could only repeat the sublime words made use of by the Church on Christmas day: "Glory to God in the highest, and peace on earth to men of good will." But, if at Bethlehem, the soul sings to the Lord a new song, because He has done marvellous things, how many tears fall from pitying eyes in treading the pathways of Jerusalem. With what realistic force one calls up to view the too painful scenes of the Saviour's Passion. With our Lord Jesus Christ the saint repaired to the Garden of Olives, shed bitter tears at Gethsemane, and, in fine, walked the dolorous way of the Cross to Calvary. And all the while that his pilgrimage lasted, as usual, he performed many miracles. Untold mar-

CHAPTER IX.

vels marked his way through Palestine. He healed the sick and converted several Jewish families. Historians have not given the details; they contented themselves with publishing facts. To those who wonder at this, we reply that such reticence should excite no surprise. In the first place, communication was limited, except for the purpose of commerce or during the time of war. In the second, printing was not invented. Only through tradition, therefore, were facts transmitted from family to family, from neighbor to neighbor, from city to city. Each related the events to which they had been witness. Clever chroniclers who sometimes followed in the wake of armies, such as Villehardouin, Froissart, the Sire de Joinville, sometimes lived on familiar terms with sovereigns, kept "en courant" of all that took place and recorded all the interesting facts of which they knew. In the cloisters the monks transcribed them in most precious manuscripts, and thus from age to age the history of the people was established.

As regards the miracles wrought by St. Albert, it was the favored ones who had been their objects, the throng of spectators who witnessed them that made it their special charge to proclaim them. But this was not, could not be the case with those performed in the Holy Land.

The sick whom he healed, the families he converted did not follow their benefactor, and it was not probable that the Saracens, in whose midst he was, would transmit the memory of those marvels. Albert would have had, on his return, to relate them himself, and his humility would never have permitted him to do so. Meanwhile, the holy religious visited the tomb of his Divine Master, also Carmel. Alas! that those places of such hallowed memories—all Palestine and Jerusalem—should be in the grasp of infidel hands! What a source of sorrow and humiliation for the Christian heart! Albert had now reached the end of the time he intended to devote to his tour, and soon we find him en route for the monastery at Messina.

St. Albert Goes to Leontium.—A Sick Person is Cured by the Mere Touch of His Garments.—He Heals a Child at Palermo.

Shortly after his return from Palestine, St. Albert retired to Leontium, a city on the eastern coast of Sicily, where he imagined he would not be known. He went thither through a motive of humility in order to escape the homage of which he was constantly the object from the populace. He thought that he would no longer be taken, regretfully, from his devotions as was the case both at Messina and Palermo. But our Lord had ordained otherwise. At Leontium, as well as at Messina and Agregente, the Saint, by the grace of the Holy Spirit, wrought the most wonderful miracles to which the entire city was witness. They were promulgated far and wide, and the details have been handed down to the present age. Here, for instance, is one which cannot fail to arouse wonder and admiration. A youth called Admolphus, who belonged to one of the most illustrious families of Lamai, fell dangerously ill. He was soon declared to be incurable. The physicians had already prepared the family for the worst, and suggested that they should think of the last sad rites.

The weeping mother could not resign herself to see her son cut down in the flower of his youth. She could not accept the verdict that he would die. "If men abandon my child," said she, "the good Father Albert, whom God has sent into our midst, will know how to restore him to health." And she hastened to the convent, accompanied by sympathizing friends. Arrived at the church, her hopes re-animated, and full of veneration for Albert, she called out: "O! Servant of God, whose prayer is so acceptable to heaven, come to my aid. I will not leave until your merits have obtained for me the cure of my son. And from this moment I devote him to the service of God in the Order of Mount Carmel." The holy monk did not make his appearance, and the tumult of her grief penetrated the quiet cells, bringing forth several monks, who en-

quired as to the cause of her sorrow. "My son is dying," she replied, "and no one but Father Albert can restore him." But Albert was absent and would not return all that day, to they assured her that it was useless to wait. Pitying her grief, however, one of the monks said that they might allow her to have some portion of Albert's clothing, which had no sooner been spoken of than she insisted on being permitted to take something worn by the Saint. "I am sure," she said, "that I will thus obtain from the divine goodness the restoration of my son." The monks yielded to her wishes, and accompanied her to the house. Partaking of this pious mother's faith they laid the coarse serge upon the couch of the dying youth. Then the family knelt and prayed. O! wonderful prodigy! The youth, who was at the point of death, in spirit, beheld Albert close by, who ordered him to rise. "In the name of Christ, who heals thee on account of thy mother's faith, arise!" The favor was granted soon after the invocation of that sacred name. The youth beheld the Saint extend his hand. He grasped it, and awakening from a profound unconsciousness, he arose from what had well nigh been his bed of death. His voice was strong and clear; his tones perfect. He related all that he had experienced during that eventful time. Then as if to prove that he was really cured, Admolphus acknowledged to feeling hungry, and after having partaken of a collation, he felt strengthened and refreshed. Informed by his mother of the solemn promise she had made in his regard, the youth generously ratified the sacrifice. He entered religion. However, youth is frail, its fervor is often evanescent and can swiftly lose its first warm glow. The demon, who knows how to profit by every occasion, never fails to present the most alluring temptations. As he had in former years done to Albert, Satan reminded Admolphus of the distinguished rank his family occupied in the world, of the honors to which he might aspire, of the terrestrial joys of which he could be assured. Admolphus was not possessed of the virtue which had fortified Albert's heart from earliest youth. He thought regretfully of the world he had left; be-

fore the termination of the year he was disgusted with the monastic life, and eventually returned to his home. He thought the military life would accord better with his taste, and be more appropriate for one of his rank. But the Divine Majesty does not permit such forgetfulness of the gratitude which is due Him, nor such severing of engagements so solemnly made. The false traitor sooner or later will be found out. Divine vengeance was not long in tracing Admolphus. The unfortunate youth fell, pierced by the sword of an illegitimate brother. His mother passed the remainder of her life in the deepest sorrow and sadness of heart. Whatever might have been his intentions, the Saint did not remain long at Leontium. New labors, new calls for sermons, new fields for announcing the word of God, summoned him to Palermo. He went thither. There, too, everyone knew him, every one recognized his virtue, every one venerated him.

In His divine goodness, the master of all things prepared a new triumph for the Saint. One day, whilst playing with her little brother, a girl, younger still, was so unfortunate as to put out one of his eyes. The physicians, hastily called, declared the loss to be irrevocable. They exhausted conjecture as to how it could have happened. They could not understand how a frail little girl could have been the cause of a wound, so serious, so terrible. But their dissertations did not remedy an evil which they persisted in pronouncing to be incurable. Seeing this, the mother gave up all thought of human aid. She resolved to seek the assistance of St. Albert, and to implore, through his intercession, the clemency of the Divine Majesty. She took her little girl by the hand, and went to the monastery. She related, with tears, the terrible accident, and presented the innocent cause thereof. The servant of God said: "Cease your lamentations; God created man; he arranged the structure of his body, and disposed its members as he thought best. God alone has the right to destroy His work. But the poor mother could not restrain her tears, she implored assistance, she besieged the Saint with her importunities. Always compassionate to the

grief of others, the Saint bade her be calm, and then withdrew to a little garden, where he could be alone. He prostrated himself upon the hard ground, and his face bedewed with tears, thus implored our Lord, sole witness of his ardent prayer. "O! my God!" he exclaimed. "It is not for yourself, and by your ineffable power that you have created the human race? Is it not through an effect of your clemency that you call us to partake of your glory and share in the delights of Paradise? When the first sin condemned us to submit to death, did it not please your bounty, your merciful goodness, to redeem us by the blood of Your Son; to unite us to you by our faith and your great mercy? You have redeemed us from the stigma of original sin, and veiled our dishonor with the splendor of your glory.

And, now, behold this work fashioned by you from clay, this work of your hands, whose limbs and articulations you have disposed as you thought best, whose beauty you have ennobled, whose destiny you have exalted by the gift of an immortal soul; this work is a victim to Satan's attacks. Satan! the father of hate, of pride, in the excess of his jealousy has mutilated this body, which you have created. Deign, O Lord to reconstruct your work. Deign to heal this affliction. Restore this lost eye that your power may be glorified and the malice of the enemy confounded." The Saint repeated this prayer three times. Then he returned to the poor mother. Addressing her by her

baptismal name, he adjured her to trust in God, whose power is boundless. Then having consoled and encouraged her, he bade her go in peace. The unhappy mother recommended herself to his prayers, and begged his blessing, which he gave her with his whole heart. Then she left, her heart aching, her soul a prey to despair.

However it happened, notwithstanding her great faith, she could not divest herself of a certain anxiety which grew more poignant as she approached her home. And yet, scarcely had she entered its portal than her little boy, bright with health and vigor, ran to meet her. "Mother," he cried, as soon as he saw her, "some one came, while you were gone, and rubbed some oil upon my eye, and now I can see as well as ever." "What was this charitable person like, and how was he dressed?" "He was an old man, with a brown habit and a white mantle." Then the mother knew that the Saint had come. Besides, the cure of the child was so perfect that it was ample proof of the reality of the vision. The happy mother poured forth ecstatic thanks to God.

This marvellous prodigy soon became known far and wide, and every tongue proclaimed the wonderful power with which the Saint had been favored by God. "It was this miracle," say the chronicles, which, after the death of the Saint, "afforded ample ground for using oil or water, in which some of his relics had been steeped, and a great many were healed by the application thereof."



Life of Blessed John Gabriel Perboyre

Martyred in China.

Translated from the French by a Religious of the Presentation Order.

John Gabriel Perboyre, was born in Peuch, parish of Montgesty, in the diocese of Cahors, on the 6th of January, 1802, of parents who were poor in the goods of this world, but rich in the endowments of grace. It was on this day that the Magi, guided by a miraculous star, came from the East to Bethlehem to adore there the Saviour, and to offer Him in their persons, the first fruits of the Gentiles. The star of God arose also on that day upon our Blessed One; it has conducted him safely in the narrow ways of wisdom, and has shown him the Kingdom of God. He has not only, like the Magi, found Jesus in His crib, but he found Him on Calvary, where he had the happiness of dying for Him. This day of the Epiphany coincides well with the birth of a man who went to evangelize infidel nations; who followed the footsteps of Christ and shed his blood for the confession of the Faith. The following day he was carried to the baptismal font, and with the names of John Gabriel, he received the robe of innocence, which he preserved without stain even to his death, as is believed by all. He was filled with grace from his earliest youth, and during his whole life, the grace of God was manifested in him by his constancy in walking in the path of perfection; but he showed himself above all in the admirable firmness with which he confessed the name of Jesus Christ before the infidels, and bore the most horrible torments.

Childhood of John Gabriel—His First Communion.

The first years of John Gabriel did not present the character of careless gaiety, which is the common portion of childhood. His language, his bearing, his gait, all breathed in him a gravity beyond his age. Scarcely five years of age, he showed a great love for holy things, and the divine love with which his young heart was filled betrayed itself visibly in the manner in which he pro-

nounced the holy names of Jesus and Mary, and in the religious attitude which he preserved in the church or in praying. At eight years of age he was sent to school, and his disposition, joined to his virtue, won for him the esteem and respect of all. At catechism he showed neither less aptitude or application, and he merited to be admitted to his first communion a year earlier than his young companions.

The fervor with which he performed that important act in the Christian life was not a passing fervor. After his first communion the young Gabriel hastened to join the confraternity of the Blessed Sacrament, erected in the Church of Montgesty; he fulfilled the obligations of it with not less fervor than exactitude, and soon became the model of the whole parish. And none were surprised when at the age of fifteen, he entered the little Seminary of Montauban, to prepare for the ecclesiastical state. In three years he had completed his studies, and even, towards the middle of the third year, when charged to take the place of a professor who had left, he so gained the esteem and affection of his pupils, that they, thirty years afterwards, could not speak of him without tears of tenderness. A short time after his arrival at Montauban John Gabriel felt an interior attraction to enter the congregation of the mission called the Lazarists, and to go and preach the faith to the infidels of China. Having solicited and obtained his admission, he was clothed with the poor and holy livery of Missionary in the month of December, 1818. On the 20th of December, 1820, he had the happiness of pronouncing his holy vows and of contracting with Jesus, the Spouse of his soul, that divine alliance which later on he was to seal with his blood, like the Holy Innocents, whose Feast was celebrated on that day. Named director of the Novices, John Gabriel, by his example, not less than by his solid and persuasive

words, formed apostolic men who were to go to preach the Gospel to infidel nations. But he wished to pay to these far off missions a more immediate and more personal tribute. This desire had been the first motive of his vocation to the priesthood, and the reason which determined his entrance into the Congregation of the Mission. The weakly state of his health seemed an insurmountable obstacle to the realization of his desires. But in February, 1835, the house physician, after having given, in the evening, a contrary decision, came afterwards to declare to the Superior general that he no longer opposed the departure of F. Perboyre. It was Saturday, the 21st of March, under the protection of the Blessed Virgin, that he quitted the shores of France, with a sweet calm and joy that grace alone could have given him. After a voyage of five months, John Gabriel landed at Macao, on the 29th of August, the day on which the Church celebrates the martyrdom of his august patron, St. John the Baptist. After some months, which he employed in learning the Chinese language and customs, he was sent to the mission of Ho-Nan, where he only arrived after fatigues and dangers of all sorts, about the middle of July, the following year, 1836. There, in company with a Chinese priest, he undertook his first mission, which succeeded marvellously. Encouraged by his first success, he threw himself with ardor into the evangelic career in which his labors were most fruitful. Two years had not passed, when an order from his superiors obliged him to leave the province of Ho-Nan, to go and fertilize with his labors that of Hon-pe. Fatigues not less great, but of a different kind, awaited him in this new mission. To the labors of the holy ministry were added the privations of a poor and mortified life. And as if all that was not sufficient to satisfy his love for the cross, he imposed severe austerities upon himself; he scourged himself with bloody disciplines, and wore a rough hair-cloth. Thus God visibly blessed his ministry, giving him grace to instruct the ignorant, to convert sinners and apostates, to enkindle in the tepid their former fervor, and render each one strong to confess their faith before the tribun-

als, in the midst of the greatest tortures. He himself appeared to prepare, by an assiduous reading of the Acts of the Martyrs, for the glorious combat he was so soon to sustain. When John Gabriel penetrated China, there existed a law of prescription against the Christian Religion, condemning all those who made professions of it to death, if they were Europeans, and to banishment, if Chinese. Betrayed by one of his own, John Gabriel was soon arrested. Dragged before a Mandarin, he declared that he was a European and a Catholic missionary. The Mandarin, transported with rage, ordered him to be separated from his companions in captivity, loaded with chains and thrown into prison to pass the night there under a strong guard. The next day, and the following days, he had to submit to many questionings before the Mandarins, both civil and military. Each of these examinations was, for him, the occasion of a new profession of faith, and new torments. Finally he was sent to On-chang-fou, the metropolis of the province of Hon-Pe, to be there judged by a higher court. Arrived there, he was thrown into prison with the most notorious criminals. He only came out of this infected place to appear before his judges, who in that single city, made him submit to more than twenty interrogatories. Brought before the Viceroy, who had, throughout the Empire, a reputation for most ferocious cruelty, he was put at different times to the most horrible tortures; the pagans themselves were disgusted. But the invincible hero never ceased to confess his faith generously, and to triumph over the barbarity of the tyrant, condemned to be strangled. He languished in his frightful prison during eight entire months. On the 11th of September, 1840, a courier brought the Imperial edict, ratifying the sentence of death, and which, according to the established custom of China, should be carried into execution at once. Immediately then, and without the judgment having been made public, he was taken from his prison. The servant of God was brought out to die quite suddenly. It was Friday, and by a disposition of Providence, which was to give him a new resemblance to his Divine Master, they wished to render

his execution more ignominious by leading him to death with some malefactors. Come to the place of execution, he knelt to pray, while waiting the moment of his suffering, and the pagans were moved when they saw him so calm and recollected. Then, when the five criminals, who had accompanied him, were beheaded, it was the turn of the Confessor of the Faith, whose sufferings were to be longer and more agonizing. The executioner fastened him to a cross. His hands drawn to the back, were bound to the transverse piece of the cross and his feet bent backward, giving him the appearance of a man upon his knees, about five or six hands from the earth. After each of the turnings the executioner tightened the cord, to make his victim feel better the horrors of death. Finally he gave a decisive strain, and soon the martyr expired, without any alteration in his features; and his face resplendent with beauty, ravished all the assistants. The glorious martyr has been beatified, on the 10th day of November, 1889, by His Holiness, Leo XIII.

Prayer.

Angelic martyr of China, Blessed John Gabriel, from the bosom of the glory which surrounds you, deign to cast a look of pity upon the earth, and then direct it with supplication towards the King of Martyrs, Whose life, Passion and death you have so well retraced. Pray for the triumph of His Vicar, for the prosperity of the Church; pray for the gifts of faith for your dear Chinese, for infidels and heretics, the conversion of sinners and the perseverance of the just. Come, oh, come to our assistance, and protect us. In the midst of a corrupt, persecuting and apostate world, help us to live pure, patient and always firm in the Faith of the Holy Roman Church, so that we may, after your example, be conformed to Jesus Christ crucified, and having the glorious hope of arriving with you, to love and be united with Him in Heaven. Amen.

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His Holiness Leo XIII, by a rescript dated the 31st of October, 1889, accorded an Indulgence of 200 days, to be gained once a day by those who recite this prayer.

Memories of Convent Days.

KATHARINE McANDREW.

The chance of finding an old, red-covered autograph album awakened a whole train of memories of the dear Alma Mater. It all came back so vividly—the quiet happiness of the life where small pleasures meant so much. It seems no longer than a month past, the leaving home; the first break in the quartette of happy girls who were the leaders, in class, in fun, or in the amateur plays, and ever the worry of the good sister of the village academy. Then the first days and nights in the boarding school! Only those who have experienced it, can realize the desolation of finding oneself among complete strangers. A few weeks over, one grew accustomed to the new life, and could even wonder with a little shamed feeling how a young lady in her teens ever shed

tears of homesickness. She would even tender a sort of condescending sympathy to the late comer afflicted as she was in the beginning! Thackery hit the truth, when he said what humbugs young people were.

The one room that had a home air about it was the spacious recreation hall. It presented a bright picture when filled with its crowd of happy girls; the little group sitting directly under the branch of lights busily engaged with pieces of fancy work; the three or four sitting around Sister's table, or the group over at the piano,—all formed a scene likely to be remembered for a goodly number of years. How strange that among the special group in the corner were found characters so much alike, but all particular friends—there was

the gay American girl always ready to furnish amusement for the whole school, whether it were some spicy story told as only she could tell it, or her good-natured mimicry, she was welcome wherever she found herself; there was the Yankee, heartily believing nothing on earth could equal what they had "down home"; there was the wide-awake Canadian, telling of the hair-breadth escapes, in which she generally figured as heroine; and the quiet girl, from the far-off country home, wise enough to know when to separate facts from fiction. To be sure, the life had its petty annoyances, but where does one not meet with some worries? And the shadows in the series of pictures are very dim indeed.

What hurry and bustle there was preparing for the small entertainments held every little while in the music hall, and the gladness the various partakers showed on being congratulated after, for their successful singing or playing; then the happy mingling among spectators, and the introductions to the outside friends. One feast especially would be ever cherished in fondest memory,—the golden jubilee of the much loved Mother Superior, she who had grown old in her noble work. With her kind words for all, she was held as dear to the pupils then as she had been to their mothers and older sisters.

The good old Convent days! How much the remembrance of them means to the white-haired grandmother! With a kindly smile lighting up her countenance, she loves as well to recall the past events and scenes as the woman of middle life.

There were rosy futures painted by the merry girls in the bygone days,—some of the dreams were realized beyond expectation, others proved mere illusions. A few of the friendships formed then endured as long as life itself, some faded away as the days dropped out of memory.

The last Sunday of the school time stands out distinct from all others,—the early Mass, the long line of white veiled girls filing into the centre rows of seats, just as the June sunlight crept through the stained glass windows, filling the chapel with its golden glory;

the numerous waxen lights on the altar; the reverent movements of the priest; the fresh young voices chanting the well-known hymns, accompanied by the sweet notes of violin, and deeper organ tones. The very memory of the scene fills one's heart with holiest feelings, for God's peace reigned over it all.

Lines on Receiving a Bound Volume of "The Carmelite Review."

A treasured gift from Carmel,
That holy Mount of Prayer,
Where blooms a mystic "Flow'ret,"
With fragrance sweet and rare.

Where kindly hearts and faithful
So often think of me,
And welcome songs of Erin
From "Enfant de Marie."

We read of "grand old masters,"
And of those "bards sublime,"
Whose distant footsteps echo
Through corridors of time.*

Not mine their noble lyrics
Of high poetic art,
But those of "humbler poets"
That gush from out the heart.

Like showers from the cloudlets,
Of soft, refreshing rain,
Or glistening tear drops falling
In sympathy with pain.

May Jesus' Benediction—
For which I humbly pray—
Impart celestial sweetness
To listeners far away!

And lend my worthless accents
The beauty of His voice;
And soothe the pains of exile,
By whispers of "Rejoice!"

Or of a "Sursum Corda,"
Aspire to "things above,"
Where reigns the Queen of Carmel
In land of light and love.

Enfant de Marie,
St. Clares.

*—Longfellow.

The knowledge of thyself will preserve
thee from vanity.—Cervantes.

The Lost Inheritance.

DOLOROSA KLINE.

XVII.

At East Seventeenth street she got off the car and called at St. Cyr's Presbytery, to tell the news to Father Madden. Needless to say that the good priest was pleased, and he shook his young parishoner's hand in warm congratulation.

When she arrived home, Mrs. Curran and Charlie had gone down to their own abode, and her happy smiling face, when it appeared in the stairway told Mrs. Raymond that the "something" that had detained her daughter for so long, had proved satisfactory.

The mother seating herself, waited expectantly to hear what it had been.

Without laying aside her coat and hat the young girl took her accustomed place on the old couch, and without more ado, told her mother what her mission had been, its success and result. Adding, "And Mrs. Staunton is such a beautiful stately lady, mother, but she spoke so kindly to me."

Unconscious and unknowing, the tender girl never thought how her every word pierced like hot needles that gentle parental heart, and stopped for a time its even quiet beat. It was well that in the gathering twilight, she could not see the ashy paleness that had slowly spread itself over the worn resigned face, nor the trembling in every limb, as in a low peculiarly strained voice, Mrs. Raymond said:

"You have taken up a situation without consulting me, my child, my child; you should not have done this. I might have advised you to a different course."

"But I went to Father Madden, and asked his advice, mother, and he thought I should try for it. I kept it from you until I got it, because I wanted a surprise for you."

"Oh, you went to Father Madden, did you; that makes it a laudable undertaking then, but I am sorry, sorry that you should take up a situation like it."

Rosamond looked up quickly, and with dampened ardor.

"I did it for the best, mother," she cried, "for your sake more than my own. I'll be able to help you ever so much more now, and to give you more than I could ever hope to at music teaching, but you are angry with me?"

"No, no," she replied hastily, "not angry with you, my dear child. It is done now and cannot be undone, but tell me, does Mrs. Staunton seem a proud woman? Did she make you feel that you were inferior to her?"

There was an eager interest in her voice, that Rosamond did not then understand, though it came to her later.

"She is proud, I think, mother; but to me she was nice, without any appearance of condescension, and, oh mother! her lovely house and garden. I thought I was entering Eden. I wish you could see it, but of course you will when you come out to visit me."

See it! Ah, how long seemed the years since she had seen it? How often in bygone days had she not chased the golden butterflies over lawn and clematis bordered paths, and gathered at her own sweet will the smiling yellow-hearted roses and purple columbine? How often in her happy childhood had she not clambered upon the great, front steps, to search her father in his study, for the caressing word or embrace he never failed to bestow on her, and how like music had been the patter of her childish feet on the tile floor and broad stairs of that same Eden? Then, later, when she no longer ran about the lawns and played in the halls in such an undignified way, but with the honors of commencement upon her, moved through hall and garden as mistress of her father's home, and now her child was about to enter it, as a stranger.

Unintentionally, the girl had been the means of rolling back the stone that had kept closed to all but herself the door of her buried past, and exposed to her again all its bitter-sweet memories. It was little wonder that she sighed.

Again the dream of her blythe maidenhood vanished, and she was once more

the disowned, disinherited daughter, yet how rich and happy in the memory of the noble dead husband's love, for whom she had been willing to give up so much, and of the Faith, whose principles he had first taught and shown her, which to-day constituted her peace and happiness, as well as her child's.

"Beautiful things are best seen and appreciated by young eyes, darling," she replied in the same strained voice she had used before, but with all her palor and trembling gone. "Old eyes like mine could but do so imperfectly. When do you begin your new duties?"

"On Saturday, mother. Mrs. Staunton seemed anxious to have me go to her as soon as possible."

"Only three days in which to get ready, and to warn your pupils that you are making a change?"

"It's enough for the little with which I have to get ready with, mother. I haven't many clothes to take or prepare, and an hour or so to-morrow will be enough to go to my pupil's parents. I suppose I must go to Mr. Holland's, too, for, of course, you won't be giving him any more work."

"Make no change in that quarter yet, darling. I must still continue to sell my work, whenever I can, until you are well established in your new situation. You would not consider yourself above taking it to the shop sometimes of evenings, would you?"

"Certainly not, mother. I wasn't considering that; it was the rest I want your busy fingers to have now."

"My unselfish Rosamond! That will come in time, too. Light the lamp now, and we will have tea, as it will not be often hereafter that we will enjoy it together. I dare not dwell on all the lonely days I will spend here, when you are gone; it is our first separation, but you will come to me often and not forget me nor the attic room, in the grand life and home you are going to, will you dear?"

The girl's small hands closed tightly over her's.

"How could your little Rosamond ever be so base to your mother, and the place she will always call home. Don't fear, I will be serving another, but I will still

belong to you, and will come to you as often and whenever I can."

For the remainder of the meal, and in fact for the whole evening Mrs. Raymond was silent and quiet, caused, her daughter naturally thought, by their coming separation.

But Rosamond herself kept up a steady flow of words, telling of her afternoon's journey over again, and how she hoped to give satisfaction to the lady she was soon to serve. All of which fell unheeded on the mother's ears, because she was busy with her own thoughts.

When Rosamond had retired to rest, to dream of the new life now held out to her, Mrs. Raymond drew over a chair before the dying embers on the hearth, and sat up far into midnight. She bowed her head in her trembling hands, and slowly through the long fingers, that years of labor and poverty's toil could not rob of their grace and shapeliness, the tears trickled.

"It is all so strange," she mused, "to think that my child, my beautiful Rosamond should go to the home from which I was turned so long ago. 'No, not to go simply,' she cried aloud, 'that would be nothing, but to be as a hired servant, for that is all she will be there. Oh, father! father! I am drinking to the full of that bitter cup you gave to me. I went from your door a pauper. My children, all but this fair flower who ere long will cross your threshold, died one by one, and their father, the man on whose account you disowned me, your own daughter, and the noblest man who ever lived, died of a broken heart, blamed for a murder he never committed. But that was found out only when I was a wailing widow, and his children weeping orphans. But it was God's will and it is past and gone now, and I thank the Divine One, that, like my history, it is well hidden from the knowledge of my child. Please God, she will never know it, but ah! it is galling to see her take up a servitude to your proud wife. I could more easily see myself do so than her, but your ban is upon me, and even as a stranger I cannot cross your threshold. You will not know her, father, although in time her features may remind you of one you loved in the long ago, because an assumed name conceals well

our identity, the name I adopted when, after my George's death, I came back here to my native city."

For a breathing space of a moment or two she relapsed into silence, a prey to conflicting emotions. Then lifting up her head, she stretched out her hands to the *Ecce Homo*, crying in a peculiarly triumphant voice, "Thou hast sent me, oh my thorn-crowned Redeemer, many sorrows. Thou hast tried me sometimes, almost beyond my strength, and yet my cup of woe has not been without a drop of honey, for Thou hast rewarded me much, in my Faith, and the filial child who goes so soon from me, and I only ask, as I have always asked, do Thou increase my faith and her's, guarding and keeping her always, and helping her in the new life that is coming to her, for Thou knowest there will be allurements in it, and perhaps dangers, for one so innocent of the world as she."

Again she had forgotten the past and its people, and was thinking and praying only for the future of the fair sleeper at the far end of the room.

Next morning Father Madden came to see her and Rosamond, to talk over, in his kindly way, the young girl's new position, and the advantages he believed it held for her, but the priest could not understand the far-away expression that came into the mother's eyes and face, nor grasp the meaning of the tensely spoken words: "Anything but that for her, anything but Staunton House."

XVIII.

"So you are very pleased with your future companion, mother. I saw her from my boudoir window as she passed down the walk yesterday, and if I may be allowed to judge by appearances, I too am pleased with her."

As she spoke, Miss Staunton ceased caressing the head of the brown retriever lying at her feet, and looked enquiringly towards her mother, as that lady, with the help of her maid, donned bonnet and cloak preparatory to going out.

"Yes, ma chere," she replied, fastening on her white suede gloves, "I am decidedly pleased, and I think Miss Raymond is going to suit me perfectly. My feather ruffle, Anna. Such a lady-like refined girl; she captivated me im-

mediately. Do you know, there is something more than ordinary about her; it may be that there is a drop of gentle blood in her veins. She seemed on such a different plane to several of those other applicants I had before she came. Unlike them, she never once during the whole of our interview, glanced about my parlor, but was as self-possessed and as much at ease as if accustomed all her life to *Syrma* rugs and *Burne-Jones* paintings. Those other vulgar people did nothing else but stare, in the most unpardonable way, at everything,—furniture and pictures. It was a relief to find one like Miss Raymond. She is a papist, though."

"Yes, mamma, so you told me; but of course that will not matter."

"Not to me, at least, for I do not mind whether it is Jew, Gentile, or Papist who is serving me, so long as they suit me. Miss Raymond is coming on Saturday at four o'clock. I hope she is punctual, as I am apt to frown on any one who is not. I should like it if you were coming to town with me this morning. However, I shall meet you and Bruce at the *Dorane's*. Ta-ta; are you going to remain here?"

"No, I shall go with papa. Anna is waiting to set your dressing room in order."

When her mother had driven away in the carriage for her morning drive, Beatrice went down to the library to search for her father, but not finding him there she wandered up to the gallery. Here in his favorite haunt she found him standing and studying earnestly the family portraits on the wall. She stood watching him in silence, until she saw his gaze falling on the draped picture of his dead wife, and the photograph of the disowned *Millicent*, and saw his white head droop lower and lower on his breast in the deep sorrow that at times assailed him. Then she went to him and placed her arm about his neck.

"Grieving again papa! Now if mamma found you here, I am afraid she would be apt to give you a penance."

"Yes, fond heart, grieving again, though it is wrong of me when you are near," he said lifting his white head up.

"Tut, tut, papa. *Millicent* was your daughter, the same as I am, and she is

my sister. If she would only come back. I am sure if I love her picture, I should love her."

"And you would be willing to share my love with her, and your fortune?" he asked eagerly.

"Without a question, papa. Millicent would have half of whatever I have, if since her coming back once more would satisfy the hungry craving of your heart and restore its perfect happiness."

"My generous Beatrice, always noble, never selfish. Your words have given me fresh hope, and that Millicent were here to hear them, how proud, how glad they would make her. You would not be jealous of your half-sister? No, my Beatrice could never be that, her mind is beyond such narrow limits. If Millicent only knew how I have searched for her, and looked for her, surely she would come to me, and remember no more her cruel wrongs. I have a plan, in which your lover has promised to aid me. He is going to renew the search for my Millicent a few months hence, and is going himself to Virginia to try and trace up either her or some of the Kingsley family who may be able to tell us something of her; you are aware what it means when Bruce takes up a thing; he has the skill of a Cicero, and the perseverance of an Alexander."

A blush spread itself over the beautiful face, at the mention of her lover, as she replied:

"Even if Bruce were not as clever as he is, papa, he would use his most powerful efforts to help you in this task. He knows the melancholy story of your one mistake, and certainly he will help you all he can to repair that mistake."

"Yes, yes," he said, hastily, drawing the veil down again over the dead Millicent, and putting the disowned one (he had been holding the little picture in his hand) back in its place. "He knows the whole, wretched tale; indeed, who does not," and his bitter tone of self-condemnation was painful to hear.

"It was no fault of your's, papa. It was your prejudice and pride that got the supremacy of your better nature, causing you to do what you did. But cheer up. It is not too late for the almost impossible to happen, and with Bruce interested you may yet find Mil-

licent. Mamma has often told you this."

"Yes, and you are telling me now. Let us retire from here, love; you came to talk to me of pleasant things, and I have rehearsed what is melancholy, but it is your turn now, where is mother?"

"She has gone out, papa, earlier this morning than usual, as she is to attend the meeting of her literary club. She is president you know. We are going later then to lunch at Mrs. Dorane's. Are you coming?"

"No, love, it's a good few years since I dropped society, and it will be another few before I adopt it again."

"But I hate to see ourselves with so much enjoyment, and you with none."

"I am quite contented to be among my books. Let us sit here, and you will talk, and I shall listen."

He settled down into his armchair, in the library window, and drew one near it for his daughter.

"I suppose you know who is coming on Saturday, papa?" she asked, seating herself, and locking her fingers in his.

"Your mother said something about a companion at dinner last night. So it is on Saturday she is to be here, is it?"

"Yes, papa, and such a nice companion. Her name is Rosamond Raymond."

"Rosamond Raymond, eh? How musical."

"And she is a Papist, papa."

Immediately his face changed, and a shadow fell across it like a cloud through a summer sky. "That was a word for much sorrow once in Staunton House, Beatrice," he said slowly, then as quickly added, "but there I am harping on the subject we dropped a few minutes ago. I must not. How strange it will seem to have a Papist in the household, though to be sure we often have them under our roof."

"Yes, papa, our friends, certainly. Mamma counts hosts of Catholics on her list, but Miss Raymond will be constantly with us."

"So she will, love, but perhaps, after a time you will be able to convert her to your's and mamma's way of thinking," and his eyes twinkled mischievously.

"No, teasing, now, papa. I am not a missionary, and I say with Walt. Whitman: 'Each man to himself, each wo-

man to herself.' I am contented to be a Protestant and leave other people to their creed, and I shall not interfere in any way with mamma's new companion. Mamma has already promised her that, and made her understand that this house is a liberal one."

"That is well. Liberality is a law of these enlightened days, and I am glad that you and mamma both follow it. Miss Raymond would recognize that as soon as your mother spoke, but it will seem very strange to have a Papist beneath our roof all the time."

"Very, papa, but we will soon grow accustomed to it. I must run now and get dressed for Dorane's; it takes me quite two hours to have my hair and toilet arranged, and leave you to try and imagine what Miss Raymond's Catholicity may be like. I hope she may impress you at first sight, as she has mamma and me."

She shook her finger at him in her playful fashion, and departed for her boudoir, and he turned to his morning papers.

XIX.

When Mrs. Curran heard from Mrs. Raymond's lips that Rosamond was going to leave the Square, the little woman was amazed and sorry. But when she learned of the position that awaited the young girl, her amazement and sorrow gave place to feelings of pleasure. She quickly spread the news among her neighbors, how decidedly her lady tenant's (this was the term she always applied to Mrs. Raymond when speaking of her daughter) was bettering herself, while Charlie could not see at all why "Miss Rosamond" was leaving them. Nothing would do the man of six years, but that on Friday Rosamond and her mother should come down and take tea, and when, with great importance, he went up with his mother's permission, to ask them and they consented to come, he was the proudest boy on the Square. Ever since her serious illness, Rosamond had been deeply grateful to Mrs. Curran for the many kindnesses that little woman had shown her during those weeks she lay so sick, and neither she nor her mother would have refused for worlds this invitation, which Charlie had called a "good-bye tea."

Mrs. Curran spared no pains and laid a most appetizing supper in her cosy dining room, and the evening afterwards was so pleasantly spent, though quietly, that Rosamond and her mother found it all too short.

It was the first time in many years that the latter had accepted of strange hospitality, and she had done so now only because of the gratitude she extended with her daughter to this lately found friend.

Saturday dawned and the mother's heart was ready to sink; her daughter would soon be leaving her. Though she knew her future abode was near enough to the Square, yet she felt it was so far. But as she had accepted all the phases of her varied life, so she accepted this one, and amid smiles and tears she saw her daughter depart in the early afternoon, to begin a new life in the home whose greatest treasure she (Rosamond's mother) had once been.

In the front room of her Japanese Square Mrs. Staunton sat, employed with some tapestry work.

"Conduct Miss Raymond here, Sampson," she said, setting her work aside, as the footman looked in and announced "Miss Raymond."

"You are welcome to Staunton House, Miss Raymond," she said, extending her hand to Rosamond, whom she met on the threshold, and smiling most graciously. "My daughter, Miss Raymond" as Beatrice's superb figure, in a riding habit of dark gray, glided in.

The heiress held out her gloved hand. "Too bad that I should be just going out now, mamma. We shall be friends, I am sure," she said, recognizing in her mother's companion the fair girl she had once met in Holland's shop, and, strange, whom her lover had also met.

Miss Staunton then went out again, and Mrs. Staunton summoned a maid to show Rosamond up to her apartments.

"You may wish to rest after your ride out," she had said, with ready tact, but knowing well that the young girl was only too desirous of becoming familiar with her surroundings at once and of having perhaps a few minutes to herself.

As Rosamond picked up the valise she had set down in the hall upon her entrance, and which contained the most of her slim wardrobe, and followed Anna up the broad stairs, a man's hearty laugh rang through the hall below, and a full rich voice exclaimed: "Come easier, Judge, I am not as black as you have painted me, though I have no use for politics or their bother, I do not condemn others who engage in them."

Then a voice, which Rosamond knew to be Miss Staunton's, interposed with:

"Oh, you men are always talking politics or law. Bruce, Psyche is pawing the ground for very impatience, so papa cannot keep you any longer."

"That's Miss Beatrice and Mr. Everett going out horse riding," was Anna's information to Rosamond as they reached the top of the stairs, the maid taking it for granted that the new companion knew in what relationship her mistress's daughter and the brilliant lawyer stood to each other, and there was no necessity for her to tell of it.

"This is your room, Miss," she said again, going the full length of the wide lobby and seeing the young stranger into a large cosy apartment with a smaller one divided off at the end, while Rosamond was thinking of the voice she had just heard, and wondering who Mr. Everett was. To say that she was pleased with her reception into this house of elegance and proud wealth would be to express it mildly. It was beyond all her expectations, at least, when Miss Staunton was considered. She had pictured to herself a cold, reserved heiress who might receive her favorably or unfavorably, and perhaps regard her as an intruder, even though she had come for her mother's comfort. But Beatrice's warm clasping of her hand and her gracious words, "that they would be friends," had killed such notions, and her peculiarly sweet nature had found a kindred to the Staunton heiress.

That evening, as she stood admiring her rooms and wishing her mother was sharing their dainty tastefulness with her, there was a low tap on her door, and opening it, she found Miss Staunton "I was just going down, Miss Raymond" she said apologetically, "and I thought perhaps you would be ready to come

down with me. It would be lonely finding your way down by yourself, and I want to introduce you besides to my papa, and some friends."

Rosamond thanked her, and the heiress was fascinated by the smiling face and the bird-like voice that accompanied the words. Down in the drawing room, Mrs. Staunton was entertaining a number of guests, who had just happened in, and of course were invited to remain for the evening. They all rested their eyes on Rosamond, as Beatrice brought her in.

"Where are the gentlemen, mamma?" the heiress asked, when she had completed her introductions of Rosamond to their lady friends.

"Here we are," said her father's voice as with his prospective son-in-law and old Colonel Compeigne, the Judge issued from the dining hall.

"Better late than never, papa. Papa this is Miss Raymond, who hereafter abides with us. Miss Raymond, my father."

The Judge shook hands with Rosamond, and the kindly smile that lit up his fine old face won immediately her liking.

Then she was introduced to the Colonel, who smiled as he always did at a pretty face, though he was a widower, and had two grown up and very attractive daughters of his own; and lastly to Bruce Everett, who, while waiting his turn had fallen into a desultory conversation with pretty Mrs. Aiden, one of his betrothed's especial friends.

The other introductions, Rosamond had taken and acknowledged calmly and self-possessedly, but at this one she flushed slightly, and her manner became somewhat conscious, for she recognized the lawyer's handsome face and knew him as the gentleman she had met a year ago on Broadway, while the glance of his keen gray eyes, as he bowed profoundly to her, said plainly, "We have met before."

At the dinner table she sat next to her mistress, and the glittering array of silver and china, and the elegant courses that were served up, would, she decided, have tempted the palate of royalty itself. But being strange as yet, she ate but little, and that little with such dain-

teness and ease of manner, though it was the first time she had sat down with some of the best in the social scale, that Mrs. Staunton was delighted with her, and that lady's critical friends charmed.

Here was one beneath them as far as wealth and position went, but their equal every inch in appearance and manners, and they warmly congratulated their hostess, when later Rosamond had retired, on her good fortune of finding such a companion. Quite early, the fair girl sought her pillow, well pleased with her new home and life just begun, and the people she had met in it, to dream pleasantly of its future continuance.

XX.

"Madeline, how did you chance upon Miss Raymond for a companion. What a delightful little personage; I am really enamored of her all ready," Judge Staunton remarked to his wife, a couple of evenings after Rosamond's coming to Staunton House.

"She came answering my advertisement in the Post, Oswald. I am glad you are pleased with her. For my part, I am very much so, and I think she will prove very suitable to me. She had references from Mr. Madden, the priest of St. Cyr's church, and I believe she is eminently very respectable. Beatrice remembers of having seen her once in Holland's, and Bruce, so Bee has told me, met her on Broadway some months ago. If I am not mistaken, he was of some service to her, but in what way I just now forget. She has gone home this evening to see her mother; it is not one of the evenings I have given her for her own, but Bee persuaded me that it would not be amiss to show such a small kindness, for no doubt the young girl is feeling the separation from her mother, and Mrs. Raymond, quite as anxious as I would be, under like circumstances, to know just what her daughter's position is like, and how she finds it, congenial or otherwise, but I think, she added with a smile, "Miss Raymond will find it to be the first here, or rather I will hope it will be so."

Rosamond, all unconscious of what was being said of her by her mistress and her husband, was just at that min-

ute seated on the old couch beside her parent, recounting to her all that the two days (to Mrs. Raymond it had seemed like two years) had been to her, and answering the numerous maternal questions (as to how she had got on, what her duties were, and if they were pleasant) with the brightest of smiles.

"And—and, the Judge, Rosamond," Mrs. Raymond asked after a short pause, "what is he like?"

"A lovely old gentleman, mother," she replied, not noticing the trembling of her mother's voice, nor the quivering of her thin lips, as she asked the question; "but he is very quiet, and seems to me to think a great deal. He is dignified like Mrs. Staunton. They are both very nice, but I think I prefer Miss Staunton to either her father or mother. Oh, mother, she is a lovely girl; it is no wonder that the servants love the ground she treads on."

"Being an heiress has not spoiled her any then, dear?"

"No, mother, it seems to make her all the more amiable. She is engaged to Lawyer Everett."

"Have you met him yet, Rosamond?"

"Yes, mother. Miss Staunton introduced me on Saturday evening. Do you remember about a year ago, my losing my hat on Broadway one windy morning?"

"Yes, dear."

"And a gentleman picking it up for me?"

"Yes, dear."

"Lawyer Everett is that gentleman; and the same whose horse I saw another day running away. I recognized him as soon as I saw him on Saturday, and I think he knew me."

"You may depend, dear, he did. Men of his profession are always keen."

"Barrett, the head housekeeper, who was friendly with me as soon as she knew me, told me when I was sitting in her room with her awhile to-day, that he is almost as rich as Judge Staunton himself, and one of the best lawyers in America. He is the Judge's attorney, too."

"Quite right that he should be, dear, when he is soon to be counted as one of the family. Tell me this, is the life at Staunton House very gay?"

"Not just at present, mother. Barrett says the family came home early from Newport this year, and many of their friends haven't yet returned to town, but once they do, the housekeeper says there will be innumerable balls and parties, and the theatre every night. She says Mrs. Staunton is never tired of entertaining. Of course I know I won't be in them, nor would I wish to be, but it will make everything bright."

"As Mrs. Staunton's companion, dear, you may be asked to share in a great many of them, but this is what I would say to you," and she covered the small hand resting in her's: "Be careful, be moderate, and remember where your place is at all times. No doubt, there are many young men coming to and going from Staunton House, and it is for you to keep them at arm's length, for they are not of your humble world, nor are you of their proud one. They might cause you only harm in the end. You are only a poor girl," and beneath her breath, "but you are a lady also; and you must make them respect you. Keep your reserve, and give them no room in which to amuse themselves, as, unfortunately men of wealth and fortune sometimes do with poor girls, and often, too often, cause them ruin. It may seem odd for me to talk to you in this way, but it is my duty as your mother, and a mother's warning voice is not to be despised. Few have seen the world as I have seen it in all its phases, and few have known it better. There is something more. Guard your Faith; keep it firm, Rosamond; it is your one possession; but the life into which you are now thrown, its circumstances, its very air may all combine to rob you of it, though God forbid. You are thrown among people with whom pleasures and mercenary pursuits are the first consideration, and God only the second, but with prayer these things need not impress you. Show yourself worthy of the name of Catholic, and you do not know what good seed your example may sow in the heart of the worldly woman you are serving, and of her family. Have you comprehended what I have said to you?"

"I do, mother, and your advice and counsel I know and trust too well not

to take it in a proper spirit, but I don't think my religion will ever be interfered with in Staunton House. Mrs. Staunton promised me that any way. She is not at all religious herself, though she always goes to church on Sundays, but Miss Beatrice is very religious. The Judge, I do not know what his professions are, but I know he did not go to church yesterday, because I went to early Mass, and I was home when Mrs. Staunton and Miss Beatrice went to their late service, and he remained at home."

"Indeed," and to other than Rosamond it would seem that this announcement had caused a strange surprise to creep into her mother's voice. "What church did you go to yesterday?"

"St. Mary's, mother; it is just at the end of Granton road. It is a small church, and has been only lately built; all the best Catholic families in the neighborhood attend there. I think I'll run down now to see Mrs. Curran and Charlie; I know they will be glad. I'll come up again to see you, before I go back."

When the bright young presence had left her, Mrs. Raymond leaned her head on the table and fell to musing.

"It is just the same," she thought. "Life goes on in the same old happy way as when I ruled it, but, ah! the restfulness of being out of it all. Father you do not know how happy your Millacent is, with only two pangs, the one, a longing to see you even once before I die and to ask again your forgiveness, and the other, the knowledge that my child should be serving your proud wife in the capacity she now does. But then again, what is it, father; she is happy, and perhaps it is meet that I would not yet be seeing the end of my humiliations and it is not for me to question what is ordained by a holy Providence. But, what can this change in you mean, father? What has become of your strong Presbyterian prejudice, that in that dim long ago divided our ways? Dare I hope that you have become imbued with your second wife's liberality, and indifferent to the practice of any one religion? Might you receive me back? No, that cannot be, you dismissed me once, and forever, and if your feelings

have changed in religious matters, they would not nor cannot for me."

There was, as usual, no bitterness in her voice, only a sad longing, as it were, to see and know again the father to whom they were addressed. The wild desire that she might be in her daughter's place, so as to be near and see him sometimes, even as a stranger, seized her for several seconds, but she quickly saw its impracticability, and rousing herself, she grew bright again, with the brightness her daughter's visit and

joyful account of the first two days in the old home that was new to the young girl, innocent as she was of the history of one who had been connected with it, had brought her. Only Toby, the wise-looking black cat purring in the corner, heard the remark: "The ups and downs are for each and all of us; the even path and the uneven. Mine may be straightened some day, and its ruggedness made smooth," and that day was not far distant, if she had but known it.

(To be continued.)

The Last Communion.

Translated from the French by A. LEBLANC.

In the dusk of a September afternoon, several persons might be seen hurrying along a street in the little village of Vejæ. They knocked at the door of a quaint little house; the door was opened cautiously by a venerable old man, and as each person entered they were obliged to give the countersign. They were compelled to be more careful than usual, as the master of the house knew that a band of Huguenots were prowling about the neighborhood, and although they had not pillaged the church, yet they had become masters of Valet Castle, situated on the other side of the borough, which they had chosen as their headquarters; so there was no knowing what they might do next. At ten o'clock the assembly was complete; all seemed anxiously awaiting an important message. For four days past their dear old pastor, pursued by these heretics, had been obliged to fly, broken down as he was, by illness and old age. What had become of him? Would he come, and there, in the stillness of the night? Could Mass be offered on that old oak-chest before them, wherein were kept the sacred vessels and the Holy Species saved from the pillage and profanation?

"Our pastor is taken," said the Catholic, who had called them together, "and here is Vierre, who has come from Rieu, to tell us the news."

Vierre spoke, and while he was speaking they sobbed aloud. "He was arrested at the bedside of a dying person. Neither his great age nor his great weakness prevented them from ill-treating him," said Vierre angrily. "For they struck him with their fists and stabbed him with their bayonets. He never complained, and as I came near him, intending to defend him or share his fate, he said: 'It's no use; let us do God's will only; pray for me.' Then lowering his voice lest he be overheard by these heretics, he told me that one Host still remained in the silver Pyx, and as he left me, he said: 'Oh! if I could only receive my God before I go to death.'"

All were deeply moved. Could this faithful flock let their pastor, who had braved sickness and fatigue, to give to his children the bread of life, depart from this earth without the consolation of receiving the Celestial Viaticum? Was there not a generous soul amongst them who would risk his life to carry to him the One who gave courage to the martyrs of old? Vierre expressed the thoughts of all present when he said: "but how can we get to him in the dungeon of Valet Castle?"

There was amongst them a boy about fifteen years of age, well built and with a frank open countenance. He was noted for his piety and great faith. Jean,

for such was his name, had lost his father two years before, and since then the priest had fed and clothed him, besides teaching him many useful as well as divine truths. Hoping one day that this child of his heart might take up his work and devote himself to the salvation of souls.

They might try to visit their pastor, but to what dangers would they not be exposed; what courage and devotion would be required for this undertaking? Jean alone faced the danger calmly. The thought of the consolation he might bring to the one he loved best in the world gave him courage. He knew what it was to lose a father and to be allowed to suffer for him, who had been as such, seemed better than to live without him, so Jean thought. "I will go," said he, "if you think me worthy. I owe it to him who gave me my God for the first time, and who has cared for me all these years. Let me pay this debt of gratitude now. Something tells me that I will return. Perhaps those wretches will take pity on me. Then, Monsieur le Cure has told me all about the passages underground leading from the Castle to the courtyard. The Huguenots, knowing nothing of these, will not have them guarded. So I think I may be able to attempt our pastor's rescue."

His eyes were full of tears, but his voice was firm. The chest wherein reposed the sacred Host was then opened; all knelt; Jean came and prostrated himself. The silver Pyx was then hung around his neck and hidden in the folds of his garments. A short prayer was said. After this all rose, and Jean, crossing the threshold, went forth into the night. The boy walked quietly along the deserted streets, until he came to the end of the village; then he took a short cut through the meadow. His hands clasped on his breast, praying fervently, listening all the while, and trying to pierce the darkness, the child went on his way; something urged him on; he felt as if he had wings; he glided along, keeping well in the shadows of the wall of Caillac Castle. All was still, the clock struck eleven. He went along the outskirts of the wood. The wind moaned in the pines overhead, and the weird cries of the night birds echoed

far and wide in the stillness of the night. Yet the boy feared not. His hands pressed the Pyx, his soul was absorbed in prayer.

Thus went to the Roman Prisons, in early days of the Church, those who brought to the martyrs the God for whom these confessors of the Faith were about to shed their blood,—a few more meadows to cross; through these he glided like a spirit.

At Vejæ, the house wherein these meetings were held, was still; all had gone to their homes. A few old women alone remained to watch and pray that God might bless the boy and their venerable priest.

Jean came to the top of the hill on which the town of Yolet is situated. The Castle stood out before him; it was brightly lighted; the tower alone was dark and gloomy. The sound of song and revelry broke the stillness of the night. Captain Merle's men were resting after their day's work, and celebrating their numerous conquests by a feast. Notwithstanding this, nothing had been neglected, and all was in readiness lest they be taken by surprise. The Captain knew that the Marquis of St. Uarem was on his way to the defence of Aurillac, and the Huguenot was too prudent not to be ready for an attack that might come at any time.

Jean hid in the shadow of the walls. From here he could see all that went on without being found out. He heard the sentinels exchange the password, and the conversations carried on in low voices at the different posts overlooking the walls. He made his plans accordingly. He would show himself at the first post, fly when called on to give the password; let himself be followed; then let them arrest him. He would take the Sacred Host, if he could not get near to the dear prisoner. This was easy enough. The child came forth from his hiding place. His first steps were heard.

"Who goes there?" asked a sentinel.

"My God, help me," said Jean, as he rushed forward as if to fly.

"Stop!" called a savage voice. He ran faster and faster. The whole post was at his heels; two men ran on ahead.

"It's a child," said one. "Son of a

Papist!" yelled the other, and lowering his musket he fired. A shot was heard, then the boy staggered and fell. On the ramparts the sentinels gave the alarm. He lay bathed in his blood.

On the other side of the river they were praying for him. They raised him up and carried him into the hall, where over a hundred men half drunk were arming themselves hastily, thinking an attack was about to be made.

Captain Merle came forward as they entered.

"Was this child the cause of the alarm?" he asked of the men who carried him.

;"Yes, Captain."

"Tell me, boy, what were you doing within our walls?"

"I was going about my business, Captain," he answered.

"Alright, we will settle this later."

Then turning to his men he said: "Put up your arms and let us return to our dinner. Let the sentinels be changed," he added.

One officer chose his men, and went out to do his captain's bidding. One of the soldiers, better natured than the rest, said to Jean: "You spoiled our dinner, little one, so I will punish you, by making you drink some Seigneur Yolel wine. There take my glass."

"Why, he is wounded," said another one. Merle looked at his arm.

"Oh, that's nothing," he said.

"It won't prevent him drinking," said the first Huguenot, with a sneer.

And the child, who carried his God on his breast, sat down in the midst of these demons. The table was bountifully filled with meats and dainties of all kinds. Wine flowed in abundance: bottles lay around on the benches and on the floor.

The captain of the Huguenots was so confident in the height and strength of the walls that he did not care whether all his men were in a fit state to repulse the enemy should an attack be made.

The soldier, who seemed to have taken a fancy to Jean, did all that he could for him. The child tasted the meat and then stopped eating.

"Eat little one," said his friend.

"This chicken comes from the hen-coop of Sire de Pestals; it is the fruit of

my morning sport. I narrowly escaped being shot trying to get it."

The child answered not.

"Are you sulking, little one?"

"It is Friday," said the boy.

At this answer, hellish laughter filled the room, and the remnants of the feast were hurled at the child's head. Some of the soldiers, more brutal than the rest, struck him in the face.

Tears filled the boy's eyes. Who could console him now? He whom he bore on his breast, and who, to save the world, let Himself be buffeted by the rabble on the eve of His Passion.

"Dog of a Papist," yelled a soldier,—the one who had shot him—"you made me lose a charge of powder. But you are are going to eat like a good Huguenot, and drink with me to the success of the Calvin Religion."

"I will not do it," said the boy, and he rose to his feet. The soldier would have ill-treated him, had not other soldiers interfered.

"He is only a child; we will deal with him later on. Meantime, throw him into the same dungeon as that old curate. Let them console one another."

"Now let us finish our dinner in peace."

Jean almost wept with joy; he had gained his point; what mattered all he had suffered; he had gained his point. The same drunken soldier came forward, and taking the child, dragged him along through dark corridors, until they reached a dungeon darker than anything he had ever seen. The soldier opened the door, and giving the child a kick sent him rolling across the room. Jean fell on the damp straw. His first thought was for the Pyx containing the body of his God. It was safe, and he knelt and adored it. Then he listened; for it seemed to him that he heard a moan.

"Monsieur le cure!" he called softly.

A moan was the only answer. Jean crossed the room and was soon on his knees beside his venerable pastor, whom he found lying on the straw badly wounded and in a burning fever.

"Who is calling me?" asked someone in a feeble voice.

The child could not answer; he was dumb from emotion.

"It is Jean, little Jean, Monsieur le cure."

The old man tried to sit up, and did so after great difficulty, and looked about him in the darkness.

When he found the boy he clasped him in his arms. While in his embrace, Jean murmured in his ear :

"Monsieur le cure, I have brought you our dear Lord."

The old man kissed him even more tenderly. Then clasping his hands he murmured a fervent act of thanksgiving.

"It is here," said the boy, "on my breast, in the silver pyx."

The old man sat up again, and adored his God, who had deigned to choose his beloved Jean's breast, as His tabernacle.

Then in the silence of the night he took the Pyx in his trembling hands, and while the child prayed fervently, while the blasphemies and laughter of the soldiers echoed in the distance, the priest partook of the Bread of Life. Then he prayed.

His prayer ended he called to the boy to come closer, and learned from him all that had happened ; then bade him fly. As for himself he was weakening rapidly, and he felt death approaching ; he seemed to have lived only long enough to receive his God from Jean's hands.

The priest then gave Jean the necessary directions as to the way out of the dungeon, through the secret passage. Suddenly all seemed wild confusion in the Castle ; then there was dead silence, but outside could be heard the war cry and the sound of guns. At last it grew louder and louder, steps were heard overhead, and the groans of the wounded were intermingled with the noise of the cannons. What was the matter ? Jean listened, pale and trembling. The priest hardly heard these hellish sounds ; his senses were dulled to the things of this earth, and in the darkness of the dungeon the light of eternity was beginning to shine. The sound of an explosion broke the stillness and shook the Castle to its very foundation. The gates had been thrown open. The besieging party had already entered the courtyard. It was the Marquis of St. Harem, who, on his way to the defence of Aurillac destroyed all the dens of the Huguenots that he met.

Merle still remained in the Castle with a small band of men, but now the Catholics had broken in the doors with their axes, and lance in hand rushed forward, crying "Death, death to the Huguenots !" Jean was sure that the vanquished ones would avenge their loss by putting their prisoners to death. The priest's voice broke the stillness : "My boy come closer to me ; then laying his hand on his head, he said : "May God bless you as I do." His dying hand traced the sign of the cross on the boy's forehead. "Fly," he added, in a failing voice ; his arm fell heavily by his side ; he had rendered his soul to God.

Cries of victory were heard, and the men rushed through the Castle, torch in hand. Suddenly a man appeared on the threshold of the dungeon ; it was the chaplain. The light of the torch which he carried fell on the body of the priest, lying on the straw, and on the tear stained face of the boy, at his side. At this sight, his indignation broke forth.

"Oh ! the wretches ! they have dared. I have come too late."

The brave man knelt and respectfully kissed the hand of the martyred priest.

"They did not kill him," said the boy ; "he died just a few minutes ago."

The Marquis took Jean by the hand and gave him in charge of one of his officers. Afterwards he returned with several men to have the body removed to the beg of the Castle. The soldiers then came forward and knelt around the body, forming a guard. Jean crouched by the side of his only friend sobbing bitterly. The Captain saw that his arm was bleeding. "You have been wounded, my child," he said tenderly.

"I wounded him," said a Huguenot savagely. "Give him a gun and let him shoot me. I would rather be shot than hung."

"We will choose the manner of your death," said the Marquis angrily.

"In the name of God," said the child ; "in the name of the holy man who has just died, let him live."

A short time after, Jean, escorted by two armed men, returned to Vejæ. The blessing of the old man rested on his brow like a crown of glory. A pious lady took him home with her, and had him educated. Jean became a priest,

and often in the years that followed these troublesome times, he might be seen at the bedside of his dying parishoners, bringing to them the same God, who had been the strength and consolation of his venerable Father and pastor in his last moments on earth.

Song.

Melodies come over me,
Like the incense breathing zephyrs of a
spring morn;
True children of nature,
By the allwise Creator to inspiration
born.

Song is one of the most sublime of arts. It has its origin in, and is in fact a counterpart of nature's ceaseless beautiful song. There are voices of grief in the wind, that sing through the dismal winter forest; there is joy and good tidings in the merry rippling song of the bubbling brooklets, and again how oft do we not hear the expression "the sad sea waves." Who of us has not experienced a genuine joy, a real appreciation of nature's songs, as he has walked forth to the forest on a beautiful summer morn. As one stops to listen, he hears a concord of sweet sounds, the beautiful blending, the harmony of which, to a soul alive to the beauties of nature, never fails to touch a sympathetic chord within. The songs of the feathery tribe, the prattling of the brook, the rustling of leaves,—these sounds Robertson so beautifully compares to the strains of an Aeolian harp. Thus nature sings to the Creator a grand, "Te Deum," which will cease only at death, which will be the end of time.

Song has a magic power. Nature teaches alike the lettered and illiterate the truth of this simple statement. Grief and joy, those widely varied but most intense of human feelings, barring even the consideration of circumstance that may prompt them, first by some mysterious facility that longed for relief or derived expression in sweet simple strains of melody. One's deepest sorrow one's inmost care, even after unavailing effort to put aside, to reason away, is as if forgotten in some sweet familiar melody, which brings to the mind a so-

lace, happy thoughts, reminiscences of bygone days. Likewise does joy find utterance in song. When the heart and mind are in happy mood, the first impulse is to give vent to our sentiments in song.

A well known and eminent authority terms song "the language of the soul." It ministers more to Christianity, than architecture, sculpture or painting. It tends to inspire devotion and edification more than do fine stone structures, divine creations in the plastic art, or the artistic blending of beautiful colors. It speaks more directly to the soul, heart and mind, filling them to overflow with a confusion of sublime sentiments. Still another author, when speaking of and commending song, says: "Let every man sing, and let him likewise teach his children." We cannot say too much for song or its attributes. Songs are the elevation of the whole universe, the inspiration of deeds of valor, the reminders of bygone days, the comforters in grief, and the source of a thousand good actions. Song may be justly claimed a fraction of heaven on earth, or a faint shadow of that eternal bliss, which all good souls hope at some time to enjoy.

A WONDERFUL CHOIR.

In the choir of St. Peter's, at Rome, there is not a female voice, and yet the most difficult oratorios and sacred music written are rendered in such a manner as to make one think Adelina Patti is leading. The choir is composed of sixty boys. They are trained for the work from the time they get control of their vocal chords, and some of the best singers are not over nine years old. At the age of seventeen they are dropped from the choir. To say that in that famous edifice, one hears the grandest church music the world has ever known sounds commonplace, so far short does it fall of apt description.

The love of Jesus has no horizon; neither time nor space can bound it.

A word of kindness is seldom spoken in vain. It is a seed which, even when dropped by chance, springs up a flower.

Editorial Notes.

A joyful and happy Easter to all our friends. May the peace of Christ be in your hearts. "Pax vobis."

Easter time is a time of joy. Christ is risen. He has conquered sin and hell. Our noble Leader flourishes the banner of victory. Under His leadership, fighting under His Standard, the Standard of the Cross, victory is promised also to us. If we follow Christ, imitating His example, if we bear our Cross patiently and offer ourselves a victim to God's will on the Calvary of this life, there is a glorious resurrection in store also for us. Our sad Good Friday will also be followed by a joyful Easter Sunday.

Christ is risen. Also we must rise. Rise from your sins; break the chains that make you Satan's captive. Rise above the paltry inconveniences, worldly vicissitudes and aspirations, to a higher plane of God's unchangeable truths and the things of Eternity. The frequent meditation on the great truths of God's Word ennoble the soul and renders it superior to all things earthly, strengthens the character, and gives a peace of mind and heart which nothing can disturb. How small is the person whose mind is filled with the petty cares of life; how low and degraded the soul who is a slave of the body,—allows full reign to its corrupt tendencies and animal instincts. Look up to your gallant Leader—the risen Saviour of the world—and rise with him.—*Sursum Corda.*

* * * *

The Rev. Charles S. Kemper, of Dayton, Ohio, has in a recent address held before a choice assembly, advocated in powerful words the advantages of the Hospice.

He enumerates six in particular: Its splendid site and magnificent scenery on the banks of the great cataract, the powerful reminder of the Creator's omnipotence and greatness, manifested in all His works. Its delightful and healthy atmosphere, together with the restful character of the life led in it, not excluding the possibility of healthful amusement. The comparative inexpensiveness of the living. The many opportunities of making excursions to Toron-

to, Buffalo, Lundy's Lane, etc.; and finally, the absolute safety of the young, especially young ladies, even when they come alone, without parents, companions or chaperons.

"The Review" begs to offer its heartfelt thanks to the reverend gentleman for so powerfully aiding a good cause. Will we have the pleasure of seeing him among the many guests we expect this coming season?

* * * *

Our subscribers will wonder what has become of the editor, since he does not answer the many letters they have, addressed to him. His absence is manifested also by the somewhat inferior make-up of this issue. Where is the editor? Work for God's ministers is plentiful, the field of their action ample. To convert the sinner, to bring him to repentance, wash his soul, pour heavenly consolation into his dejected heart, free him from the clutches of Satan, and raise him to the sublime dignity of God's child and heaven's heir; this is one of the happy duties incumbent on the priestly calling. To make it short, your editor has turned missionary, and I beg, in his name, that you will kindly pardon his apparent neglect and the temporary desertion of his post. In a few days he will write to you and give his apologies.

* * * *

It is strange, some of our readers encourage the editor in his efforts by their words of praise. "The Review is a good magazine; we wish it success and long life," they write. But the other day one of our readers struck another note. "The Review is not what it used to be three or four years ago; unless you improve, you will not hold your readers." Now that puts us on the self-defence. Self-preservation is one of nature's primary laws, and we do not wish to prove an exception to it. We thank the writer of that letter for his candid and, we presume, well meant advice, and mean, if possible, to profit by it.

* * * *

What is the latest drama acted on the world's stage? What new figure has come into prominence? There is one

principal character who engages our entire attention, a personage unknown to few, beloved by many and respected by all; it is Leo XIII, the Pope in Rome, —the grand old man in the Vatican. But few weeks ago he celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of his Pontificate, his Silver Jubilee as Pope, amidst the enthusiastic manifestations of loyalty, love and veneration from his affectionate children. He has entered the ninety-fourth year of his life, still vigorous and active in mind, if not in body. During this month he will reach the term of Peter's Pontificate to the day. It is with mingled feelings of joy and sadness that we heard his latest expression: "My course is almost run," the Pontiff is reported to have said. It is a good course, to which there is reserved, by the Just Judge, an immortal crown. Many and great are the services Leo has rendered during his long and eventful career to the Church, the State, and the world at large.

His wise and paternal warnings, his masterful and solid teaching, his voice calling for a return to the Redeemer, and His maxims, for a return of men to the Faith of their fathers, for a cessation of wickedness and injustice, and the amendment of life; this warning, this teaching, this voice of the great Leader charged to lead the flock of Christ through the wilderness of this life to the pastures and joys of heaven, if heeded, will ameliorate the world and change the sad conditions prevailing in it.

It fills us with sadness to think of the day when it will be said: "Leo is no more; he has paid his tribute to nature. Leo is dead." We hope this day may yet be far away, being confident, however, and certain that Christ will appoint a worthy successor, who will continue to guide that Church, the Spouse of Jesus, which has from its Divine founder, the assurance that it will last until the end of time, and that "the gates of hell shall not prevail against it."

* * * *

Notice.— We have received for review various books from prominent publishing firms. We will review them in our next issue.

Letters of Thanksgiving.

Rev. and Dear Sirs :

Some time ago I was so sick I never expected to be well. I prayed fervently to Our Lady of Mt. Carmel and St. Joseph, promising, if I recovered, to have it published in the Carmelite Review. Through the goodness of God I got well, and hope you will publish it.

From a reader of the Review.

* * * *

St. Louis, Mo., March 20, '03.

Dear Father :

Enclosed please find an offering for Mass, which I promised to Our Lady of Mt. Carmel in thanksgiving for two favors granted. Will you kindly publish it in the Review.

Mrs. W. J. L.

Wearers of the Brown.

Scapular names have been received at:
Falls View : from Trinity, Nfld.; Stratford, Ont.; St. Joseph's, N.S.; Uniontown, Pa.

Petitions Asked For.

The following petitions are recommended to the prayers of our readers :

Conversion of a friend ; Souls in Purgatory ; a happy death ; vocation of a boy ; health for pastor ; success in studies ; spiritual and temporal success ; help in sore need.

Obituary.

We recommend to the prayers of our readers the following deceased :

Mrs. Mary Lawler, who died in Pittsburgh, Pa., Feb. 21st, 1903 ; Mrs. F. Egan, Detroit, Mich.; Sr. M. A. Berchmans Carroll, who died peacefully in the Lord, Feb. 15th, 1903 ; Mrs. Prudence Lee, who died on Feb. 13th, 1903.

May they all rest in peace.

Only a man of worth can recognize worth.

Will Power.

The will is a mighty ruler, the king of kings, ruling each individual, and consequently holding dominion aggregately, over the entire universe. It is the moving factor of the world. On each depends the richest endowment a man can possess—character. The formation of character, you might say, is entirely dependent on the strength and tenacity of the will. We acknowledge each day the extreme frailty of our natures, by allowing every impulse to dominate over the will, instead of being subservient to it. We admit in a manner more forcible than words, that we are a mere mechanism over which fancy has full sway. Instead of being conquerors, girded with strength, we are but weak captives. We are daily brought face to face with the stern reality that there is a lack of control of the will, by the number of effervescent and vacillating minds with which we come in contact, and their detrimental influence cannot help being felt. All glory to the man who is so inflexible that nothing can intervene which will make him swerve from the path of duty. All hail to the man who has fortitude enough to say "yes" and "no," periling any opinion or criticism which his action may stimulate. He will be amply remunerated by the calm which the consciousness of a duty performed will be sure to bring. We feel elevated and awed by such characters. They seem to unconsciously ingratiate themselves into our hearts, and incite feelings of inspiration and reverence. We should not be the plaything of every whim, driven about like a cork on the water, knowing not in what direction or how far the next wave may take us, but let the will, carefully and properly guided, be the ballast, which will steer for us a direct course, not leaning backward or forward, but with such decisiveness and firmness that it will impart to our life an outline which will make it stand out distinct and alone from every other individual's, adding to it an imposing dignity, and we will be found examples worthy of imitation, and will thereby open before us a path into which others will be magnetically drawn.

Being possessor of this power of will we will have a weapon with which we can face with intrepidity the severest trials, and overcome what may seem to those who lack it, unsurmountable difficulties. And if at the surrender of our souls into the hands of our Creator, we find that we have gained this dominion over ourselves, we may sink to rest peacefully with the assurance that we have won a victory, which the most glorious of monarchs might well envy.

THE HOLY SEAT.

Foreign embassies are accredited not to the court of the Vatican, but to the Holy Seat. The Holy Seat is a wooden chair used by the Apostle St. Peter as first Bishop of Rome. The ancient framework of yellow oak, all worm eaten and decayed, is preserved behind the tribune of the Basilica of St. Peter in the gigantic gilded bronze chair designed by Bernini.

NEW DIRECTOR OF SISTINE CHOIR

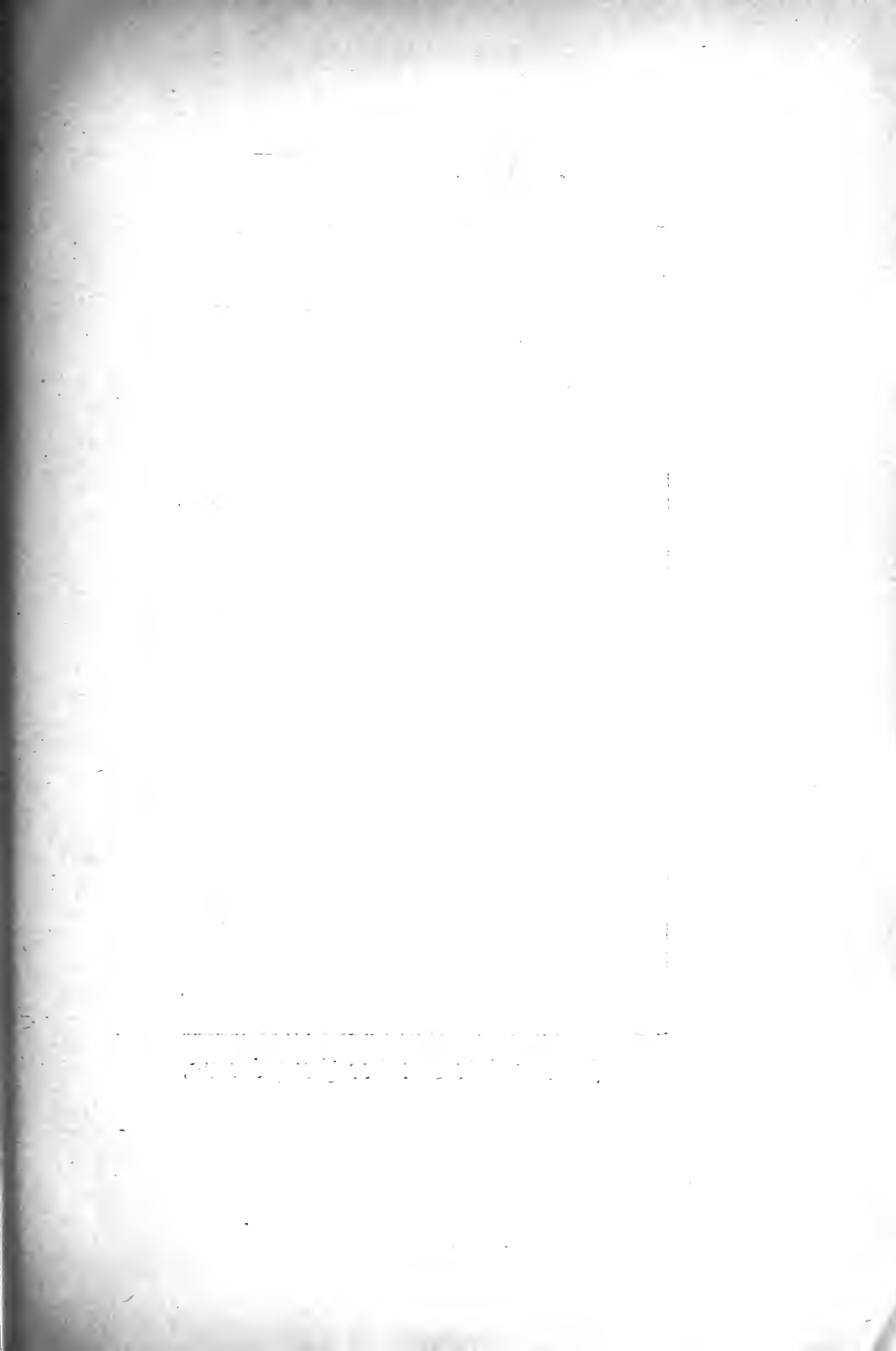
Mgr. Domenico Mustafa, director of the Sistine choir, has resigned after 55 years' service, and Don Lorenzo Perosi will henceforth have sole charge of the Papal music which will be "reformed." Mgr. Mustafa, who is 74 years of age, resigned in 1885 on account of changes made by the Pope, but took up his place again on the occasion of the Pope's sacerdotal jubilee.

Say not always what you know, but always know what you say.

Reputation is what men and women think of us. Character is what God and the angels know of us.

Self-love is at once the most delicate and the most vigorous of our effects; anything wounds it, but nothing kills it.

I am sure that no man can know peace who has not come through storm. Peace follows battle. It draws its meaning from contest. And, oh, how inestimable the light when the clouds break and the sunshine gleams forth!





Immaculate Mother Pray for us.

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Welcome to the May, 1903.



WELCOME to the May-time blossoms
Like a festal robe of white.
Welcome to the song-birds, warbling
Joyously in morning light.
While the silent woodlands listen,
And unfolding petals glisten,
With bright dew-drops of the night.

Welcome to each aspiration
For the May-Queen far away,
From the "lacrymarum valle"
When at eventide we pray.
Like the incense-clouds ascending,
Fragrant odors softly blending,
Seems our "Salve" of the May.

Faith, for earth holds not the vision*
Of her loveliness above,
Hope, we sigh, like royal Psalmist,**
For the pinions of a dove.
And a wistfulness of pleading,
For her star-ray onward leading
To the homeland of God's love.

Welcome then to holy May-time
Maiden Mother it is thine,
And I fain would breathe its beauties,
Gracefully around thy shrine.
There, more precious gifts are gleaming,
Yet thine eyes with mercy beaming
Seem to watch for this of mine.

Mother, "Ornament of Carmel"!
Clement, loving, sweet, thou art!
And thou wilt, in this sweet May-time,
Gifts from Christ, our Lord, impart.
"After exile" years so fleeting,
May we hear thy joyful greeting:
Welcome, to His Sacred Heart.

Enfant de Marie.

*—"Heaven holds, earth lacks the vision of Thy face."—Dr. P. A. Sheehan.

**—Ps. I, XIV, : 7.

The Lost Inheritance

DOLOROSA KLINE.

XXI.

With admirable aptitude Rosamond quickly grew into the duties Mrs. Staunton imposed upon her, and the ways of the household. Her grace and beauty pleased her mistress, and her accomplishments constantly surprised that lady, so much so that as time went on she seemed to find the young girl's company more of a pleasure than necessity. She seldom went anywhere without her companion. Something there was, too, in her face and carriage that was more than ordinary, and not unfrequently her mistress imagined she could see traces of good blood in the girl's well bred manners, and this beauty that from the first had attracted her. The small, shapely features she felt sure she had seen in some one before, but in whom she could not think.

Visitors to the house also found a nameless charm about this dainty bewitching companion; the young bloods of fashion especially, but her cold reserve towards them all at times quite staggered them, and to a small degree amused them, for they were accustomed to give smiles, and receive smiles in return "Egad, Everett, what an unusual beauty that companion of Mrs. Staunton's is!" Francis Heathcote ejaculated one day, as Rosamond with her mistress passed the office, in the family carriage.

Everett struck a match on the heel of his boot and lighting a cigar, glanced out of the window after the carriage.

"Yes" he said locanically, 'quite prepossessing—my nymph of Broadway, I'd be pleased to inform you."

"Jupiter! is that so? That's the young lady you acted the gallant to about a year ago?"

"The same. Rather a pleasant task was it not?"

"I should say. Egad! but she is a nymph all right, and a mighty proud one, I believe. Cyrus Dorane votes her so anyhow."

"The devil he did," was the sarcastic reply; "I'd like to see her freeze Dorane into insensibility. A gilded villain, as he is, could not live in the same atmos-

phere with such a girl as Miss Raymond is, as I am made to understand from report and the praises of the lady she is serving."

"So my friend Cyrus is not in your good graces?"

"He never was, my dear fellow. He is the only member of the family I do not like. His clever mother and accomplished sisters are quite to my taste, but he is the contrary. There is too much that is artificial about him, and his character you know yourself. I'd put as much faith in him as I would in the immortality of the Gorgons. If Miss Raymond has cut him in any way, she has exhibited her good sense and judgment."

"If Dorane is not all he should be, then it is a wonder the Staunton's would be on such very friendly terms with him."

"Very few except his club friends know his real character. Sauve, smiling and fairly good looking, he'd deceive satan himself, and the Staunton's favor him, anyhow, because of the long standing of friendship that has always been between the two families, but to return to our first subject. Has Miss Raymond smitten you?"

The younger man laughed.

"How could she, Everett, when I am not even acquainted with her. I only know her, from hearing my cousins, the Compeignes, and by Dorane talking about her, and a couple of times I've seen her with Mrs. Staunton; but I guess there would be no chance for me, even if I did know her, and was smitten."

"Certainly not, if you do not come out of your shell a little more, and be more social, Frank."

"I have to be one of the waiters for that kind of thing yet, Everett. It's all right for lucky beggars like yourself, with plenty of brains and plenty of money, like you have; you can attend to business, and enjoyments besides, but with a who's got his fortune yet to make, a brains have to expand a little more and whose got his fortune yet to make, a private life is the best kind for the present, and the thought of marriage, for me, would be as sensible as writing a

book and telling the world it was crazy.'

Everett drew the cigar from his mouth greatly amused; it was so seldom his youthful partner was so loquacious, but he saw the wisdom of the words, and turning to his writing, remarked seriously:

"Good! very good, Heathcote! I admire your pluck; and you are bound to get on. You'll be in society yet, though you would never lose much by keeping out of it, and being contented at making the fortune only."

"Then there's the wife, Everett," he said laughingly, and dashing down several words at once on the white pages before him.

"Oh, to be sure! But I guess you will have no difficulty in that enterprise. As a successful professional man, you will make an admirable catch, and you will not have to search far before you will find your lady fair. I was thirty before I secured mine, but I should not advise you to wait that long. I am going to the court now; the Benton-Grant case is on. Send William, when he comes back from the bank, to Staunton House, to say that I cannot go to lunch as particular business will prevent."

When Beatrice received that message she was carefully inspecting a trunk of new dresses that had just arrived from Paris, and she was somewhat disappointed. It was the first time since their betrothal that he had sent her a refusal on any occasion, and somehow, though she felt he had a plausible excuse, she was nettled. The entrance of her mother, and her companion, however was the means of killing any little ill-feeling his conduct might have caused in her heart.

"Bruce cannot come to lunch, to-day, mamma," she said, looking up from the shimmering folds of a white taffeta gown she was examining, and smiling off her disappointment. "He has had to go to the court for the best part of the morning, and he is likely to be detained there late this afternoon. Where did you leave Miss Raymond?"

"She has gone to her room, my love. Such a busy morning as we have had of it shopping. She is splendid to have with one. I never saw such taste as she displays. Compeign's ball to-morrow

night. Miss Raymond will have to put the finishing touches on my toilet. Too bad Bruce will not join us to-day. But business is business, I suppose, especially when it is of a legal form, and he is so punctual to duty. I must hasten to divest myself; the Doranes are coming, and that reminds me, have you noticed what a dislike Miss Raymond seems to hold for Cyrus?"

"She is more reserved towards him, I notice, mamma, than she is even towards all our young gentlemen acquaintances. Just some notion or other I suppose."

"Probably that is what it is, and not likely she could explain herself. Those Catholics always have strange ideas," and shrugging her shoulders, Mrs. Staunton repaired to her own apartments, to remove her outdoor attire.

In the window of her bedroom, her companion stood closely observing a pony phaeton driving up the road. It drew up at the gate, and a gentleman of medium height, dressed in the acme of fashion, and an elderly lady alighted.

"Mr. Dorane and his mother," Rosamond said to herself. "Mr. Dorane, I don't like you. Your mouth is too cruel and your face is—well—there is nothing in it. It is too dark, too, though Mr. Everett has a dark face, but his is different. His is a good one, but your's is not. Mr. Cyrus Dorane, his mother on his arm, all unaware of these curtain observations, walked slowly up the cedar walk to the front door, and was soon after admitted by the epony Sampson.

If there was one person in her mistress' coterie of friends that the young girl did not like, it was this man.

From the first she mistrusted him, and the smiling countenance he habitually managed to wear, made her resist all the more any advances of friendliness he appeared anxious to exhibit toward her. She had been three months in Staunton House now, and the unfavorable impression he had made on her from the first, had not worn off. His gentle dignified mother, and graceful sisters, she could like, but him she could not.

She was wondering why his sisters had not come to-day, when she heard Mrs. Staunton's bell and hastening to answer it, was told by that lady to

come down with her, and was, of course obliged to meet the objectionable Mr. Dorane.

As soon as possible after lunch she escaped from the drawing room to her own room, and invited Mrs. Barret, whom she had met on the way up, to spend a while with her.

The housekeeper was a comfortable, middle-aged person of unusual intelligent address and refined manners, and she and Rosamond were fast friends.

"Are the visitors gone, Miss Raymond," she asked seating herself in the wicker rocker, and producing some knitting, for Barret's fingers were seldom idle.

"Not yet; Mrs. Staunton is taking them through the new conservatory," Rosamond replied, taking up a white comforter she was working for her mother. "What kind of a gentleman is that Mr. Dorane, Mrs. Barrett?"

The question for a minute surprised the housekeeper, as she tried to think what interest the fair girl could have in any of the mistress' friends, especially when it was a gentleman.

"The same as all his class, Miss; neither good nor bad, I expect, and fond of a handsome face like your bonnie own. Please excuse me for telling you the truth—and his pa has lots of money, but I believe he's mighty careful of it, so Mr. Cyrus can't be extravagant. The young gentleman is not lazy himself either, for you see he's in some sort of a position in one of the big banks; pretty smart, they say he is too, but I Clara Barrett, do not care for his smooth face.

"Nor I, Mrs. Barret, though it would never do for me to say so, and my mother would be angry with me if she thought I passed remarks on gentlemen."

"You've been brought up well, miss; that's the way I was taught. But how do you like our Mr. Bruce?"

"A gentleman of the first degree, Barret. I think he is a real noble man, and I am so glad that Miss Staunton is going to marry him, for I know he will make her happy."

"We all know that, Miss. You see, when they were girl and boy, they were lovers, and they are ending as romantically as one would like. Miss Beatrice is

doing, better than poor Miss Millicent did in her day."

"Miss Millicent! Who was she?" Rosamond asked, forgetting then all about the objectionable Mr. Dorane and the much-liked Everett, for whom she had the highest regard.

"Didn't you ever hear the story, Miss?"

"What story?" in a still more surprised voice.

"If you haven't heard it, I suppose I oughtn't to be the one to tell you, because you see," and she drew her chair confidentially over to Rosamond's, "it's a thing that is not allowed, by the judge to be much mentioned here, miss; but I guess you're not a gossip, so you'll keep it if I tell it to you. Of course, I don't mean that it's not known, because it is, but people are kind, and don't speak of it often. You see Judge Staunton was married before, but his first wife died, when their child, that was Miss Millicent, was born. Well, if any father loved the child, it was the judge, and I think if she had asked him to die for her, he would have been only too happy. She was the most beautiful young creature the Lord ever gave life to. I remember her, from coming to see my aunt, who had been the first Mrs. Staunton's housekeeper, during the poor lady's short life here, and who still served the Judge for many years after his first wife's death, in the same way. I just used to feast my eyes on her, and when she came home from school, when she was eighteen, she was still more beautiful. Then she became a society belle, but was always sweet and lovely to everyone. Of course the Judge counted on a great marriage for her, but the poor gentleman received a very cruel blow, because one day Miss Millicent told him—one sad day for herself and him—that she had promised her hand to a man named George Kingsley, a music teacher, from the South. Then came the terrible trouble. The Judge would not listen to it at all, and commanded her and begged her in turns, to give him up, but she loved him too much for that and refused. This turned her father's love for her to the most violent hate, and he turned her out, without a cent. She was married by a Catholic priest, to the

man whose faith she had also learned to know, and which, they say, made the Judge all the more bitter against his daughter, because in those days he was terribly prejudiced against your class. Miss Millicent and her husband went South, and a year or two after, the Judge married his second wife. He was awfully cut up about Miss Millicent's disgrace, but I think when Miss Beatrice was born he felt kind of compensated." No hint of the truth dawned on the lovely young listener that the strange things her mother had once outlined to her, as having been part of her life, had any connection with these events her mistress' housekeeper was recounting to her, but the tears began to trickle from her velvety eyes, as the story of the disowned heiress had affected her gentle heart.

"And has the Judge's first daughter remained away ever since?" she asked after a few seconds, when she had recovered from her emotion.

"That she has, Miss. Didn't you ever see those two pictures in the far end of the gallery upstairs. They're the picture of the Judge's wife, whose name was Millicent too, and the photograph of his daughter, when she was a tot."

"I was only up there once since I have been here, but I don't think I saw them, perhaps Mrs. Staunton will show them to me some other time. Doesn't the Judge ever wish his daughter back again, or does he still disown her?"

A sharp, prolonged ringing of a bell from the basement, which Barret knew to be a summons to her, prevented her replying to the question. And with a promise she might tell "Miss" the rest some other time, she went to answer the call.

Next day Rosamond went home to see her mother, and she repeated the story, knowing that her mother would not speak of it to anyone else. And she did not know until long afterwards why it was that her parent had expressed no opinion of it then, nor made any comment as she would have at another time, but listened to its recital like one in a dream.

XXII.

"How peculiar it is, Bee, my companion's mother never comes to see her. I

wonder what sort of a woman she is at all?" Mrs. Staunton said to her daughter, as the two ladies pursued their way from their own house towards the cottage in the middle of the grounds, carrying some delicacies to the coachman's wife, who was ill.

"Miss Raymond has told me that her mother never goes anywhere except to her church, mamma."

"But you would think she would make an exception and come to see her daughter, and not depend all on the girl's own visits home to her. My! how she is wedded to her religion; Miss Raymond I mean. Really it is very edifying. She goes to mass, I think she calls it, every morning, and would not miss a Sunday for worlds, and from what she has said, I gather that her mother is the same. I sent her home this afternoon in place of to-night, as I wish to have her when I am dressing for Compeigne's."

They were at the cottage now, and Miss Staunton, knocking lightly, pushed the door in.

Mrs. Williams was sitting up, and they were surprised to find Miss Raymond just leaving her.

"You here, Miss Raymond?" Mrs. Staunton said, noting with much pleasure, how gently her companion shook the sick woman's hand, and caressed the two-year old boy looking with open wonder from his mother to the ladies.

"Yes, Mrs. Staunton, I am just going home, but I thought I would come and see Mrs. Williams before I would go home."

Mrs. Williams' sickness had been of long duration. Pneumonia, the doctor had called it, in its first stages, but later he had found it to be bronchial trouble. Had it not been for the care she had received from her husband's mistress she must have succumbed, and not a day passed but that the lady and her daughter, or her companion, did not come to visit the young woman, Mrs. Staunton having hired a responsible person to stay with her all the time and look after the little family of three boys. Lately the lady's paid companion had been coming in sometimes of her own accord, and making herself useful in many ways. She was so gentle and sympathetic that Mrs. Williams looked

for her as much as she did for her stately mistress, and Miss Staunton.

"Miss Raymond has brought me some flowers, and some candies to Ted, ma'am," she said to her mistress as the door closed after Rosamond's slender form. "I am afraid we detained her though, but Ted is so fond of her."

"Miss Raymond will not mind that; time is her own this afternoon" Mrs. Staunton said, drawing her chair over to the snowy bed, while Beatrice petted two-year old Ted." Rosamond likes to come to see you, and it pleases me very much that she does so."

When Rosamond left the coachman's sick wife, she made leisure steps to the road. It was a cold, raw day, and she was half inclined not to go out but to return to the house, but knowing her mother would be expecting her, she would not disappoint her, so once she left the yard gate, she began to walk at a quicker pace. The car was coming, but she decided she would prefer a walk, even if it was a long one and if it was cold, so she allowed it to pass her.

She had not gone far, when she heard quick steps behind her, and Mr. Cyrus Dorane, with a most elaborate bow, drew up to her with the cool remark :

"Miss Raymond, I am lucky, I think we are going the same way, and if you do not object I should like to go along with you," he said, in his persuasive voice,—the voice that many women found irresistible, but which Mrs. Staunton's companion distrusted as much as she did the owner's handsome, small-featured face and glittering black eyes.

She took a side-long glance at the fashionably dressed figure, and her dainty, peach-blown face was crossed by a shade of annoyance, which, however, Mr. Dorane did not notice.

To walk with this devotee of fashion and pleasure, was the last thing she would want to do, and his actions, she thought, savored too much altogether with familiarity. She could not be rude to him though, so what was she to do? A happy thought came to her.

"I prefer to be unaccompanied, Mr. Dorane," she said somewhat stiffly, "and I am not going far; I am just making a short visit to the church down here."

"A holy Papist," muttered Mr. Dorane under his breath, but he was not going to take his dismissal so easily as this, from the side of such an enchantress as this fair girl was slowly and surely becoming to him.

"But even that far," he said, careful so conceal any expression of admiration on his face for her lovely one—surely you will not deny me the pleasure; our walk will be short and sweet."

She made no reply, but with averted face appeared engrossed with studying the style of architecture of the different mansions—that only seemed to terminate with the road—which they passed by, while Mr. Dorane sought to draw her out on any and all subjects, but it was a miserable failure, and his chagrin was very great. When the church of St. Mary's was reached, however, she turned to him with a sweet bow, fearing, with her usual gentleness, that she had been perhaps too severe on her judgment of him and showed him any hurtful rudeness. "This is my destination for the present, Mr. Dorane; allow me to say good-afternoon." That bow and those words quite smothered out Mr. Dorane's ruffled feelings, and with another elaborate lifting of his hat, he left her.

Rosamond hoped anxiously that he would not linger outside until she would come out, and when she had finished her prayers, and did issue from the pretty gothic church, she was much relieved to find that he really had gone.

St. Mary's was at the junction of Granton road and Bland street, and her visit had taken Rosamond a little out of her way, but it was over for to-night now, and then she was rid of her undesirable companion of a quarter of an hour ago.

Mr. Dorane pursued the even tenor of his way, thinking very much of his delightful encounter, and believing himself a veritable favorite of the gods until he found himself in town, and at the door of the Dorane mansion on Fifth avenue.

"Why, Cyrus, I thought you were at the National at this hour!" exclaimed his youngest sister, Hilda, yawning and looking up from her novel, and wondering why her brother was not at his business.

"So I was, sly puss," he replied, entering the elegant drawing room, and pinching her pretty plump face, for, in justice to him, it must be said he was exceedingly fond of his mother and sisters, this youngest one in particular, "up to a short time ago, then I went for a walk out towards Granton road."

"There must be some attraction out that way for you Cy. It can't be Miss Staunton; the season's lion has secured her with all rights reserved, and it is not any of the Greely's, not the Lorimer heiress. So just sit down here and whisper who is it who attracts you so often, out on Granton road?"

"Ho, ho! Miss Hilda! you are getting personal, but there is no good for me to be exciting your curiosity. I only go out that way for a constitutional. There is no magnet drawing me," and laughing carelessly, he drew himself from her clutches and went out of the room, leaving Miss Hilda to shake her head dubiously, and remarking to her closed book, "Men are the most unsatisfactory creatures alive."

When Rosamond reached home the pleasure of seeing her mother obliterated all memory of her afternoon's encounter with Mr. Cyrus Dorane, and when the time came for her return to Staunton House, she had still forgotten it.

There were no guests at dinner that evening and shortly after the unusually quiet meal was finished, Rosamond was called up to Mrs. Staunton's boudoir.

There silks and satins lay about in luxurious confusion, Mrs. Staunton having not yet decided which dress she would wear to the Compeigne ball, while her maid undertook to arrange her hair, but with whose efforts she was dissatisfied.

"Let Miss Raymond try, Anna," at last, she said impatiently, "you never arrange my coiffure to suit me, and you take so long."

The maid relinquished her place to the paid companion, and Rosamond's dainty fingers had soon fixed her mistress' hair to the pink of perfection.

"How deft you are, Miss Raymond," she said, looking with pleased eyes at the change the ivory backed hand-mirror reflected to her. "Now, perhaps you will choose my dress for me, with the

same good taste, for I've been trying to pick one, but have not yet decided even at this late hour."

Rosamond looked over the billowy piles, and her eyes were almost dazzled by the varying colors, but with ready taste, she selected a magnificent black satin gown softened by a profusion of cream lace, and trimmed with jets, and held it up.

"I would choose this one, Mrs Staunton," she said, "with some of those diamonds," pointing to the brilliant stones that rested in the open jewel case on the table.

"Just as you like, then, you know what suits, Miss Raymond," and soon she was robed, seeming to Rosamond's eyes, a veritable queen of beauty.

Just as Anna threw the fur-lined cloak around her mistress, Beatrice, all dressed, came in, and presented to her companion's eyes, a more beautiful picture than even her mother had at first.

The heiress was attired in a gown of deep amber, with a decollete corsage of the same silk with white flowers nestled into it, and the coils of her dark hair, while back from her superb shoulders, hung a maroon colored cloak, which fell in loose folds to the bottom of her long trained dress.

"All ready, mamma?" she asked. "Bruce is coming for us at sharp nine."

"Nearly ready, my love, thanks to Miss Raymond. Miss Raymond, you may go now and occupy yourself as you like. Anna can finish me. Perhaps you would like to practice a while."

Nothing loathe, Rosamond took another look at the two beautiful figures, and tripped downstairs to the music room. This was one of the permissions she received daily from her mistress, sometimes more than once, and of which loving music as she did, she always availed herself.

She picked a book from the Canterbury, and opening it found some of Sullivan's compositions, which had always been favorites with her. These she placed on the piano, and beginning to sing in her sweet, bird-like voice the first lines of "Golden Days :"

"Once in the days of golden weather
Days that were always fair—

Love was the world, we walked together, Oh! what a love was there."

She did not hear the drawing room door open, nor see a tall figure walk to within a few paces of her, then stop, watching admiringly, and with a gleaming light in his gray-blue eyes, her every movement of mouth and hands.

Bruce Everett was not an enthusiast on music. On the contrary he seldom cared for it, though it was one of his betrothed's foremost accomplishments. Neither was he particularly fond of listening to it, but something in the pure, clear voice of Mrs. Staunton's companion and her exquisite touch of the ivory keys to-night attracted him, and being noiselessly ushered in by Sampson, to wait some seconds until the ladies would come down to place themselves under his care for the night at the great ball of the season, he found himself listening with undeniable pleasure to this rendition of the old song. While the slender figure of the "Broadway nymph," in its black, simply fitting robe of cashmere, in its present employment, seemed poetry itself.

Rosamond, quite innocent of the presence of an audience, continued to sing and play, until the piece was finished, then Everett thought it time to make her aware of his presence in the room.

"As an intruder, I must beg pardon, Miss Raymond, as one whom Euter'pe has charmed, I must return thanks," he said, and his resonant voice fell agreeably on her surprised ears, as she turned around wondering, and saw him for the first time. He had thrown back his raglan coat, exposing his evening dress, and Rosamond thought him the prototype of some Spanish cavalier. The blush that on her discovering him in the room, had first spread over her delicate cheeks, faded away, and she replied, "I am afraid you have given my effort undue praise, Mr. Everett. I was just amusing myself."

"And entertaining me," then drawing near to her, with a half amused, half quizzical expression on his handsome, clean-shaven face, "Have those words a true meaning for you?"

If another, Mr. Dorane, for instance, had asked the question, Rosamond would have looked upon it as being impertin-

ent, but coming from this man, it seemed merely one of interest, but she replied lightly, "Not at all, Mr. Everett. I just happened upon it, and was singing it for amusement; that is all." The winsome smile that accompanied the words, brought back to him the day he had first met her on crowded Broadway and he wondered if she, too, remembered that meeting.

He was about to put the question to her, when a rustle of silk down the front hall stairs attracted him, and begging the attractive musician to excuse him, the lawyer buttoned up his raglan, and hastened out to meet his betrothed and her mother.

Beatrice looked at him, with laughing but suspicious eyes.

"Music hath charms to soothe even Bruce Everett's breast, after all," she said. "So Miss Raymond has been holding you in thrall, sir?"

"Yes, I admit I was subject for a few moments to Euter'pe's song, but it was only as a patient waiting for the charms of my Venus," and putting up his hand he drew her cloak more closely about her superb form, then assisted her and her mother out into the carriage that immediately whirled them away towards Fifth avenue, and to the scene of the evening's pleasure.

Poor Beatrice! never did she think that this night was to be her last real happy one. Generous and whole-souled, she had seen nothing unusual or amiss in her lover's listening to another's music, nor had he thought anything himself then.

"How happy they are," said Rosamond to herself as the carriage rolled away, and the sound of its wheels was lost in the distance, "and if they had nothing more than each other it would be the same." For the first time in her life the young girl wondered if she would ever have a lover.

"How different Mr. Everett is to Cyrus Dorane," she said again, and folding away the music, "and to the other gentlemen I have met here, but what a pity he is without religion. Even though Miss Staunton believes in the wrong way, she knows and adores God, perhaps her example will lead him, though.

"Not done playing yet, Miss Raymond?" said a voice at her elbow, and turning she found Judge Staunton just about to seat himself on a cushioned chair he had drawn over. "I was reading in my study when I heard you, so I have come in to be entertained, that is, if you are not too weary to amuse an old man?"

His noble, aged face was full of kindness, and the smile he gave into the beautiful one of his wife's paid companion quite won the young girl's heart.

"I could never get weary of music, Judge Staunton," she said returning his smile and opening her music book again, "and when you have asked more of me, I am only too pleased."

"How amiable she is," the old gentleman thought, as she turned back to the pianoforte, "and how clever," as her small white fingers glided over the ivory keys in a march from Wagner. "No marvel, that Madeline finds her so companionable."

She played several selections from the old masters for him, then ended by beginning Weatherly's "Hour of Rest."

She hardly struck the first bars, however, nor finished singing the first line, "At eve alone, among the trees," when a man's loud sob made her pause, and before she had time to turn to the Judge his trembling hand was laid on her shoulder.

"Oh, why—why did you sing that," he asked brokenly, "it was her—her best loved song, but you do not understand" and without giving her time to reply, he went quickly from the room.

"There, now," Rosamond ejaculated aloud, "instead of amusing him I have hurt him, but what does he mean? Could the "Hour of Rest" have been the favorite song of his daughter, Millicent, but even if it was, why could it effect him so? Barret told me he hates Millicent, wherever she is, and will never acknowledge her again. I'll ask Mrs. Barret to tell me the rest of the story now, and may be she will be able to explain the Judge's strange conduct."

Accordingly, she sought the housekeeper in her room, but unfortunately the personage had gone out, so her assistant Fanny Farrel told Rosamond, "an hour ago, just after the mistress and Miss

Beatrice, and was likely to be away for the rest of the evening." So Rosamond's curiosity was still to be unsatisfied.

She retreated then, to her own little parlor, and picked up the unfinished scarf for her mother's neck, but she had not long engaged on it, when a maid knocked at her door and told her that "the master" would like to speak to her a minute.

Rosamond went quickly down to the library, and the old gentleman, advancing to meet her, closed the door. The trembling that had assailed him during her song, had gone from him, to the young girl's wonderment, leaving no traces either in his features or the movements of his limbs, and his voice was perfectly even, as he said: "I have sent for you, Miss Raymond, first, to thank you for your music, which in my hasty exit from the drawing room a few minutes ago, would seem had no appreciation from me, but which, indeed, I assure you I enjoyed thoroughly, and I want to ask you to keep silent on the strange way I acted when you began that last song. Some day you may hear something that may make you understand many things, and you must have heard before this, a part of a family trouble that brought many changes into my life. It has made me very sensitive even on a slight happening like this, but you will say nothing of it?"

"Nothing, sir," she replied, glad now that she had not been able to interview the housekeeper, and gleaned from her any more knowledge on what she believed now, with the Judge was indeed a forbidden subject. "I will mention it to no one, sir. I can understand that the song affected you in an opposite way to what I intended."

"Thanks, child, thanks." He relinquished her hand, and she went out, having made for herself, another friend, but without knowing it.

XXIII.

In a certain mansion on Fifth avenue, all was gaiety and brightness, and amid scenes of brilliant lights and rare magnificence, the light fantastic was being tripped by the city's wealth, fashion and beauty. No one was a more complete host in himself than Colonel Compeigne,

and his wife being dead for a number of years, he was ably assisted in his social tasks by his daughters, Bella and Helen. Their ball to-night promised to be one of the most successful ever given by them to their friends.

Rare exotics shed their fragrance through ball room, halls and stairways, while clever musicians, concealed behind flowering pots and stately palms, discoursed sweet music, and the dance went on.

Amongst the whole gay throng there was not a more distinguished figure than Bruce Everett's, and his tall height in its perfect evening dress, towered above everyone else's in the room.

Beatrice watched him with proudly kindling eyes, happy in the knowledge that he was all her own. She had had but two dances with him, and her program was almost filled up long before the supper hour, but those two had been to her the best of the evening.

"What a handsome pair Miss Staunton and Mr. Everett are on the floor, Mr Dorane?" Bella Campeigne remarked to her partner of the last waltz, as they sat through this one, in one of the many sitting-out places arranged in the hall, and from which a convenient view could be had of all in the dance room.

"Yes," was Mr. Dorane's rather indifferent reply, "a very good looking pair, Miss Campeigne. I always thought Miss Staunton handsome."

"You say Miss Staunton only, but I am speaking of Mr. Everett, too. Are you not favorable towards Judge Staunton's prospective son-in-law?"

Mr. Dorane's small dark eyes glittered strangely, but he turned them bantering-ly on his companion's pretty, fair face.

"Must I answer thy question, oh, fair goddess?" he asked laughingly, and plucking at a rose that protruded from its bower, "or can you be so gracious as to let it pass?"

"Of course, sir knight," she replied with a gay little laugh, "I shall withdraw it altogether. I meant not to encroach when I asked it, but I can have my thoughts can I not?"

"Provided they are charitable, yes; but you could have no other kind." The warm look of admiration he bent upon her brought the red roses to her cheeks,

for, unfortunately, Bella Campeigne was loving in secret this man whom Bruce Everett despised. And yet he showed no reciprocation, beyond the delicate attentions the well-versed society man gives to his lady friends, and occasional compliments that might have meant much or meant nothing, but still the Colonel's daughter did not despair, and she hoped in time to win him.

That he had already fixed his affections on another, was the last thought on her mind, though at times to-night she was puzzled by his pre-occupied air, and seeming dislike to the indulgence of much dancing, but she believed in the end that he and Bruce Everett were bad friends, and Cyrus felt in an uncomfortable position at being thrown into his company.

She knew Bruce Everett was not at all concerned on his part. Such trifles did not trouble the lawyer, but she was sorry for Cyrus.

"Il Bacio, Miss Campeigne," he said, rising up, "I am to have this with Miss Helen; here is Everett coming for you."

Dorane wandered off in search of her sister, and the next instant the lawyer, whom she had almost forgotten having written his name for this dance on her program, had gained her side.

"Our waltz now, Miss Campeigne," he said in his musical voice, and offering her his arm, while for a second he allowed his keen eyes to follow the advance of her former partner to the opposite side of the ball room.

Bella saw the look, and it puzzled her somewhat, but in the mazes and enjoyment of the waltz with the best dancer present, she forgot it and the disturbing thought it gave her. She knew both men would be dangerous enemies for each other, but when at the conclusion of the waltz Everett led her to a seat and procured her an ice, she was her bright pleasing self again. The lawyer, then found his way from her through gorgeously dressed belles and stately chaperones, to his affianced, who at that moment was seated near a collonade of flowers, with Colonel Campeigne fanning her.

"I must depart," the old gentleman said smilingly, as he saw Everett ap-

proaching. "The conqueror comes to claim his own, Miss Staunton."

"Not at all, Colonel, can you not sit the intermission out with us. I am sure we shall not object," Everett replied, as Beatrice made room for him beside her on the draped couch.

"No, no," the Colonel said, in his abrupt way, "I should feel I was intruding. I must beg to be excused," and bowing with old-time courtliness, and returning Beatrice her fan, he moved away.

"Fine old gentleman," commented Bruce, "reminds me very much of your father, my dear Beatrice."

"Yes Bruce, in face and form, and I might say manners. Colonel Campeigne is very much like papa. What an accomplished dancer he is. I had "Il Bacio" with him, and I enjoyed it so much. He is a much better partner than some of the young men. You were up with Bella, were you not?"

"Yes. How quiet she is to-night. Have you observed her and Cyrus Dorane?"

"I have. She seems to covet his attentions. I think she is partial to him, and has been for some time."

"How foolish! She is too fine a girl to waste her thoughts on a gilded bird like Dorane. I never noticed it until to-night, and, oh! by the way, I was half inclined to believe from a remark of a friend of mine some time ago, that Dorane was anchoring towards your mother's companion."

"Miss Raymond is a lovely, refined girl, Bruce, but Mrs. Dorane and her daughters would hold up their white hands in horror if Cyrus would fall in love with a paid companion. Their family pride is very great, you know, and they are not so willing as mamma is to admit the charms of an unknown stranger."

"Which shows that their powers of deception are not as delicately edged as your mother's, my dear Beatrice, or I should think they would immediately know Miss Raymond's worth. Dorane counts her as being proud herself, doubtless because her good sense has made her show him the cold shoulder."

"What sly little bird has been giving you so much information, but it is true that Cyrus has been showing disposi-

tions of friendliness to mamma's companion, and she appears to reject him."

"Which speaks well for her sane mind" he replied, as he remembered the gentle young musician who had so charmed him in the early part of the evening, with pleased admiration. "I should not be at all surprised if Dorane is playing two games, bent on winning Bella Campeigne but in the meantime amusing himself, or trying to do so, with Miss Raymond." For once in his life the lawyer's surmises were wrong, and Mr. Dorane was not so far gone as he pictured him.

"Now, Bruce, you are hard. I was not aware before that your dislike for Cyrus was so deeply rooted."

A frown crossed his smooth, dark brow but his eyes were full of a tender light, as leaning nearer to her, and looking into the velvet depths of her's, he replied:

"Your friends, and your family's friends are my friends, sweetheart, but Cyrus Dorane is an exception, and I have utterly no use for him, sub-rosa, of course, but let the subject flicker, it may be disagreeable to you, and it is of really little interest to me. What an intelligent person Miss Raymond is, her intellectual charms, I should judge are equal to her personal."

That he should casually admire other women was not strange to her, and about Rosamond Raymond, he was speaking the truth, so she replied warmly:

"Indeed she is, Bruce; she is more, she is thoroughly accomplished, mamma says, to an extraordinary degree."

Supper was announced, and he had no time to reply before she had gathered up her silken skirts, and he was bearing her over to the banquet hall, that, with its myriads of pink shaded lights, and beautifully laid tables, against its background of white flowers and green foliage, made it a scene as rare as it was entrancing. When the supper was ended and the after-dances nearly through, the lawyer, with his betrothed, and her mother, took their departure, the elder lady satisfactorily expressed herself as having attended one of the most successful balls ever given at "White Hall."

Cyrus Dorane was amongst the last of the guests to go, much to the pleasure of the fair hostess of the evening,

who fully labored under the impression that it was for her he lingered so long, even after his parent and sisters, with his cousin, Bertrand Allison, had driven away in their landau, while Mr. Dorane was all the time only suiting his own convenience.

XXIV.

The Dorane home was only a few doors down the avenue from White Hall, so seeing his carriage had driven away with his mother and sisters. Mr. Cyrus, after leaving White Hall, buttoned up his long coat, so as to conceal his evening dress, and walked the short distance he had to cover until he reached his own door.

Once there he hastened up to his apartments, divested himself of his evening suit, and donned plain morning dress. Then he waited quietly until all sounds in the house had ceased, and the light chatter of Hilda and Frances, as they talked over the evening's enjoyment in their rooms, had stopped. Whereupon, he stole noiselessly down the marble stairs, and with the aid of a lighted match, saw himself out into the night again, without any of the household being a bit the wiser, not even the butler, who slept in a small room off the hall, and who had but a short time before retired, after locking the doors upon the family's return from Compeigne's.

Mr. Dorane had his latch key, of course. On occasions like this, it was, and had always been—for nightly rambles were not unusual with Mr. Dorane—a handy little tool.

Hopping lightly off the stone steps he hailed a passing cab, and was driven straight to the club. He made his way right up to the card room of that imposing building, where, for the rest of the night, with other devotees of the ruinous pastime, Mr. Dorane gambled unremittingly.

Tired after Compeigne's ball, he had certainly been, but that was nothing, and card throwing was a grateful recreation that he seldom cared to miss, no matter how he felt.

"I say, Cy," said young Hilton Greely, as he sipped his wine, and called the next dealer to order, "I thought you weren't going to Compeigne's to-night, or rather last night; it is four o'clock

Saturday morning now. All our friends there? Here, have some more of the sparkling." "All but you fellows here," Dorane replied, holding his glass out to be refilled, and glancing around at the different tables, each with its complement of gamblers, old and young, unfortunately. "Pretty good time I had too. My friend Everett was there in full regalia."

"Greely laughed loudly. "Your friend, eh? How endearing you are getting in your terms, Dorane, but it is a generous way of expressing oneself."

"The fellow don't deserve it though. Hades! how I hate him, and that superior air of his. I am surprised to think Miss Staunton could be charmed with him."

"Oh, I don't know, Dorane. Everett is a fine character, though I should like him better if he was one of ourselves, more, but by Hercules! he despises poker and the other pleasant games we indulge in."

"Yes, he's got no time, so he pretends for anything but business, with an occasional attendance at a ball or reception, by way of a break," said Dorane sulkily, "but I bet you a gold dollar that he plays at the Waldorf, with the other guests there."

"Little fear, Dorane," chimed in another player from an opposite table. "Bruce Everett has other ways of making his fortune, but I don't say that he is any happier than we are, who lose and make ours here; only his is the surest way."

"So you think, Greely, I didn't know you were an admirer of this fellow of Minerva's before?"

"Yes, of his individuality I am. I shouldn't mind if I was like him. Heigh-ho! I was forgetting, how did you enjoy your walk with that pretty girl from Staunton House yesterday afternoon?"

Instantly there was a chorus of "ohs" and "ahs," and many significant glances which alike had their meaning for Cyrus, but he laughed them all off, and with his suave manner and smooth face, replied:

"Very much, thanks, Greely. So you were behind the behinds were you?"

"I was standing near the hall windows when you passed. Quite a nice looking pair you made, too. But, by Hercules!

she is an awful quiet looking beauty. It seemed to me you had to keep the conversation ball a-rolling."

Mr. Dorane knew this had been so, but he would not acknowledge the fact to his bantering associates.

"Oh! Miss Raymond can converse, but she is not a chattering mag-pie. I used to think her proud at first, but I think now I was mistaken."

"Heigho-ho!" again ejaculated Greely, "she improves on acquaintance. There will be a wedding yet."

Loud applause greeted his words, but they were not pleasing to the one on which they were bestowed.

"You are getting personal, Greely; it

is time anyhow for me to go, with no luck to speak of in my pocket. Too much talk tonight."

He took down his overcoat and hat, and leaving them to finish their games, went down the stairs poorer in purse than when he had come in, but happy in his thoughts of Rosamond Raymond.

It was dawn when he reached home again and let himself in as cautiously and quietly as he had let himself out some hours before.

At breakfast hour he came down with the family, saue and smiling, giving no hint of his late dissipation nor of the money he had squandered, and this was the man who would dare to hold beautiful Rosamond Raymond in his thoughts..

To be continued.

SWEET CHARITY.

What a world of loving deeds are due to its kind influence! It is the little mainspring which works the wheels of our daily life, and keeps the social and religious world in harmonious action. We see it at work in the hospitals and sick rooms, transforming the attendants into ministering angels and in the lives of the missionaries, making them sacrifice all their ambitions and the commendable enjoyments of this world to devote their best talents and their strength to the lives of their fellow-creatures, in whom they see the image of the Creator. It is in daily evidence in the lives of the well-disposed of the social world, not only in the kind acts, which supply the temporal needs of the destitute, but — which is just as true a charity— in the kind words which gladden the hearts of the poor, comfort the distressed, and encourage the penitent; or which are the means of making the disheartened aspire a little higher in life, and perhaps take the place of a hasty outburst at some unkindness, or which try to point out only the bright side of persons and events, and lastly, in the kind disposition, which inclines men to put the best construction on the words and actions of their fellow-men. All this makes us realize that

"The charities that soothe and heal and bless are scattered at the

feet of man like flowers."

These are but a few examples of the true kindness, which has its origin in that sweet influence, and forms the strong undercurrent in the life of every Christian, and which is all inspired by that divine charity, greater than which "no man hath, that he layeth down his life for his sheep."

Loving charity is more effective in recalling erring souls than chidings or sermons, and will overcome an enemy sooner, than any other course. It makes its votaries a blessing at home and abroad, and is the surest way of obtaining for them the happiness of this world in trying to make others happy. Many of the noble deeds, done in its name, will never be known to any, save those who are benefitted by them (and sometimes even they have no knowledge of their benefactors) until that day of general reckoning, when the arch-angel will unroll his scroll, and display the records of them written in letters of gold. But the reward for these deeds comes even in this world, not only in that interior peace, which virtue gives, but in the enjoyment of a return, materially, manifold, sent by One, Whose infinite generosity we cannot comprehend, and Who said: "What ye have done unto the least of these, ye have done unto me."

The hand that has a long time held a violet doth not soon forgo its fragrance.

A Month in Acadia.

The grandest place to spend a vacation is down in old Acadia. I say "old" not that the place is any more ancient than any other place on this continent, nor yet because geologists regard the "Acadian" epoch as the primordial epoch of the Earth's formation, but in the same sense as we say down in "ole Virginie." There is something in the term that warms the heart, and it is generally derived from the spirit of hospitality that pervades the inhabitants of the place.

There is scarcely any part of this hospitable land to which a person might elect to go that would not well reward him or her in pleasure and health.

Some choose to visit the immediate vicinity of the Land of Evangeline, that is that portion of Nova Scotia for about twenty-five miles or so around Grand Pre. Others prefer the luxuriant bathing on the Atlantic coast, with a touch of the social favors of city life, and hence they direct their course to Halifax—the wharf of the Atlantic.

However, it matters not what may be the peculiar characteristics of the individual in this respect, he is sure to find a congenial atmosphere in the "land of the Mayflower." The most direct route for the spots made sacred by Longfellow in his "Evangeline" lies by way of Boston. From Boston to Halifax, by the Evangeline route, is 455 miles, and this is by all odds the most popular.

The beautiful twin screw steamers of the Dominion Atlantic Railway steam out of Boston harbor at the rate of 19 knots an hour, and after a pleasant all-night trip, land you in Yarmouth early the next morning. Some tourists would prefer remaining in the vicinity of Yarmouth, for it has very many attractions both in point of scenery and of sport. And perhaps some would be attracted to visit the neighboring district of Clare, where dwell the descendents of the exiled Acadians, who found their way back home from their place of banishment.

These Acadians were a peculiar people, wherever they happened to be placed they lived among themselves. Even in Quebec and French Louisiana they formed a community apart, where they re-

tain their characteristics and their name "Cajuns" to this day.

In Clare, they have kept themselves, as it were, unspotted from the world. Here is the old Acadian speech, the tongue of Evangeline, unmodified by time. Here are the old customs and the old superstitions. The people do not coalesce into villages, but string their little white cottages for miles along the highway, which thus becomes one village street.

But others, like ourselves, may prefer to visit the land of Evangeline proper, the scene from which the detested deportation of the Acadians took place. And so, quitting Yarmouth and its vicinity, we speed along on the famous "flying Bluenose," leaving the beautiful "Acacia valley" on our right, and winding past the shores of the sequestered Annapolis' Basin to famous old Port Royal. Here, if you are fond of digging up antiquities of American history, you may find your labors rewarded by a stop off, but we will proceed on to Grand Pre.

The route between Annapolis (old Port Royal) and Grand Pre, is through one of the most fertile valleys in the world. The north mountain range on the left, terminating with the famous Cape Blomidon, and on the right, far away, the hills that divide us from the Atlantic coast. A few hours' ride and we arrive at Wofville,—a pretty college-town embowered in orchards. It occupies the western slope of the fertile ridge dividing the valley of the Gaspereau from the valley of the Cornwallis. Here for the present, we will rest, for this is the headquarters of visitors to the land of Evangeline.

In a future article I will describe what may be seen and enjoyed in this most favored spot.

John A. Lanigan, M. D.

Never let us say that honor is a worldly feeling, and that the passionate manifestation of public justice has nothing to do with those souls who occupy themselves with their eternal welfare.—Perreye.

Saint Albert of Messina.

Of the Order of Carmelites.

By the COUNTESS DE BEAUREPAIRE DE LOUVAGNY

Translated from the French by MISS S. X. BLAKELY.

CHAPTER X.

Saint Albert is Chosen Provincial of Sicily—He Retires to Solitude in a Secluded Monastery.

The fame of Albert's great sanctity now resounded throughout the entire Order. His name was a household word with all the children of St. Elias, and everywhere it was held in veneration. The general appointed him Provincial of the Order in Sicily. He addressed to him letters expressive of his desire, and bade him, under obedience, accept the important office. The humility of the Saint was ever ready to take the alarm. In the perusal of the letters he was moved by very conflicting emotions. The honor shown him in this appointment was a source of the deepest regret. But the labor it would impose upon him was to be welcomed with joy. Fearing, nevertheless some snare of the enemy, he could not resolve to accept. He turned to the Blessed Virgin Mary, and placed the affair, with his solicitude, in her hands. He entreated her, with all his stupendous strength of faith, to give him some token by which he would know what was best for him to do,—whether it was the will of God that he should accept the appointment. The most holy Virgin replied at once: "Assuredly," my dear son, accept the letters of authorization with courage. I will be always there to watch over you. Far from its lustre receiving the least diminution, the golden virtue of humility shone forth with increased brightness, and made of Albert, after his elevation, an even greater example for all.

As one of our Lord's own poor, the Provincial resolved to make the visitation of the monasteries on foot. He had nothing to sustain himself on his weary pilgrimage but the staff upon which he leaned, and his only attendant was a brother from the house. The brother

carried bread, the ordinary food of the two travellers, and an earthen jar containing water. One day, through awkwardness or negligence, the poor religious let the jar fall, and it broke into a thousand pieces. He was greatly frightened. Filled with confusion he dared not go back to the Saint. He feared that he would reprimand him, and so he walked far behind with loitering steps. Albert, through his gift of inspiration, knew what had happened, and also what was passing in the mind of his companion. He called to the latter, and asked him wherefore he walked more slowly than usual, and why he kept so far behind. The brother, trembling, confessed what had happened to the jar. "Go," said the Saint, "go quickly. Bring me the jar, and do not leave one fragment of the pieces. The religious obeyed, and to his joy, found the shattered jar whole, and full of water. He hastened to rejoin the father,—and presented the miraculous jar. They resumed their route, and shortly afterwards arrived at the convent, which was the termination of that day's walk.

Upon another occasion the Blessed Albert, when he made the visitation, and was at choir with the monks, knew by revelation, that one of the community was especially devoted to the Blessed Virgin. He saw also that the old enemy was jealous. And in truth Satan tried to destroy the fair flower of love for Mary in the garden of his heart. He tried even to render him forgetful of the duties of his state of life. In a baleful vision the demon had inspired the unhappy man with sentiments widely at variance with the vows he had so freely pronounced. He was upon the point of yielding. The servant of God could not be ignorant of the fact. He called the religious to speak with him in private. The latter answered the summons. Then the Father recalled to him the piety he

had manifested up to that time, revealed to the secret thoughts of his heart, and reproached him with his treacherous intentions.

The monk seeing himself thus miraculously read, like an open page, entered in to himself, acknowledged his fault, and begged pardon.

The servant of God united his prayers with those of the penitent sinner, and saw that his conversion was sincere.

Re-animated by the exhortations of the Saint, in his devotion to the Blessed Virgin, the religious ever afterwards edified his confreres by his piety and by his rigorous penance. The above facts are transcribed in the manuscripts of the Vatican.

They are also related by Theodoric D'Aix and by Polucca. They are not omitted in any work which treats upon the Saint.

In the year of grace, 1297, the Saint, in his official capacity as Provincial of Sicily, assisted at the General Chapter held at Bruges, where the Very Rev. Father Gerard of Bologna was elected Prior General of the Order. At Bruges, as elsewhere, Saint Albert was prominent for his eloquence and his wisdom. His merit brilliantly illumined the chapter. After its termination he returned to his own country, there to resume the course of his useful and edifying life. So constant and stable a virtue could not fail to win praise and appreciation, which increased with each succeeding day. More and more profound grew the veneration of his brethren. More and more eager to see him and to hear his blessed words, became the vast throng so devoted to him.

But this true servant of God never relaxed his vigilance. He always remained on the alert for the enemy, of whose cunning and perseverance he was so well aware. Never once had the spirit of evil overcome Albert. Nevertheless he continued to distrust his malicious snares. He feared that some leaven of vain glory would creep into his heart, and leave its traces. He dreaded yielding to the frailty of human nature. He therefore left Palermo, where he had become the object of new tributes of veneration. He set out, in secret, for the Monastery of Messina. There he made choice of a

house of his Order, situated outside the city, and took up his abode there, unknown to all. Advanced in age, however, his health began to be very much impaired. In this quiet solitude, often subjected to physical suffering, he gave himself up exclusively to the contemplation of things divine. Often would he exclaim: "Lord, it is too long to wait! Lord, delay no longer, but bid me come to Thy heavenly banquet!" Then, as if fearing that he had offended God, or had not shown himself submissive to his designs, he would add, "O! my God! Thou didst not permit that the will of Thy Divine Son should be fully accomplished, but preferred that He should do Thy will. Even so, Lord, may now, Thy will, not mine, be done." One day, after having said this prayer, his heart became inflamed with the fire of divine love. He fell into an ecstasy. Then he heard a voice saying: "Thou wilt enjoy forever the sight of God. Thou wilt be elevated to the rank of the Confessors! Blessed Soul! Await! Thy soul will be received amid their glorious throng." If in the past Albert had been given to prayer, he now devoted himself to that holy exercise with more than renewed fervor. He scarcely ever refrained from it. It constituted his chief delight. Sometimes he chanted the Psalms, sometimes he devoted himself to the reading of the Sacred Scriptures, sometimes he found his delight in meditating upon the divine mysteries; again, his chief joy was to think of the mother of God, and sweetly commune with her. These last days of this saintly life were spent in these devout exercises.

CHAPTER XI.

The Last Moments of the Saint.— His Glorious Death.

The Saint had now reached an extreme old age, his strength sensibly diminished; he beheld with joy the approach of the hour which would bring his eternal reward. The time, indeed, was not far distant when this holy of purity was to be transplanted to the celestial gardens of paradise. He was attacked by a very grave malady, but this did not prevent him from continuing his penances and prayers, on the contrary, he even redoubled them. During this illness he had an ecstasy at which time the Queen

of Heaven revealed to him the hour of his death, and deigned to place the divine child, for a moment, in his arms.

August the 7th day of year 1306, was the day revealed by the Blessed Virgin as that of his entrance into Paradise. Albert summoned to his room the entire community in a body. He commenced by exhorting them to be faithful to their vows and their duties; he encouraged them to follow in the glorious path of their ancient fathers. Then he said to them: "This very day I will lay down the burden of years; my soul will be released from the prison in which it has been so long confined. I will deliver it into the hands of God. I will go direct to heaven—my true country! At the very hour of my death my *sister germaine, who is at Trapani, will enjoy the same happiness. We will meet at the feet of the Lord."

The event proved the divine origin of this revelation. Although the sister of the Saint was two hundred and fifty miles distant, the news of her death accorded precisely with the above assertion. The Saint, perceiving the sorrow which his children in religion could not restrain, at the thought of losing their beloved father, turned towards them with a radiant brow, and cried out: "I long to die to be with Jesus Christ. *Cupio dissolvi et esse cum Christo.*" Several times he repeated those words. The brethren realizing that the supreme moment was nigh, could not bring themselves to leave the dying Saint. They knelt in fervent prayer around his bed, if the rude pallet upon which he lay deserved the name, and recommended his departing soul to God.

Towards evening, feeling that his end was not far distant, notwithstanding his weakness and sufferings, he knelt with them and offered up the following prayer: "O, God! Whose marvellous power has created all things, Whose sublime

will has brought forth order from chaos in the creation, and Whose goodness has maintained that order, protect my soul, in Thy great mercy. It fears the power of the unclean spirit of darkness. Be Thou its defender, and place it in that happy abode which Thou hast reserved for Thy servants." Still kneeling he recited the Psalm "*Deus in nomine tuo saluum me fac,*" until the concluding verse. Afterwards he repeated the Psalm, "*In te speravit domine,*" finishing it perfectly as before. However, he grew weaker every moment. He recited then the Lord's Prayer, and the Hail Mary, then again began the Psalm, "*In te speravie Domino.*" But the time had come when he could no longer sustain himself, and they could scarcely hear his faintly murmured prayer. Then, with his eyes raised to heaven, he made one supreme effort and implored the aid of the Mother of God that he might obtain the salvation he so richly merited.

Then, in an act of faith, he breathed forth his last sigh, "My God, into Thy hands I commend my spirit. *In manus tuas Domine commendo Spiritum meum.*"

It was thus that after eighty years of a life without stain, a life all innocence and purity, the Saint gave back his beautiful soul to God. Under the semblance of a white dove he was seen to dart towards heaven, borne thither by a diaphanous cloud. All present gave testimony to this prodigy. At the same instant a bell, caused to be cast by the Saint, gave forth in deep and solemn peals the announcement that Messina had lost the saintly religious. And no human hand had touched it! The entire city was overwhelmed with sorrow. The king when informed of the sad event evinced the most profound affliction. He cried out that the city—that he himself—had lost a father. He lost no time in going to review the holy remains. The body exhaled the most delicious fragrance to a great distance. It surpassed that of the most odorous flowers, and was so perfect that it could only have been sent from Paradise. These wonderful events were soon known all over the country. They spread throughout the Island, and Sicily was moved to its very centre. Everyone wished to enjoy a spectacle as extraordinary as it

*—The expression "brother germain" having often been employed by ancient writers instead of the term "cousin, as "cousins germain," on the other hand, in some of the provinces are styled, "fraternal," or "brotherly" cousins. We cannot decide whether a sister or a cousin of Albert was meant.

was edifying. First came the citizens of Messina, in vast throngs, to pay honor to the Saint in the place where his body had been deposited. People hastened from the most distant points. The Jews en masse, mingled with the crowds, and many of them went back, converted to the true faith. Numerous were the cures affected among the invalids, who stood around the coffin of him who had been the protector of the kingdom, and who continued his benefits after death. As they departed, with granted prayers, all proclaimed his sanctity, all wept for the universal desolation. The sentiments of the multitude did not stop at these manifestations. Everyone wished to carry away a relic of the Saint, so that his habit was cut in pieces. These were divided, and later on these pieces, sanctified by contact with that pure body, were the instruments of numerous miracles. Finally, the Arch-Bishop of Messina ordered a three days' devotion, of fast and public prayers. He enjoined the bestowal of generous alms. He bade the clergy celebrate solemn masses in all the churches to implore the favor that during the funeral ceremonies the celestial goodness would deign to manifest itself by some miracle. No one thought of evading these directions. On the contrary many added other works of penance than those prescribed.

CHAPTER XII.

The Obsequies of the Saint.

King Frederic, wishing to show by his course of action, the great honor which should be paid to the Saint, decided to attend the funeral. To render the occasion as full of solemnity as possible, he ordered all the nobility of the province to assist. Upon the appointed day he arrived, mounted upon his splendid charger, and followed by a brilliant cortege of chevaliers. All—the king first—dismounted, and ranged themselves in open ranks to permit the passage of the coffin, in which the Saint, with face uncovered, reposed. This was the custom throughout Italy at that time, and it prevails up to this very day. The whole city united in testimonials of reverence and regret.

The honor of carrying the venerated remains was warmly contested. All riv-

aled each other in offering to do so. Finally the funeral cortege began to move. The king followed in the train, on foot. After him walked the chevaliers; then came the Archbishop of Messina, Guidoct, surrounded by his quasi royal guard, and by all who composed his household. The bishops in those days enjoyed privileges unknown at the present time, when civil authority has the assurance to dictate the law to a divine power. In those ages of faith, the voice of the Episcopate was listened to, and kings, thereby were obliged to enter into themselves as well as the most humble of their subjects. Their exterior magnificence was in keeping with the grandeur of Him whose power they represented upon earth. This was evidenced at the obsequies of Sicily's dead patron. The greatest splendor prevailed. Other bishops, also, with an imposing corps of assistants, who were attired in a manner in keeping with those who preceded them, walked after the Archbishop of Messina. Finally came an immense throng of people, who walked according to the class of society to which they belonged. In this order they proceeded to the Cathedral. The coffin was placed in the centre of the temple. The body of the Saint, exposed to the veneration of the faithful, inspired sentiments of the most tender piety. His hands crossed upon his breast, still clasping the crucifix, seemed as if making perpetual supplication. His countenance was illumined with heaven's celestial light. The veneration of the people seemed to become more intensified as the moments wore on. Suddenly the fragrance, which had been quite perceptible before, now escaped from the coffin with such power that the entire church was permeated with its heavenly sweetness. Every breast was penetrated therewith. All present, transported with an ecstasy of devotion, were sensible of the sweetest consolation. And those waves of perfume, besides, possessed a healing power, and carried health as they passed along. All the invalids who had come to the holy place were instantly restored to health.

"Behold ! a vase of holiness !" was the cry. Meanwhile the priests began preparations to celebrate the mass for the

dead. An universal protest was heard throughout the Church: "No! No! the Mass of the Beatified," said the assistants. The discussion lasted for a long time. The clergy, arguing from pontifical right, affirmed that they could celebrate no other than the mass for the departed. The faithful, thinking only of his devotion and sanctity, insisted on the mass said in honor of a Saint. In support of this desire they advanced grave reasons, and called to witness the prodigies which the Saint had wrought in his lifetime; of those which continued after his death they also spoke. Eventually, it was decided to leave it in the hands of God, that is, to wait until by some sign He would deign to manifest His will. The Archbishop ordered prayers and fervent supplications. Kneeling they implored the Divine Majesty to reveal by what title, in what manner, the venerated dead should be honored. The fervor increased, the prayers became more earnest, and, lo! there appeared at the right and left of the altar two lovely children, clad in robes of dazzling whiteness, and wearing stoles of gold on their breasts. A most brilliant light surrounded them. This light, far from injuring the sight, was a source of rest to the eyes. A minute passed, and the two angels, in clear and harmonious tones, chanted the introit: "Os Justi meditabuntur sapientiam." After this intonation they instantly disappeared. The greatest joy filled every heart, and expressions of delight were heard from all—King Frederic, the Archbishop, and with him all the nobles there present—decided that a miracle such as that had answered the question. They must obey! The judgment of God outweighs all other opinion whatsoever. The whole assembly being thus in accord, the solemn mass of a Confessor was chanted. The people united their voices with those of the clergy. Towards the close of the ceremonies a new demonstration was made in honor of the Saint. A noble lady, who belonged to the Palici, originally a Venetian family, was at church on the day of the funeral. She was so much taken up with the world and the things thereof, that, somewhat flippantly, she had been styled the "Venitienne." Suddenly, urged by an impetuous sentiment

of faith, carried away by an irresistible impulse, this worldly creature went to the coffin, and seized the linen in which the head of the Saint was enveloped. No one could take it from her. She retained it with jealous care. Later on, this linen was the instrument of many miracles. In cases of trouble in the eyes, even when the sight was irrevocably lost, by applying it to the head of the afflicted one, an immediate cure would be the result. Meanwhile, the office over the hour for closing this glorious coffin had sounded. Everyone wished to take one more look at the beloved and venerated countenance. The deeply affected crowd passed reverentially on, scanning the features of their benefactor, and bearing away the precious image engraven on their hearts. It was toward the ninth hour of the day that the remains were placed in the tomb. But, before separating, the king and the people of Messina united in demanding that a deputation be sent to the Sovereign Pontiff. Its object was to make a public appeal to pontifical authority to obtain from the holy father the favor that he would abridge the procedure of canonization, and at once place Albert of Trapani in the list of Confessors.

The entire Sicilian realm devoted the plenitude of its power to transmit the memory of the Saint to posterity. All were unanimous. It would have been dangerous to make any opposition; who ever did so would have had cause to repent. The crowd would not have spared him. He would have been looked upon as a heretic, and have met with very harsh measures. From that time his grave was constantly visited, even from afar, the lame, the leprous, the poor paralytic, came as pious pilgrims to the spot. One day, when a number were praying at the tomb, a great wonder occurred. It was the third day that they had thus knelt in fervent devotion, in fasting and prayer. The Saint appeared to them, environed by rays of dazzling splendor; his raiment was white as snow; his brow resplendent with glory.

The eyes of these poor people had the joy of beholding the blessed one who came to them to dispense the favors his sanctity had obtained for them. All were

healed, and they departed for their various homes, there to sound the praises of this eminent servant of God. Thus did miracles multiply around the remains of the Saint. Thus the narration of them penetrated into the distant parts of the country, and everywhere was established a great devotion to him. Altars and churches were erected in his honor. As to the rest, St. Albert took it upon himself to punish those who outraged and insulted his sacred remains.

In the Holy Name of Jesus.

Humbly at morn and even
We lift our pleading cry,
In the Holy Name of Jesus
We ask of our Lord on high.
From the wealth of His boundless treasure,

The gift that He deemeth best,
Be it sorrow, or pain, or pleasure,
Labor or peaceful rest;
Let but His blessing crown us,
Let but His hand impart
His measure of strengthening graces
To each client's trusting heart.

In the holy name of Jesus,
We ask; Can we be denied?
Pardon for sins of the slothful,
Pardon for sins of pride,
Pardon for cruel speeches
That wound like a two-edged knife;
For slanderous words and bitter—
The fuel that feedeth strife;
For the wrongs we have done our neighbor,

In thought, and word, and deed,
In the fullest hope of Thy mercy,
Thy pardon, O Lord, we plead.

In the holy name of Jesus,
We ask with a trust sublime,
We cling to His spoken promise,
His word outlasteth time:
"Who asketh aught of My Father,
And asketh it in My name,
Will never meet with refusal."

What manifold gifts we claim
With filial love of our Father,
In that holy name of power;
But most, we crave its protection
In life's dread parting hour.

Marcella A. Fitzgerald.

A LOVABLE OLD WOMAN.

You sometimes see a woman whose old age is as exquisite as was the perfect bloom of her youth. You wonder how this has come about; you wonder how it is her life has been a long and happy one. Here are some of the reasons:

She knows how to forget disagreeable things.

She kept her nerves well in hand and inflicted them on no one.

She mastered the art of saying pleasant things.

She did not expect too much from her friends.

She made whatever work came to her congenial.

She retained her illusions and did not believe all the world wicked and unkind.

She relieved the miserable and sympathized with the sorrowful.

She never forgot that kind words and a smile cost nothing, but are priceless treasures not to be discouraged.

She did unto others as she would be done by, and now that old age has come to her and there is a halo of white hair about her head she is loved and considered. This is the secret of a long life and a happy one.

RELIGION IN THE SCHOOLS.

The avowed enemies of Christianity in some European countries are banishing—they have done it since—religion from the schools, in order to eliminate it gradually from among the people. In this they are logical. Take away religion from the school, and you take it away from the people. Take it away from the people, and morality will soon follow; morality gone, even their physical condition will ere long degenerate into corruption which breeds decrepitude, while their intellectual attainments would only serve as a light to guide them to deeper depths of vice and ruin. A civilization without religion would be a civilization of "the struggle for existence, and the survival of the fittest," in which cunning and strength would become the substitute for principle, conscience, virtue and duty.

What Happened at Eastbury St. Simon's.

FRANCIS W. GREY.

It is just possible that some, at least, of my readers may remember the Eastbury St. Simon's stories, I had the honor of telling them some years ago, concerning the two rectors, who in succession, "lapsed to Rome," much to the distress and annoyance of his lordship, the Bishop of Middlehampton. Not that it really signifies—except that I should feel flattered to think they did remember—as this is a story by itself; in fact, rather a forecast of not very remote contingencies, than, like the others, a true and faithful record of what actually occurred.

You must kindly suppose, then, that the two things have happened, after which we can proceed by way of narration, rather than of anticipation; in the past tense, that is to say, not in the future. That, I fear, would not be an acceptable innovation in the way of story telling. It would be more difficult of management than the first person singular—I, I, I,—which is saying a good deal.

The first thing, then, which I must ask you to take for granted is the translation of John, by the grace of the prime minister, Bishop of Middlehampton, to another—and since he had always obeyed his conscience, let us hope a happier—sphere, where Ritualists and Puritans cease from troubling, and moderate prelates, seeking only to live at peace with all men, are at rest. The other is the passage of that famous Church Discipline Bill, of which we have heard so much, and are likely to hear more.

It was shortly after the secession of the second 'verted rector of Eastbury St. Simon's, that "John Middlehampton" laid aside the mitre and crosier—neither of which he had ever possessed, and sang—I should say, said, his "Nunc Dimittis"—in English, of course.—It would have savored of popery—but for his shocking pronunciation, to have said it in Latin; even if he knew it in that tongue, which I doubt. He had lived to see the Education Act passed, from which he foreboded evil to the Church, rather than good; it gave too much

power, he maintained, to "Romanizing" persons, and was bound, sooner or later to provoke a reaction on the part of political nonconformity. In which estimate others, I fancy, not usually of one mind with him, might find themselves in cordial agreement.

It was just previous to his ever-to-be lamented decrease that that militant Protestant, the rector of Meadowbrook, sent him a copy of a pamphlet entitled, "Contemporary Ritualism," with the brief but significant comment, "What does your lordship think of this?" His lordship, like the parrot of immortal fame—pray forgive the comparison—thought much, but said very little. He knew what the rector of Meadowbrook was driving at, and at whom. The latter, I regret to say, was himself, for not taking action concerning the former, namely, the "popish practices" in use at Eastbury St. Simon's. Truth to tell, he had tolerated much that he disapproved of in order to prevent, if possible, further secessions to Rome. How much he had tolerated we shall see presently. The rector of Meadowbrook, however, was of a different stamp. Better, in his eyes, the loss of a whole parish, a whole diocese, than that the views of Popery should infect the whole church. Between Popery and Puritanism, what was an easy-going, worn-out bishop to do? He did the only thing he could do,—the best for himself, at all events—he closed his eyes and died. Let his successor wrestle with Eastbury St. Simon's, and with the restless Boanerges of Meadowbrook.

"John Middlehampton's" nearest—and somewhat troublesome—neighbor, to wit, his Episcopal brother of Amesbury, had hopes of translation to an easier and better paid See, but was destined, as are humbler mortals, to be disappointed. The Vicar of St. Swithen's White-chapel—a "slum" church of the most extreme type—a working, celibate parson, was chosen by the prime minister—himself a Dissenter—to be the new bishop of Middlehampton. But it was whispered—as people are fond of doing—that a very exalted personage, indeed, was real-

ly responsible. I do not vouch for the truth of the rumor; I merely record it as a faithful chronicler should.

At all events "Father" Clements was consecrated at St. Paul's, with much pomp of Anglo-Catholic ritual, on which occasion another "Father," more extreme, if possible, than the bishop-elect, preached a sermon which did not please the low-churchmen in his lordship's new diocese. On the contrary, it displeased them very grievously, and the bishop—as was not unnatural—was held responsible for what his friend, and successor at St. Swithin's, had said. This, by the way; but, as usual, it had consequences. Most things have, I fancy, but that is still more by the way, and has nothing to do with my story.

Eastbury St. Simon's, although two "parish priests" had "lapsed to Rome," was, as before, the most Catholic parish in an otherwise moderate diocese. "John Middlehampton" had, therefore, acted wisely in appointing an "extreme" man to succeed the man once after his own heart, who had failed him so sorely. Better—so the Bishop thought—to tolerate "ritual excesses" than to drive more parishoners to secede. So did "not" think the rector of Meadowbrook, as I have said. We shall see which of the two was right. Though it could hardly be supposed to effect his late lordship in that sphere to which he had been translated.

The new rector then was, avowedly, an "extreme" man; in fact he belonged to the same community of S. Auselm as his new bishop; had, in fact, exercised spiritual jurisdiction over his now superior officers, when the latter was not even "Father" Clements, much less a bishop. Such former relationship would not, of course, prevent a right and fitting present one between the prelate and the rector—so long as neither happened to strain it. If either did, witting or unwittingly, from whatever motive, the reversal of positions might make matters 'difficult,' since bishops and parsons—even the most "Catholic" and self-denying—are only human, after all.

At first, however, things went smoothly. The rector called on the bishop and was received with the cordiality due to an old friend, rather than with the de-

ference due a former superior. That, of course was not to be expected, nor did the rector look for it. The two men talked, freely, and intimately, of matters which both had much at heart. The bishop, wisely, did not make any very searching enquiries as to the "practices" at Eastbury St. Simon's; the rector did not volunteer information that was not asked for. Moreover, had he not the tacit sanction of the late bishop?

Wherein, the rector, good man, I fear, was not wholly candid with his conscience. Personally, I doubt if most of us are, or have such valid excuses as he had. The bishop had, it is true, tacitly sanctioned the ritual at Eastbury St. Simon's, as carried out by the former rector; the present man, "Father" Dunscombe, had, tacitly again, agreed to abide by it. As far as externals went, he did. In doctrine, he went a good deal further.

That is, he practised "Reservation of the Blessed Sacrament," which was not, strictly speaking, a "ritual innovation," but was hardly to be held as "nominated in the bond." But, he taught the doctrine of the Invocation of Saints, and ended by saying the Rosary at "Benediction," which latter was an innovation—every Sunday afternoon. The school children, with their teachers, formed, at first, his sole congregation on these occasions, but the devotion grew—as it always does—until a large proportion of the parishoners—men as well as women—began to practice it. It may be that the spirits of the old Carmelites, who once owned Eastbury St. Simon's, had not a little to do with it; certainly, the atmosphere of Mary's dowry—now that the fogs of heresy are thinning and lifting—is, or should be, favorable to the growth of such devotion, even among our separated brethren.

Now there is nothing so favorable to devotion as persecution, or opposition, at least; nothing so fatal as prosperity. The rector of Meadowbrook had studied "Contemporary Ritualism" with a zeal that surely did him credit, since he honestly believed "Popery," of whatever kind, to be hateful to God and destructive of souls. He knew, thereby, that certain "Romanizers" were beginning to inculcate devotion to our Blessed Lady—

"Mariolatry" he called it—and was not long in learning that "Mister" Dusecombe—"Father" he would never call him—was teaching it at Eastbury St. Simon's. It must be stopped; but how?

You will remember, I hope, that one of the things I asked you to take for granted was the passage of a certain notorious Church Discipline Bill, of which we heard, in 1903. We are now, if you please, in 1905—more than enough. It was thrown out in that year, by the House of Lords, thanks, chiefly to the impassioned eloquence of Lord Powderham, ably supported by the Marquis of Cumberland and others. The bishops, as the chief objects of attack, prudently abstained from speaking or voting. In the spring of 1904—if you will forgive a little bit of political history—the Unionist Government "went to the country," and were returned to power by the Irish vote,—their reward for the Land Act. That saved the Education Act from amendment or repeal, and gave Ireland her long-refused Catholic university. But it could not save the Ritualists. The Liverpool Protestants—Tories to a man before—went over to the opposition. Their Church Discipline Bill was brought in again; this time the Government, with only Irish votes to keep them in power—were constrained to let it pass to avoid certain defeat on that or on some other issue. The Church Discipline Bill became law.

It was, literally, a God-send to the rector of Meadowbrook, who had begun to fear, in all sincerity, that Protestant England was rapidly lapsing into Popish apostacy. The question was, how could the Act be applied to Eastbury St. Simon's? Someone must begin the process of "cleansing the National Church," from the defilement she had incurred, of driving out her "disloyal sons," however many they might be, however highly placed. Why should not that honor be his, as well as another's? In all this, believe me, his only conscious motive was zeal for God's cause and God's truth—as he understood both. It is with zealots such as he, that our Ritualistic friends will have to reckon some day. It may be we shall have to reckon with them (the zealots, I mean) as well.

But there must be no mistake made; the thing must be done thoroughly, effectually, or not at all. It would be difficult, he knew, if not impossible, to find an "aggrieved parishoner," in Eastbury St. Simon's; not even a legal one, i.e. a Dissenter. They had all been received into "the church," and were, as usual, more extreme than the churchmen born. What was to be done?

He consulted a London friend, the lawyer retained by the Protestant Union, to "get up" cases against "disloyal" clergy.

"Have you no land in the parish in question?" enquired the man of law, after some more or less relevant conversation.

"None, I regret to say," answered the rector, who had, if the truth must be told, already thought of such a qualification as parishoner.

"That is a pity," was the rejoinder; "however, if you will leave the matter in my hands, I think we can manage it." With which assurance the rector of Meadowbrook was fain to be content, for the present. It was the best that he could do; not that he quite liked going to law, or dealing with lawyers, even the most Protestant and "Christian." In fact, he did not wholly approve of some of the methods of the Protestant Union, and was just a little anxious as to what he might—with the best possible intentions, of course—have made himself responsible for. That is, the trouble with best intentions, we never know what may come of them.

However, his legal friend did "manage," and this is the way of it,—strictly legal—but, well, there is no use in saying bitter things. Farmer Giles, the solitary black sheep, or nearly so, in the parish of Eastbury St. Simon's, had taken to drink and speculation since the death of his wife, and the trouble which had come upon his daughter Ellen—about that, and what came of it, I may perhaps tell you some other time; at present, we are concerned with Farmer Giles. He, you must know, was a butcher, as well as a farmer; moreover, the butcher shop was his own freehold property, a fact which the legal adviser of the Protestant Union was not long in ascertaining. My weapon, I suppose, is

good against the "enemies of Truth"; any stick, at least, will do to beat the wicked Ritualists. At all events there was, as might have been expected, a sale of Farmer Giles' effects, and a new man—a good, honest Protestant—bought his shop and business. That is one way of finding an aggrieved parishoner.

Thereafter, events moved rapidly. The bishop wrote to "Father" Duscombe, asking him to call at his earliest convenience, concerning a sufficiently serious matter. The rector of Eastbury St. Simon's, guessing shrewdly enough that some one—his good neighbor and 'brother priest' of Meadowbrook, presumably—had delated him to his lordship in respect of "Catholic doctrines and practices," started for Middlehampton, on receipt of the bishop's letter. He was shown into the study, where the following colloquy ensued:

The bishop came to the point at once. "You practice 'Reservation,' don't you?" he enquired bravely.

"Yes, my lord," answered the rector. It was no time, evidently, for unnecessary or merely ornamental words.

"You have, I believe, a devotional service, on Sunday afternoons and on other occasions," continued the bishop, "known as Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament? Was that sanctioned, may I ask, tacitly, or otherwise, by my predecessor in the diocese?"

"To be candid, my lord," was the reply, "it is an innovation, as is the practice of Reservation; but both were introduced at the earnest entreaty of certain parishoners, and approved by all. They have resulted," the rector went on, "in a great increase of devotion to the Blessed Sacrament, more reverence and more frequent communions."

"That," rejoined the bishop, "I am quite prepared to believe. Still I regret that you should have made any innovations, however otherwise desirable, without consulting me."

"I wished to assume all the responsibility," returned the rector, "and to bear the attack, should any be made. I had no right to involve your lordship, and did not wish, speaking in all possible candor as to a father in God, to incur a prohibition, such as you might have deemed it expedient to impose."

"I appreciate your motives, and approve your candor," was the prelate's reply, "nevertheless, I still regret the line you thought it your duty to assume. It is these very unauthorized innovations—due to the purest motives—that hinder the advance of Catholic doctrine and practice in our provinces of the universal Church. You may guess," the bishop proceeded, "that this matter has been brought to my notice by that advocatus diaboli, an 'aggrieved parishoner,' so I must ask you one more question before delivering the 'fatherly admonition,' which, I doubt not, you are prepared to comply with."

"I am prepared to listen to your lordship with due respect," answered the rector cautiously, nor did his superior fail to notice the distinction with a great difference. However, he merely enquired "You have introduced the use of the Rosary, and of other devotions to the Blessed Virgin, have you not?"

"I have, my lord." Once more the rector recognized the value of brevity.

"I fear I must ask you, then," said the bishop, with evident reluctance, "to discontinue for the present, at all events, the 'innovations' referred to in the complaint of your parishoner, namely: Reservation, Benediction, and all public devotions to our Lady. I am willing that you and your parishoners should continue such devotions in private—as I do—for your public services you must confine yourself to the prayerbook."

There ensued several moments of constrained silence. Then, very gravely, as befitted such an occasion, the rector asked: "And if I cannot, in conscience, accede to your lordship's request, what must the result be?"

"Deprivation, for contumacy, within three months, as provided by the new Act," rejoined the bishop, with equal gravity and seriousness. Was there to be strife—strained relationship at least—between two old friends, to please a persecuting Protestant society, who had, evidently, put up "a man of straw" for this very purpose; one "aggrieved parishoner" in a parish otherwise united and at peace? That, apparently, was the price to be paid for the union between Church and State; the more powerful partner was to impose whatever

terms it chose. If so, the sooner the union were dissolved the better for both, no matter what might be the present, apparent, loss to the Church. But, in the meantime, what? He knew his old director's unswerving, absolute devotion to duty and to conscience. What would he do, now?

He was not left long in doubt. "I fear my lord," said the rector, solemnly, as one who realized all that must ensue from his decision, "that I cannot submit to the act of a non-Catholic parliament; the attempt of laymen to rule the church of God. To you, personally, I will yield all lawful and canonical obedience; to you, as moved by the Protestant union—for that is what it amounts to—I refuse to submit, when my conscience bids me resist you." Then changing his tone to one of regretful sadness, he added, as he held out his hand "Forgive me, old friend, but what else can I do?"

"Nothing, I know," answered the bishop, grasping the proffered hand in a grip that said more than any words could express: "However, thank God, we are still friends."

"Friends always," was the rector's reply, as he took his leave.

So it came about that the "Catholic" Bishop of Middlehampton, at the instigation of a Protestant society, set in motion the Act of Parliament against doctrines and practices which, he was convinced, were the lawful heritage of those "Provinces of the Church universal," to which he, and the friend about to be driven from his parish, belonged. In three months if the rector did not act against his conscientious convictions, he must resign his care of souls, and the bishop must put another in his place, and that other a man—if such could be found—ready to submit to any legal tyranny on the part of his one "aggrieved parishoner." Truly, the dominant partner, the state, was becoming exacting in its demand on the, hitherto submissive, church. Hitherto, yes; but, surely not for long, if this were to be the price of "establishment."

Once more events moved rapidly—and in a most startling, if not wholly unexpected direction. The rector of Eastbury St. Simon's, on the Sunday following his interview with the bishop,

told his parishoners what was in store for them and for himself. Told them, moreover, how the "church" they loved was but the slave of the state; how doctrines, practices—the most sacred, the most dear in their hearts—must be sacrificed, at the arbitrary bidding of a chance majority of Protestants, Dissenters, Jews and Infidels. "But there is a church," he continued, his voice rising, his whole face lighting with fervent enthusiasm, "to which we have always claimed to belong, though she would never own us, but as, at best, erring children, which, in truth, we have never rightly known, as she is, the one, Infallible, Holy Catholic Church, whose head on earth is the successor of St. Peter. She, at least, has never truckled to kings, and parliaments; has never permitted laymen, even though they were mighty emperors, to dictate to her in matters of faith and doctrine. Her priests and bishops, her countless children, in all lands, are of one Faith, of one mind. Within her fold we shall find those doctrines, practices and devotions which have grown to be the very life of our souls, of which Protestant malignity—our brethren—there was scorn ineffable in his tones—"seeks to rob us, by using our bishops as instruments of a tyrannous state. Nay," he continued, "there are even bishops and priests, as we have been wont to deem them, who will approve and abet such persecution of all that is Catholic and true, will look on at our being driven out from among you to starve, if we will not submit. What church and priesthood can these be but creations of the state, and not of God? As for me," he concluded, "I go to find, in the one Church of the living God, the truths which I have always believed, taught and practised, but which one parishoner, sent here for no other purpose, can take from all of us. You that love truth, you that love the Church of God, follow me!"

Once again, as I said, events moved rapidly. Before the legal three months had elapsed, and a new and "obedient" rector could be appointed, there were no parishoners for him to look after, but one—the "aggrieved—who had brought all this about. All the rest had "lapsed to Rome," men, women and children,

rather than deny their faith, or submit their consciences to the tyranny of the State. More, the bishop, seeing what came of obedience to an act of parliament in one parish, refused to take proceedings when the next case was brought before him, resigned his diocese, and, following his friend's example, submitted to the Catholic Church.

That, I take it—to revert from forecasts to sober facts, from a possible future to an actual present—is how the "landslide" will begin; once the Protestant party succeed in getting their Church Discipline Bill passed, and put into force. Not that every "Catholic" parish will immediately "lapse to Rome," or even the majority of them, but that many will, the recent events at St. Michael's, Shoreditch, give us, surely, good ground to hope. But persecution will, at least, "weld together" the whole "Catholic" party in the Anglican communion, moderate or extreme; disestablishment will set the bishops free from the tyranny of Parliament, of Protestant societies and of "aggrieved parishoners." The result will be pure gain to the cause of Catholic truth, doctrines and practices. The ultimate issue—who can doubt it?—the return of Mary's Dowry to the unity of Christendom.

CATHOLIC EDUCATION.

Every Catholic clergyman ministering at the altar of God, every Catholic layman, having at heart the survival, the strengthening and the propagation of his faith, desires a parish school in which the boys and girls who are to be the future men and women of their Church shall receive a solid religious training.

Our Protestant brethren attempted another plan. They sent their children to schools from which all religious creeds were banished, and by their Sunday schools sought to supply the lack of religious training. Did they succeed? No, they did not. Their plan has ended in failure. From Methodist and Lutheran, from Baptist and Presbyterian and Episcopalian, the wail has gone forth that the young men and women of the day are abandoning the creeds of their fathers, and that their churches are becom-

ing deserted. Would matters have been any better a hundred years ago if the early settlers had not maintained strictly denominational schools? Would Catholicity flourish in the country, as it is now flourishing, if there had been no Catholic schools in which children might inhale a Catholic atmosphere, study the Catholic catechism, learn the Catholic prayers and imbibe for the Church, her sacraments and her clergy, that reverence which is the envy and the admiration of the outside world? Certainly not.

There may be a difference of opinion as to the ways and means by which Catholic education is to be imparted and Catholic schools to be supported, but there can be none regarding the self-evident truth that if the Church is to be perpetuated in a robust, God-fearing and God-serving Catholicity, it is only by the establishment of a Catholic school in every Catholic parish.

HOW TO SPOIL CHILDREN.

Laugh at their faults; encourage white lies; give them their own way; tell them petty untruths; give them what they cry for; shout at the top of your voice to them; never encourage their efforts to do better.

Fly into a passion with them several times a day; punish them if they break some trifle by accident; don't enter into their games; when they ask for information tell them to be quiet; let them think the streets are the best place to play; never take any notice of their childish sorrows.

Don't have any toys or playthings tossed around the house; don't bother yourself inviting to your house the children of the house they go to; don't trouble inviting their companions to your house.

Always take part against their teachers; try to forget as much as possible that you were once young yourself.

Get servants to teach them their prayers, and don't trouble how they say them; send them to Mass and the Sacraments and don't go with them.—Canadian Messenger.

Heroism Unproclaimed.

KATHARINE McANDREW.

A winter afternoon, quiet and gray, was drawing to a close; it was one of those cheerless days which sometimes come in mid-winter in Canada; days when one requires an extra share of life and good spirits to ward off attacks of lonesomeness or ennui. But whether the days were dark or fair made small difference to the inmates of the Convent situated in the heart of the city. The large stone pile stood in the centre of turbulent life, but it might have been up among the Laurentian hills, so little did the echo of the outside world disturb the quietude. It was a large boarding school and only those who are familiar with convent life can understand how quickly the hours sped by. Odd moments for ennui are seldom found by either pupils or teachers.

The work might grow monotonous were it not for the keen interest shared by all, so the busy days passed and Norah Weston could scarcely realize that her first year in the convent was about completed. The novices sometimes taught in the young ladies' academy when there was a shortage of teachers, so Norah had been sent over from the novitiate at the opening of the school term. Her sympathy and affection for the pupils was fully returned. The first strange feeling of shyness, consequent upon appearing before a class of girls nearly of her own age, had worn off, and the older sisters were congratulating themselves on putting so capable a person in charge of that particular class, for it had proved a great trial to the other poor little sister the previous year.

Half past three bell sounded, and Sister Weston was bringing her girls down to the spacious recreation hall on the ground floor. Above the talk and laughter of the happy, gay crowd around her, she could faintly make out the message a little tot was trying to deliver. "Some one wanted to see her in the parlor?" Yes, that was the message. Hastily laying aside the needle work just taken up, she left the room, wondering on her way through the corridor who her visitor could be, especially now,

when in the last letter from the home of her friends, they spoke of not coming until after Easter.

A tall, broad shouldered gentleman was standing facing the window when she entered the visitors' room, the dark form distinctly outlined against the cold white background. The light was just the tone to bring out clearly any dark object. Something in the pose of the figure was intensely familiar. It was like—yet no! A sudden turn of the snow-white head, a glance of joyous recognition in the eyes, and the girl's head nestled on her father's breast.

No words were spoken—time seemed to have stopped, and she was once more his sunny-haired girlie, the child who had been his constant companion in the early years; who turned to daddy in every childish joy or trouble, and always met with the ready responsive sympathy.

And then she listened to the story of his narrow escape in the heart of the South African mining country; how he ventured with two of the engineers to the farthest limit of the claim, the formations and situation of which bespoke vast mineral wealth. Four long months ensued in their endeavor to open up the works. Just when things were well under way, the discontent and laziness of some of the native blacks employed soon spread to the whole rank of laborers. They were thus, for a time, cut off from communication with the head office in Cape Town. At length an agreement was established with the leaders of the men, by partly yielding to their wants and displaying a good deal of tact. The outlook was hopeful, when fortune turned once more, and John Weston fell a victim to enteric fever, and many weary weeks elapsed before he could endure the fatigue of a return trip over the rough roads. It was owing to this continued silence that the rumor spread of the death of himself and the two friends.

The story did not take long in telling, and when the father finished, little was she prepared for what followed. The earnest look in his eyes haunted her for

many days after. In a few words he told her how lonely the old home in the south was, and what pictures he had formed in his memory of the homeward journey; the improvements to be made on the estate; the new ideas he conceived as means of aiding Norah in her work among the poor children. Was this the end, and was it all to vanish as fancies often do? "Norah, surely I am not going back alone?" The voice trembled as the words were uttered. What a world of entreaty they held.

There was a long pause. She noticed, though almost unconsciously at the time, the dull beating of the branches of the vines outside against the window. The sun came forth in a final effort, as it were, to brighten the dreary day before it came to a close; golden patches formed on the bare floor and wall opposite. The shadow of a cross, reflected from the window frame, slowly traced itself through the sun patches, until the topmost portion rested on the wall. In voluntarily her eyes followed the creeping sunlight to where the image was completed. And it stopped just at the foot of the real cross, which was the one beautiful object the room contained. The same cross with its white figure so expressive in every line had spoken to many hearts before Norah's gaze rested on it that winter afternoon, and ever its message was the same; the wealth of love and pity reflected from the face; the sacrifice that crowned that life—all, oh Lord!

She turned a pained face to the father waiting for an answer, and with a voice full of tears, said:

"No, dear, don't ask me to go." It was all, but he understood the regret and infinite longing not to hurt him. Perhaps he understood, too, the depth of her sacrifice, in the measure of his own, for drawing her face close to his, as he used in the days far back, he whispered: "Very well, little girl, I won't say it." He quietly released her and walked out of the room.

Who can doubt the sacrifice cost one as dear as the other? Men of the world easily hold their feelings in check, and to the few old friends who met him that evening he appeared the same, though a

close observer might have noted a sad, deeper look in the dark eyes.

And none knew he had passed through the supremest act of his life that afternoon.

It is ever so—we cannot know nor guess the countless acts of heroism enacted in the daily life around us, for the days of chivalry in the highest sense are not yet over.

Thoughts on "Go a Skylark."

We have endeavored to echo even faintly, some sweet notes of this well-known poem,—truly a masterpiece of thought expressed in glowing imagery. The lights and shades are blended with artistic skill, rarely equalled, much less surpassed. But, alas! we must, like another far-famed poet, Fr. Ryan, exclaim with regard to our ideal:

"My song—it just touches the rude shores of speech,

But its music melts back into me!"

Or, like a painter who, unable to delineate the idealistic beauty that shone before him, exclaimed:

"It is a great pain to conceive vividly, and to render faintly."

How ardently have I desired to soar upwards in a flight of song, praising my blessed Mother in tones somewhat similar to those which thrilled in a poet's heart while listening to the skylark!

Perhaps it was an ambitious thought, or a fanciful one, but can we not wreath all the beauties of earth, sky and sea, around this Virgin Queen, and find she reflects, even surpasses, them all? "From heaven or near it—from earth, higher still and higher"—hearts soar above singing as they do so, profuse strains, "hymns unbidden," to Mary. Sometimes "in the light of thought," they warble of her joys and glory; then, like a "rose embowered," they shed sweet scent on the "warm winds" of prayer, by celebrating her virtues. Again, like "vernal showers," they murmur of those graces, consolations, blessings, ever flowing from her maternal love through cloudlets of earthly sorrow on "the twinkling grass."

"Better than all measures

Of delightful sound,"

Is the melodious name of Mary.
 "Better than all treasures

That in books are found,"

Her knowledge, love, intention.

Would that with artistic skill, or erudite reasoning, or flowing imagery, or ecstatic love, I could worthily praise our Lady! Would that rising in contemplation, above "fields, or waves, or mountains," or "shapes of sky," or "plain," into the "blue deep" of empyreal skies, even to the gates of pearl, and echo faint vibrations of those golden harp-strings ever thrilling before a "crystal sea." Then, the world might listen, and resound with soft notes, not of a skylark's song, but of thy name, O "Maria" !

Enfant de Marie,
 St. Clares.

PROTESTANT TESTIMONY.

The latest testimony to the need of associating moral teaching with the education of children was given the other day in Boston at a meeting held under the auspices of the Harvard Teachers' Association. The subject for discussion was, "Training for Citizenship." One of the speakers, Mr. Munroe, of Boston, referring so the most essential element in the training for good citizenship, said:

"Moral education must be given more attention in public schools. The primary purpose of Christian education used to be morality, and it still is with the Roman Catholic Church. Whatever criticism may be made of its methods, its teaching is supremely moral, and as the moral is the supreme aim in life, that element should be made more of in our systems."

We have here an exposition of the Catholic view of education. If the moral is the supreme aim in life, surely that fact should be impressed on the young at an age when their minds are most impressionable. The Catholic Church insists upon this, and in doing so she becomes the most effective agent for the promotion of the welfare of society.

A Godless education, which naturally leaves the impression that the highest good consists in the possession of the means of gratifying mere animal desires, will never produce the highest type of

manhood and womanhood. This is so self-evident that there is no need of going into any argument to prove it. The Catholic Church in her supreme wisdom knows that the elimination of morality from our system of education will leave the latter like Dead Sea fruit.

Thinking Protestants are at one with the Catholic Church in this matter, they see and appreciate the danger that is inseparably associated with the sort of training children receive in our public schools.

HONOR THE DEAR OLD MOTHER.

Honor the dear old mother. Time has scattered the snowy flakes on her brow, plowed deep furrows on her cheeks, but is she not sweeter and more beautiful now? The lips are thin and shrunken, but those are the lips that kissed away many a hot tear from childhood's cheeks and they are the sweetest in all the world. The eye is dim, yet it glows with the soft radiance of the holy love which can never fade.

Ah, yes, she is the dear old mother. The sands of life are nearly run out, but feeble as she is, she will go farther and reach down lower for you than any person upon earth. You cannot walk into midnight where she cannot see you; you cannot enter a prison where bars will keep her out; you cannot mount a scaffold for her to reach that she may kiss and bless you in evidence of her deathless love. When the world has despised and forsaken you, when it leaves you by the wayside to die unnoticed, the dear old mother will gather you in her feeble arms and carry you home and tell you of all your virtues, till you most forget that your soul is disfigured by vices. Love her tenderly and cheer her declining years with holy devotion. — Monitor.

A cheerful heart shortens the long road and smooths the rough one.

Beware of judging hastily; it is better to suspend an opinion than to retract an assertion.

The tale of the divine pity was never yet believed from lips that were not felt to be moved by human pity.

Editorial Notes.

May, the beautiful month of Mary, is again at hand. Thanks to the piety of our forefathers, one month of the year, is dedicated to the Bl. Mother of God, just as part of the day, when we recite the "Angelus," one day of the week,—Saturday, one feast during each month are instituted in her honor; whilst the Saints of God have but one day and at the most an octave dedicated to them, during which time we honor them and pray to them especially.

And Mary deserves this distinction, for she is the Queen of Angels. We but imitate God himself if we honor Mary more than any other Saint, because He, too, out of many, selected her for the high station of mother of His Divine Son.

During this beautiful month then let us honor Mary in a special manner. Think of her more frequently, pray to her more devoutly, strive more earnestly to show yourself a faithful and affectionate child of your heavenly Mother, and remember that devotion to Mary is a sure sign of salvation. She will watch with loving care over those who place themselves under the mantle of her protection. She will obtain for them strength to preserve their souls pure from sin: she will obtain by her intercession the grace of a happy death, and when the soul departs from the body she will claim it as her own, receive her dear child into her maternal arms, and bring it into the everlasting joys of heaven.

During this present month Holy Church celebrates three great festivals: The Patronage of St. Joseph, the Ascension of Our Lord and Pentecost.

Pope Pius IX has appointed St. Joseph the Patron of the Universal Church. He has placed his flock under the special protection of the fosterfather of Christ, and with Pharoah of old, he tells his children to go to Joseph, to implore his powerful intercession in all their needs, fully aware that the intercession of St. Joseph is most efficacious. "I do not remember," says St. Teresa, "of ever having asked anything of St. Joseph, which he did not immediately grant."

Forty days after His resurrection, during which time He gave His final in-

structions to the Apostles as to the way they were to convert the world and fulfil their mission, Our Lord ascended into heaven, having devised before, however, an admirable means of staying with us until the end of time in the adorable Sacrament of the Altar. For, he said: "It is my delight to be with the children of men." To this mercy throne He invites all with the encouraging words: "Come to me all ye who labor and are burdened, and I will refresh you."

Ten days after the Ascension the Holy Ghost was sent to the Apostles to assist them in their arduous undertaking of converting the world, to guide them and preserve them free from error in propagating Christ's doctrine, so that we can be sure of having received through all the intervening centuries the Divine Word intact and unchanged. On this assistance of the Holy Ghost our faith is founded.

* * * *

We gather from our exchanges and contemporaries a few items which may be of some interest:

President Roosevelt has shown such utter indifference to the yelping of the "patriots" that his recent act of courtesy in presenting a jubilee gift to the Holy Father will most likely be passed over without the usual eruption. The gift consists of ten handsomely bound volumes, containing all the messages and official documents of the Presidents of the United States from Washington to Roosevelt. His Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons, will transmit the gift to Rome by special messenger.

* * * *

An interesting conversation took place recently in England. Mrs. Thelwall, the widow of the well-known water-color artist, Weymouth Thelwall, was received in the Church by the Rev. Father Coventry, O.S.M., of the Fulham priory. Mrs. Thelwall is herself a connection of Sir Walter Scott's family, and her late husband was the youngest son of the celebrated John Thirlwall, the Reformer, who, together with Thorne Tooke and Hardy, was tried for high treason in 1795. This conversion offers a curious

instance of the links of history. John Thelwall, the new convert's father-in-law was the friend of Coleridge, Lamb, Hazlitt and Condorcet, and yet here is his daughter-in-law living and hale at the dawn of the twentieth century. No one, in his time, did more to advance Catholic emancipation than John Thelwall, and by a curious coincidence, his son died a Catholic, and his grandchild is a pious Catholic, whose influence has brought her mother into the fold.

* * * *

The King of Italy is making strenuous efforts to pass the divorce law, in spite of the fact that it is execrated by the great majority of his subjects. The efforts that are being made by all good Catholics to prevent the passage of this shameful and iniquitous law are apparently without effect on the Government.

* * * *

Count Ballestrem, President of the Reichstag, is a member of the Centre Party, and is regarded as the ablest and fairest Speaker the German House of Commons has ever had.

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The Athanasian Creed is now sung in Westminster Abbey without the articles on the Resurrection and the Judgment. Talk of the power of the Pope! No Pope would venture to "expurgate" the Athanasian Creed as the Dean of Westminster has done.

* * * *

The last star in the escaped-nun business has gone to her judgment. Margaret Shepherd is dead. She had a public career of over twenty years, during which she was repeatedly denounced on two continents as a woman of no principle and "unspeakably rotten," and yet she had no trouble to find sympathizers and abettors among the so-called respectable classes wherever she went. She had no right to the garb she assumed, for she never was a nun, not even a Catholic. As has been said before, her "revelations" and "exposures" of convent life were the rotten emanations of her own foul heart,—the lascivious visions of her own corrupt imagination—

the lies of a prostitute about the priests and the nuns of the Catholic Church.

* * * *

"A Careless Traveller," attending Mass in one of the chapels of St. Peter's at Rome, was ill-pleased to see the ecclesiastics neglecting the service that they might read so many pages in a book, which he supposes prescribed by their rules. Why did Dr. Abbott's curiosity not lead him to discover what this book was? We would wager dollars to doughnuts that it was the Roman Breviary, of which Matthew Arnold, after spending a lifetime in reading the best in the world's literature, both sacred and profane, remarked to Cardinal Manning: "I never knew that such a beautiful book existed; and it is a strange thing that I should have lived so long without my knowing of it." And to read from this compilation of the Psalms of David, of the homilies of the Fathers of the Church, of the Lives of the Saints, of prayers which John Ruskin called the only ones written by man and fit to be offered to God,—to do this during Mass is neglecting divine service!

* * * *

"Spiritualism is the religion of the devil," said Bishop Canevin, in the course of a sermon at the Pittsburg cathedral. Brownson, he pointed out, the most cultured layman who had ever joined the Church in the United States, had, in his book on "Spirit-rapping," shown that this description was correct. In the cathedral parish a "medium," who had been converted, had declared to him (the bishop) that every time he was in a Spiritualistic trance he was possessed by an evil spirit. Although he had never studied Greek or Latin, yet while in these trances he had spoken them fluently, and he had told many times what was the truth about people's past and future. While he was a Spiritualist he was, like most of those who are Spiritualists, sincere; but he knew not that he had all along been possessed by an evil spirit until he was baptized into the Catholic Church. Spiritualists, the bishop continued, are unconsciously worshipping the devil.

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God is ever drawing like toward like and making them acquainted.

Book Review.

"Helps to a Spiritual Life," from the German of Rev. Joseph Schneider, S.J., published by Benziger Bros., at \$1.25 a copy, is a book highly commendable to all who strive after perfection. The twenty-two chapters contain a beautiful treatise on all the important subjects which regard the spiritual life.

* * * *

"The Unraveling of a Tangle," by Marion Ames Taggart, is a novel of absorbing interest, and at the same time picturing with admirable skill the national character of the American and Frenchman.

* * * *

"The Playwater Plot," by Mary F. Waggaman, is a most charming story and full of exciting adventures which will captivate the attention of youthful readers especially. And after closing the book they will be none the worse for it. The sound morals and Catholic ideas with which the narrative is interspersed will take firmer hold of the reader's mind when presented in the attractive garb of a novel, coming from the pen of an able writer.

It is an happy idea, which of late years has been followed out on an extensive scale, of instructing and cultivating the mind and heart by teaching truth and instilling principles of sound morality through the novel. They are received more readily than when presented in a bare and unenticing form. The saving pill, which to many palates would otherwise taste bitter, when sweetened by a novelist's skill, is willingly swallowed, and will then do its beneficial work. Our Catholic novelists realize their advantage, and do a noble work for humanity.

Benziger Bros. are the publishers of "The Playwater Plot." Price, 50c.

Letters of Thanksgiving.

Rev. Fathers :

For about forty years I have suffered from a pain in my side, and I was unable to obtain relief from any of the doctors in this part of the country.

About three years ago I received a flower that was blessed on the Feast of

the Assumption, and was told to make the sign of the Cross with it on my side, which I did, and from that hour on I have experienced that which is welcomed most to all men—good health.

I also made a novena to St. Anthony (the wonder worker) to regain my health and thanks to St. Anthony and the Blessed Virgin, I am to-day a well man. If you will publish this in your Review, you will greatly oblige

T. E.

Toledo, O., April 4th, 1903.

* * * *

Dear Rev. Father :

Enclosed find an offering for a Mass in honor and thanksgiving to the sweet Infant of Prague, for favors received. Kindly say the Mass at the shrine of Our Lady of Peace, and have same published in your Review.

R. O.

* * * *

Kindly publish a great favor received through the intercession of our dear Blessed Mother Mary. I ask your prayers for the restoration of my health; also for the redeeming of our home, and the grace of happiness.

M. C. Mc.

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Dear Rev. Fathers :

I enclose an offering for a Mass in honor of St. Joseph. I had a sore ankle all winter, and was sick otherwise. I promised St. Joseph, if he would help me, to have a Mass said in his honor. I am getting better now. I also include the rest of my family that they may have good health and constant employment.

R. T.

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As much as we hope to obtain of God, so much are we sure of receiving.

Religion is as necessary to reason, as reason is to religion.—Washington.

God regards not how much we do, but from how much it proceeds. He does much that loves much.

He that knoweth not what he ought to know is a brute among men. He that knoweth no more than he hath need of, is a man among brute beasts. He that knoweth all that may be known, is a god among men.

Petitions Asked For.

The following petitions are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers :

That a brother, and the members of another family who are indifferent, may return to their religious duties ; that three persons, who are indifferent and addicted to drink, may reform ; good health for a pastor ; a vocation for a boy ; the souls in Purgatory ; the grace of a happy death ; success in studies for two children ; spiritual and temporal success of a person ; several special favors.

Our Lady's Own.

Scapular names have been received at: Falls View, from St. Mary's, Stanley, Wis.; Brechin, Ont.; St. John the Baptist's Church, Lockport, N.Y.; Brounsville, Houston Co., Minn.; Cuba, N.Y.; Paxico, Wabaunsee Co., Kas.; St. Stephen's Church, Buffalo, N.Y.; East Margaree, N.S.; Church of the Holy Rosary, Providence, Pa.; St. Peter's Church San Francisco, Cal.; Stratford, Ont.; Uniontown, Pa.; St. Nicholas' Church, Buffalo, N.Y.; Church of Our Lady Help of Christians, Wallaceburg, Ont.; St. Dunstan's Church, Fredericton, N.B.; Eganville, Ont.; St. Helen's Church, Toronto, Ont.; Trinity, Nfld.; St. Joseph's Church, St. Joseph's, Antigonish Co., N.S.; Trinity, Nfld.; St. Nicholas' Church, Brooklyn, N.Y.; St. Michael's College, Toronto, Ont.; St. Peter's, C.B.; Detroit, Mich.; Chepstow, Ont.; Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception, Burlington, Ont.

INFLUENCE OF MOTHERS

If every Christian home were what it ought to be, a Christian school, there would be less need of Christian public schools. Mothers are ordained by God to be the first teachers of their children, as they are the first to give them material food. They have unbounded influence over their child because the child has unbounded confidence in its mother. The impression produced by a mother's teaching is the most lasting. Even in

mature years, the remembrance of a mother's teaching has on us a restraining and sanctifying influence. The Church is indebted to Monica for the greatest doctor in her fold. Were it not for Monica's influence, Augustine might have remained a Manichean in religion and a libertine in morals. It was a queen and mother who said to her son : I would rather see you dead than have you commit a mortal sin. That son became the great St. Louis, King of France, who, even Voltaire admits, was a righteous king. Judge Gaston, of North Carolina ever spoke of his mother with unbounded admiration. The Count de Maistre used to call his mother "the sublime mother." Justice Taney used to speak with pride of the beneficial effects his mother's early influence had on his after life. John Randolph, of Roanoke, often spoke of his mother and always with affectionate enthusiasm.

May the day never come when woman shall cease to be the angel of the home ! May the husbands and sons, after buffet- ing the waves of the world, ever find in their homes a haven of rest ! May the bleeding wounds of the heart be soothed by the oil of gladness and consolation ! Mothers, be fond of your homes, be attached to them. Let not the two words so dear to the Christian heart—home and mother—be separated. Let peace, order, tranquility and temperance be found in the home. Let the angel of chastity preside over the domestic hearth and stand at the door of woman's heart, repelling all unhallowed thoughts, even as the angel with flaming sword, guarded the earthly paradise. For what is a home from which chastity is banished, but a desecrated temple from which the Spirit of God has fled. May the flowers of domestic joy and gladness grow abundantly along the path of Christian women !

Fear is a greater pain than pain itself. Oh, thou of little faith, what dost thou fear ? God will not let you perish while you are steadfast in resolution. Let the world be turned upside down, let it be in utter darkness, in smoke, in tumult, so long as God is with us.— St. Francis de Sales.

Obituary.

We recommend to the pious prayers of our readers the following lately deceased:

Rev. Father Stone, O.C.C.

On Saturday, the 21st of last month, the community and the parish of Our Lady of the Scapular, 29th street, New York City, were thrown into deep mourning by the death of the beloved Father Stone. So great was their loss and so deep their feeling of sadness, that even yet they can hardly realize that they shall no longer have dearly beloved Father Stone in their midst.

The Rev. Edward R. Stone has gone to his reward. After an illness of only three days, this devoted son of Mary had finished the work in the vineyard of his Master. In the prime of his life, but full of good works, this true Carmelite slept in the Lord.

The character of Father Stone was most lovable; manly, most warm hearted, most congenial and true. To know him was to love him, to love him gave courage and strength.

As a priest of God, his zeal shall ever live in his spiritual children of Our Lady of the Scapular.

As a true Carmelite, a true child of Mary, his love and devotion to our Blessed Lady was that of a child to the best of mothers, whose glories he ever extolled, whose virtues he imitated, whose habit he lovingly wore, and whose love was ever in his heart.

The sorrow which was caused by his death was genuine and universal, demonstrating the deep affection with which he was regarded by all. His loss is a great affliction to his brethren and his people. We tender them our sincere and heartfelt sympathy.

Saturday is Mary's own day, and according to her promise, she delivers on that day from Purgatory all who die clothed with her livery. We hope, therefore, that the stay of our dear departed confrere, in the purifying flames, was short, and that he enjoys the heavenly reward of his labors.

We pray that his soul may rest in peace!

Mary A. Sadlier.

In the death of Mary A. Sadlier, of Montreal, Catholic literature has lost a sincere friend and firm support. Born in the County of Caven, Ireland, eighty-three years ago, when yet a young girl she came to this country, where she married James Sadlier, of the firm of D. & J. Sadlier. She began her literary career very young, and since then has given great aid to Catholic literature by her powerful pen, in writing many books of fiction, in several important translations, and historical researches. She frequently contributed to the Carmelite Review. Her books are all imbued with that spirit of piety of which she gave such a practical illustration in her own life. She was not only a good Catholic herself, but instilled a true spirit into the minds of her children, some of whom are well known in the literary world. Besides her immense literary labors, she contributed much labor and money to charitable institutions, several of which owe their foundation partly to her indefatigable zeal. Her death, like her life, was beautiful and consoling. Conscious to the very last; fortified and strengthened by the holy sacraments, she breathed her last on the 5th of April.

Sister Mary of St. Cecilia Fitzgerald, of the religious of our Lady of Charity of the Good Shepherd, who died at Seattle, Wash., in the 31st year of her age.

Sister Margarita d'Ervioux, who departed this life February 22nd, having received all the rites of Holy Church, in the 49th year of her age, and 28th of her religious life.

Mrs. Mary Egan, of Detroit, Mich., who died Dec. 20th, 1901.

Jeremiah Quinlan, who died in New York City, April 3, 1903, after a life of perfect example of Christian charity.

Mademoiselle Nancy Bouis, who died at Castelnandary, France, on the 21st of March, Saturday, 12.30 a.m. She was a saintly person, and had always prayed to gain the Sabbatine Privilege.

May their souls, and the souls of all the faithful departed, rest in peace.





The Sacred Heart.



To the Sacred Heart.



KNEEL, before Thine image, Lord !

Its outstretched arms I see,
As if inviting weary souls
To seek for rest in Thee.

And like the ceaseless monotone
Of rippling, sapphire seas,
Or gentle sigh, in woodland lone,
Of fragrant summer breeze.

I hear an echo—O how sweet—
From Thy dear words of old ;
What tenderness and sympathy
Their accents blest unfold !

"Come, all who labor, unto me,
And I will give you rest !"
Behold ! most Sacred Heart, we come
With exile pains opprest.

Lord Jesus, make our sinful hearts
Each day more like to Thine,
And all the blossoms of their love
Around its beauty twine.

'Tis but a simple melody—
A thought, a sigh, a prayer—
That whispers low in spirit-aisles
Before this image fair.

Enfant de Marie,
St. Clares.

*—Lines suggested by a statue of the
Sacred Heart with the arms of Our
Lord outstretched as in Paray le Monial.

The Lost Inheritance.

DOLOROSA KLINE.

XXV.

"Miss Raymond, come and we will go up to the gallery a few minutes and you can read to me there. I shall not go out to-day; I am too tired," Mrs. Staunton said to her companion, the morning following Compeigne's ball. "Bring Tennyson with you; his poetry is what I want now."

Rosamond picked the desired book from the library shelf, and the two went up to a sequestered nook in the appointed place.

"What shall it be Mrs. Staunton?" the young girl asked, opening her book.

"Idyls of the King, please Miss Raymond. Just a few lines."

As the low sweet voice reading from the Idyls rose and fell, the lady, while her busy fingers wound up some silk skeins, found an interest akin to delight in studying the lovely face, little thinking how near was the time, when she would think differently of it. "That will be sufficient, Miss Raymond," she said, after a short while. "You read well; in what school were you educated?"

"In no school, Mrs. Staunton, everything I know, in every branch of what I do know, was taught me at home by my mother. I never went to school in my life."

"You astonish me; but you reflect great credit on your mother. Do you know, I should be pleased to meet your mother?"

Did she mean merely to pass the compliment, or was it a refined curiosity to know what sort of a being her mother really was.

A thought something like this crossed the girl's mind, as she replied quickly:

"Thanks, Mrs. Staunton, for being so interested in my mother, but I am afraid you will never know her. She has had great sorrows in her lifetime, and lives now in perfect seclusion, visiting nowhere—not even me, since I have come to your house."

"But she does not wish you to live in that way?"

"No, Mrs. Staunton; she likes to see me take simple pleasure and enjoy life moderately. She would not wish me to lead the same life she does, on any account, though I would be satisfied to do so."

"You would? How filial you are; you are deserving of praise. Let us walk now, or perhaps we might examine some pictures. You are fond of art, are you not, Miss Raymond? Here is Reni's Mater Dolorosa that Judge Staunton picked up in Rome some years ago. Is not some devotion in your Church given to the Madonna?"

"Yes, Mrs. Staunton, as the mother of Our Lord, we honor her devoutly. What a beautiful picture?"

"Now here is one of another kind, my latest portrait. I think you have seen it before," she said passing to the next.

"Yes," her companion replied. "How lovely it is."

"And this one," she continued passing to the end of the corridor, and lifting the veil of Liberty silk from the portrait of her husband's first wife, "represents Judge Staunton's first wife."

Rosamond bent and looked attentively at the beautiful, delicately-featured face, whose soft expressive eyes seemed to be smiling at her, and the stately lady standing with her. Then Mrs. Staunton took up the photograph that stood on it of the disinherited Millicent, and placed it in her companion's hand.

"You have not seen this before, and not likely heard the story of its representative."

"Mrs. Barret has said something to me of Judge Staunton having had a daughter once," Rosamond replied quite innocently, "and she displeased him in some way and consequently lost her inheritance, Mrs. Staunton."

"That is true then." There was a perceptible coolness in her tones, as there always was when the disowned Millicent was mentioned. "But my servants should not gossip, though I suppose it is natural they would. You see the Judge cannot bear to hear Milli-

cent's disgrace spoken of, but I expect it will be always a living subject with a certain few."

"How sweet it is," Rosamond remarked softly; "she looks so much like her mother."

Her mistress looked at her, and then to the pictured face she held, and suddenly the uncomfortable overwhelming truth came to her proud heart. The features of her companion were precisely,—only of course larger in their maturity—as those of that other child of her husband's.

Great was the consternation of her mind, as she recognized it, and she knew, tremblingly knew that on Bartley Square lived that daughter, for whom so long her husband had been seeking, and for whom ere long the search was to be taken up again, and before her, as her paid companion, was the child of that daughter.

She grew pale to the very lips, but thanked a kind fate that had kept the woman she had once been so desirous of seeing, from her door, and which also had blinded her aged husband from so far ever tracing a resemblance to his family in her companion. When that day would come, all was lost to her, so to speak, and to her daughter, for she hated to think of divided affections and fortune, which her husband would have, did Millicent choose to appear before him again, and claim that which he was but longing to restore to her,—his love and at least part of her inheritance.

What, though a false name concealed their identity, and Millicent's daughter was apparently ignorant of the same, or the truth about her mother; would it always remain so? Something must be done by her, and that immediately.

Her companion did not notice the change in her face, and she waited calmly until the young girl had finished inspecting the picture, then putting it back on its place, and dropping the veil over the larger one of the mother, she said with an abruptness that for many days puzzled Rosamond, "We will go from here now. I am tired. The Doranes are coming to lunch. You may go to your rooms until then, Miss Raymond, and I shall take a rest."

Once in her own room, Mrs. Staunton

began to pace up and down the richly-carpeted floor, with feverish restlessness. "I must think of some plan," she murmured. "No one must recognize what I have. My Beatrice's place will not be usurped. That ungrateful Millicent has succeeded in seeing her daughter planted here, perhaps she thought, to gain a foothold through it for herself, but she will not if I can help it." A few seconds after the "something" came to her. Cyrus Dorane seemed to be infatuated with her companion. She might, by skilful diplomacy, help on a marriage between them, and though the fashionable world might term it a misalliance, because they would know nothing of Miss Raymond's family connections, which must be certainly less than the Doranes'. She could keep to herself what she knew, and no one would know that Miss Raymond was not Miss Raymond. In the meantime, deciding to keep her companion, as much as possible from beneath her husband's eyes, lest he might find a resemblance in her, to the one for whom he had so long sighed. If she failed to arrange a marriage between the young girl and Cyrus Dorane, she could very easily free herself of the former, by letting her know that she had decided to have a companion no longer. It was a very shadowy plan, and it was a wonder her fertile brain could not have seen the obstacles that might occur to stop its performance, and the slight preventative it would have been to that which she so dreaded, namely, Millicent's return.

But she had one ray of comfort in her dilemma. The disowned heiress could not be so anxious to come back to her father and the old home, else why should she stay such a short distance away, and stand seeing her beautiful daughter in servitude to her dead mother's successor. Perhaps, after all, she had no intention of ever coming back, and knew nothing of her father's search that had been covering so many years for her. But still, she would not trust to that; she had her course marked out, and she must follow it.

The first thing she did, before her guests arrived, she summoned the house-keeper forthwith, demanding of the astonished Barret an account of the story that person had told her paid companion,

Barret repeated the parts she had told to Rosamond, and, much relieved, Mrs. Staunton dismissed her, cautioning her at the same time to tell no more of it to the young girl, and Barret wondered exceedingly.

The lady was satisfied on this point. Her companion knew of Millicent's disgrace and lost inheritance, but she did not know of that dream of the Judge's and its subsequent outcome. So if she would repeat it to her mother, or had already done so, Millicent was not aware of her father's changed dispositions towards her, and Mrs. Staunton hoped much from it.

It was easy now, to account for the young girl's beauty and talents, and the refinement that from their first acquaintance she knew could only have come to her through the good blood that ran in her veins. All that she marvelled at was that she had not recognized the truth before, but as it was it was annoying enough.

Just then the Dorane carriage drove up to the door, and with a smiling face, she felt far from wearing under present existing circumstances, she hastened down to receive her guests.

At the lunch table, she found it difficult to keep her eyes from her companion's face, holding as it did now, a new interest for her, but keeping all the time in pleasant conversation with her friends while she observed with a slight feeling of triumph how assiduously Mr. Cyrus Dorane was devoting his time and attentions to the daughter of the wandering Millicent. Rosamond, knowing nothing of what was taking place within her mistress, wished the lunch was over, and Mr. Dorane, and his nice blandishments, a hundred leagues away.

Mrs. Dorane, from her place on Judge Staunton's right, too, was observing her son, and she was not at all in sympathy with him. Though she was always gracious to Miss Raymond, she did not desire a nearer acquaintance with her, either on her own part or that of her family more than they already had with her as Mrs. Staunton's companion, for Mrs. Dorane was a proud lady of New York aristocracy.

Lunch over, it was arranged that the whole party should start for the Drill

Hall, where a bazarre was being held for help of the poor, with the exception of two persons, and they were Miss Staunton and Miss Raymond.

The heiress excused herself on the plea that she had promised to ride with Mr. Everett, and Rosamond pleaded a headache, much to the disappointment of Mr. Dorane, who had been counting very much on her going.

Mrs. Staunton knew by the young girls' heavy eyes that her headache was not a pretended one, so she did not insist nor urge her accompanying them, and of course her daughter was free to do as she pleased.

An hour or so after the party had started for the Drill Hall, Beatrice and her lover went off on their ride, and Rosamond was left to her own devices.

Towards evening she went over to see Mrs. Williams, then slipped down to St. Mary's, for her visit to the blessed Sacrament, encountering on the way Everett and Beatrice returning from their ride.

The heiress bowed and smiled, and her lover doffed his hat, while his eyes rested in an unusually admiring way on Rosamond's fair face.

She had scarcely reached the church door, when she heard the clatter of his horses' hoofs on the hard, frosty ground returning over the road again, but without looking back she entered the sacred vestibule, and with other worshippers, who had come before her, was soon wrapt in her devotions, so much so that she did not hear the door open immediately after her, and the figure of a man who occupied such a high place in her estimation came in.

What power, what unknown influence had drawn Bruce Everett thus? He the pessimist on religion, the man who from his earliest years had never remembered bending his knee to God, and why had he come for the first time in his life into a Catholic place of worship? These were the questions he felt like asking himself, and perhaps he found his answer in the slender kneeling figure ahead of him, as he watched the golden head bowed in its attitude of prayer, and the white fingers counting the beads of a white pearl rosary.

Could it be that Mrs. Staunton's com-

panion was exercising a spell over him. He who held the heart and devoted love of another. That he would never have acknowledged, at the present time, but certainly the desire and curiosity to see her in a religious duty must have drawn him here to-day.

What would his betrothed, from whom he had just parted, have thought had she seen him?

That was enough to arouse him, and as if he had been guilty of some unbidden act, he took a hasty survey of the altar and holy images, neither of which he could understand, another glance at the slender figure that seemed apart from the others kneeling around, and picking up his riding whip and hat and going out, mounted his impatient steed and rode away, with a less indifferent mind to many things than when he had entered the little church.

XXVI.

"I don't know why it is, mother, but somehow it seems to me lately that Mrs. Staunton is changing towards me. She is as kind as before, but she seems to be growing so formal and cold with me," Rosamond said to her mother, one evening she was at home a few weeks after the events narrated in the last chapter of our story.

"How is that, dear, Mrs. Raymond asked, with a slight misgiving in her mind. "Have you displeased her in any way?"

"Not that I know of, mother; except it is the dislike, which, perhaps at times, I cannot help showing to a gentleman, of whose family, as well as himself she is very fond, and who comes to Staunton House. His name is Mr. Dorane, and mother, without failing in charity, I do not like him. He hovers around me all the time, and at table he seems to see no one but me. It may be his way of showing friendliness, but I imagine there is too much familiarity about it."

"You must not form your opinions too quickly, dearie," Mrs. Raymond replied, but understanding perfectly with a mother's quick discernment that the time had come when her child was beloved by some one, even though that some one was not whom the young girl could ever

favor, "of any one; rather allow them to grow. Mr. Dorane may mean only to be nice, and you may be mistaken in the change in your mistress."

The young girl shook her head half sorrowfully, and her parent knew that she knew more than she had told her, but feeling it wiser to throw it off, with the introduction of another subject, she asked:

"How is Miss Staunton, dear?"

"Well, mother, and as lovely as ever. Mr. Everett is another I do not quite understand; he is so friendly to me; but then, he is different to Mr. Dorane."

The mother trembled; beset as she was with all the old anxiety for her daughter's well being.

Were the dangers, she had pointed out to Rosamond, when the girl had taken up this new life three months ago, as being possible in her path? Were they beginning already to obstruct it? Were those men of wealth and fashion, under the guise of friendship, trying to make a play-toy of her innocent, trusting Rosamond?

She might believe that of this Mr. Dorane, whoever he was, but of Beatrice Staunton's affianced husband, she could not. He, the refined, honorable gentleman, would not be guilty of such, and whatever she might think of the other, she would not think of him in the same light. She had brought her child up, perhaps too strictly, and the young girl's opinions were, in consequence, a little one-sided.

"Mr. Everett is appreciative of your efforts to please his betrothed's mother, dear," she said gently. "Apart from your duty as her paid companion, his friendship is only courtesy to you, not freedom. You have never said where he lives. I suppose his home is not inferior to Staunton House?"

"He has no home of his own, mother, if that is what you mean. Mr. Everett's parents are dead long ago, so he resides at the Waldorf. But when he marries Miss Staunton they are to live in Staunton House, as the Judge and his wife will not hear of their daughter going away from them, even after her marriage, but wish that her husband will make his home with them."

"Mr. Everett is not averse to that,

then, knowing as he does, that sooner or later his wife will be full mistress of Staunton House, and himself the master." She sighed heavily; her daughter did not know why.

Then her face grew serious again, as she added: "I do not like to hear of this change in your mistress, now, to wards you, Rosamond, which may not be at all on account of your repugnance to her young friend, but some misdoing on your part."

"If that's so, mother, wouldn't you think she would tell me of it, and correct me, but I do not know what I said or did to displease her, except my dislike to Cyrus Dorane. It might be that I imagine her coldness, but no, I can see it in her every look sometimes. What is that pile on your trunk, mother?"

"Some things I have been sewing, dearie, for Father Madden, for some poorer than myself. I've so much time hanging on my hands now, since my sun-beam went away from me, that it would never do for me to be idle. Lately, I've been offering my services to our spiritual Father, and what kind, wealthy ladies donate to him in the way of goods to be made up, I make them. I have nothing to offer, but perhaps the humble work of my hands will receive its reward from the Master."

"It is a case of the poor helping the poor, mother, and you will have all the higher merit. I told Mrs. Staunton I would be back early, so I must go now. I'll go to see Mrs. Curran and Charlie next time I come. Good-bye, mother."

"Good-bye, dear," and the mother saw her daughter to the door, with a presentiment of coming trouble, between her and the proud woman she was serving. Rosamond had not been misled in her judgment that Mrs. Staunton was changing towards her, and that ever since the morning they had spent in the art gallery, after Compeigne's ball. The cause she felt, was the one she had mentioned to her mother. Mr. Dorane was more frequently a visitor to the house than even before, and Rosamond disliked him more than ever. Mrs. Staunton's scheme of which only the lady herself knew, to bring the two closer together, and make, above all, her companion admire this "exceedingly nice young man," as he ad-

mired her, was, much to the lady's chagrin, promising to be a failure.

The knowledge that had come to her that morning she was keeping as a heavy secret, and it marred and spoiled the harmony heretofore existing between her and her beautiful companion, while she waited impatiently for further developments. For some days past she had arranged that her companion should be as much as possible absent from the family table at mealtime, sending the young girl's luncheon up to her apartments and managing frequently that they should have invitations to dine out evenings. Save on Sundays and Wednesdays, evenings on which she was accustomed to entertain the Doranes and a few other particular friends. To her husband and daughter who wondered and commented on the first, she explained with perfect sang-froid that Miss Raymond's head troubled her at times, and she preferred the mid-day repast in her own sanctum. Rosamond herself could not account for the new course of events, and her gentle heart was pained beyond measure that her mistress, along with her other cold treatment of her, should adopt such a one. However she commented on it to no one, but kept the hurt to herself, hoping that in time the mists would clear away, and everything would be explained. Save, only to-day, unable to contain herself, she had given her mother a slight inkling into how things stood, but what good had it been to her?

XXVII.

As Rosamond was returning to Staunton House, a carriage and a pair of stylish bays passed her on Granton road and its occupants, she recognized as Colonel Compeigne and his daughters. Salutations were exchanged between them, and the young girl watched admiringly the elegant equipage speeding towards Staunton House, whose owners, with the hale old gentleman beside them, led such a different life to her.

"Isn't that Miss Raymond a sweet girl," Helen remarked to her sister, as she glanced back at the slender figure, walking slowly along in the same direction as they themselves were taking. "I wish there was room in the carriage,

and I should have invited her to a seat, pa. Belle, don't you think she is sweet?"

"Very," the elder girl replied, "and so gentle anyone would like her."

"That must be the case then with Cyrus Dorane," continued gay Helen, unaware of Belle's secret affection for the young banker. "Have you ever noticed, Belle, how head and heels in love with Mrs. Staunton's companion he is?"

Poor Belle! What an ugly cut those words gave her, unintentional on her sister's part as they had been, and under its blue silk veil, her face became white. Cyrus Dorane loved another! Why had she not known that before, and the night of the ball at "White Hall" she had construed his slightest word or look into love for her. How blind she had been all these weeks not to have seen, as her sister had done, Dorane's favoring of Rosamond Raymond. She tried to think that her sister might be wrong in her surmises, but a teasing inner voice whispered that what Helen said was only too true, and she held no place, more than that of a friend, in Cyrus Dorane's heart. Yet the proud heart would not acknowledge unrequited affection even to itself, as she quickly replied to Helen's question:

"You imagine that, Helen. Have you heard that all the family except Cyrus, are going to live abroad in a few weeks?"

"Yes, you told me that long ago. Pa did you not?" turning to her father.

"Yes, and we will soon be following them. Girls, I have decided to sell White Hall, and go to Italy."

"Oh, papa, how lovely!" and Helen clapped her hands, while Belle heaved a half sigh of relief. "We will have a villa on the Arno and Conge all the time."

"Yes, sauce box," the Colonel replied, "You will have nothing but gay life to lead in Italy, and what does my Bella say?"

"I am satisfied, papa; I always had a desire to live in Italy. I would like to go right away." Neither her father nor sister, as the carriage drove up to Staunton House and they alighted at the massive door, could see the regret written on the face under the blue silk veil.

In the Dorane Mansion on Fifth avenue Mrs. Dorane sat with her son.

"I tell you, Cyrus," the lady was saying, "you must give up any notion you may entertain, you foolish boy, for Mrs. Staunton's companion, and come to a new home with your parents and sisters."

"I must do nothing of the sort, my dear mother," said the saucy Cyrus, smiling and stroking his moustache. "New York is too lively a square to leave for any old world, wretchedly romantic place as Italy, and if the former never held such a person as Miss Raymond, I would have the same regard for it. Perhaps after a few years, when you and the 'old gentleman,' with Frank and Hilda married to some kind of counts—for, of course, they will marry blood once they go to Italy—are settled in your new home, I'll go over and see you, but I don't think I will ever live there."

"You were always fond of hearing yourself talk, Cyrus," said his mother, coldly, and shuddering at the thought of a future marriage of her only son with a paid companion. "I have told your father of your decision, and he says it is all a bit of nonsense; and, remember, once we go from here, and you remain, you are to a certain extent cut off from us, because your father will give you none of his fortune to spend, and you will have to plod along as best you can."

"Humph! I should like to know when the 'old gentleman' ever gave me any of his fortune to spend, nor would I want it. I scraped along before; I expect I can do so when Mr. Dorane, senior has gone out of town. What I can't get I can borrow, and pay back some other day," and his small eyes glittered significantly, which his lady mother did not notice, fortunately.

"Your strange ways of doing, Cyrus, puzzle me more than the riddle the Sphinx gave to the Phehans. Ediphus solved that difficult problem, but I doubt if he could this one, that your doings present to me."

"My charming mother should not trouble herself about her unworthy son, but take the world as he does,—living to-day and forgetting to-morrow until it comes."

"Do not say unworthy, Cyrus; you are my noble son, whom I know to be

all that he is, or should be." And Mr. Cyrus would not for a great deal, have undeceived her, by telling of any of his misdemeanors, when another honorable son would have done so, rather than act the hypocrite.

"What will the Stauntons do at all?" he asked carelessly. "All their friends are leaving them. You are going away, and the Compeignes,—so the Colonel told me the other day."

"Mrs. Staunton has plenty of friends, and she is not the kind to sit down and cry over our loss, but that is not what I want to talk about now, Cyrus; do drop this foolishness about clinging to New York, and come away with the rest of us next month, will you?"

"I have said what I have said, mother, and if you wish to keep me in good humor, cease this kindly meant persistence. I am bent on remaining in New York."

"And marrying some girl, who, as your wife, could never uphold a position for you. There is Bella Compeigne now, who would be a worthy wife for any man in the high walks of life, and hosts of others equally as acceptable to me. You pass them all by because of your fancy for this Raymond girl, whom you know nothing about, except that she is Mrs. Staunton's companion."

"And that is enough to tell me that Miss Raymond is a lady, but you are mistaken if you think it is for her that I wish to remain in New York, mother. Oh, no, there are other things. Here is Billings, I must not detain you longer." And rising up he offered his mother his arm, and escorted her out to her carriage that had come to take her for an afternoon ride. Then he betook himself for a walk towards Granton road.

He had just rounded St. Mary's gothic church, when he descried ahead of him a slender, graceful figure that made his heart leap.

He quickened his steps until he had gained her side, and Rosamond looked up at him in ill-concealed surprise.

"Good afternoon," she said, coldly, in response to his effusive greeting, and omitting the customary Mr. Dorane.

"The gods are always favoring me, Miss Raymond," he continued, with his insinuating smile, though he was rather

piqued at the young girl's indifference. "They seem bound that we should meet occasionally on this particular spot."

"No, not the gods, Mr. Dorane; rather an unkind luck."

He laughed good-naturedly. How fascinating she looked, with her great blue eyes opened wide and the least shadow of scorn about the pretty rosebud mouth. In that moment Cyrus Dorane, the profligate, was as truly caught in cupid's toils as ever a man was.

He looked around to make sure that no one was in sight, and before Rosamond could prevent the act, he had caught her small, fur-gloved hands between both of his.

"You are better at saying sharp things than I gave you credit for, but this has gone on long enough. I can stand it no more. Rosamond, darling, can you not understand. I love you; I know I am unworthy, but you can teach me your way, and you will not find me wanting. One word, oh, my darling, to tell me that I may hope."

Cyrus Dorane, for the time, had left his old self behind him, and in his love for this frail young girl was willing to make any and all promises. Aye, ready to perjure his soul, if necessary. But long ago she had had her estimate of him, and she would no more have thought of trusting herself to him than she would have of commending herself to the Lares of the ancient heathens.

She shuddered, as for a second she allowed her eyes to rest on the dark, small featured face, and saw the passion that had made the weak lines of the mouth for once in his life strong.

Quickly she withdrew her hands from his tight clasp, and he made an ineffectual attempt to gain them.

"How dare you," she cried, "speak to Rosamond Raymond in this way. What you have asked of me is quite impossible and if you are a gentleman, or since you pose for one, you will no longer force your disagreeable presence on a lady." She drew off from him, but of course he followed her.

"Do not cast me off, Rosamond. You are my life, and I cannot live without you. You must love me."

"I am sorry to pain you, Mr. Dorane," she said more gently; "but my answer

is decisive, and if I should be honest, I have not an atom of love for you."

He recoiled as if a cobra had bitten him, and his face became pale.

"Some day you will remember, Rosamond Raymond, when you see the wreck you will have made of Cyrus Dorane, but I do not despair. Time works many changes, and you will yet hold out your beautiful hands to me." And with passion marked on his every feature, he walked away.

Rosamond pitied him, despite her dislike of him, and as if in queer contrast, there arose in her mind's vision the noble form of another man,—the sworn foe of this one.

She was disturbed, too, for no man had ever addressed such words as these of Cyrus Dorane to her. The first time that the old old tale of love had been poured into her pure maiden ears, and though it had come from an unwelcome source, a deep blush had, and was still dyeing her delicate cheeks long after her disappointed wooer had left her.

What if Mrs. Staunton should find out the case, and perhaps dismiss her from Staunton House, because of her stand

against this man for whom the lady herself held such esteem.

Even so, it would be for conscience sake, and to Rosamond's beautiful self there would be attached no blame. She would have her mother's and Father Madden's good opinion in what she had done, and though the gaining of her daily bread might depend upon it, what cared she for the rest of the world? She never thought that in three short months such a climax as this could have been reached between herself and Cyrus Dorane.

He had met her before that afternoon, and she had only just been speaking of him to her mother. Certainly the Fates must have arranged this meeting, but it was not them she thanked for having brought her so well through it, but the Queen of Heaven, whose consecrated child she was. She put her hand in her pocket in search of her rosary, but it was gone; she had lost it. She would have turned back to look for it, but was prevented by the fear of encountering Cyrus Dorane again. So, forced to say a Hail Mary without her beads, the young girl hastened homewards, deciding to tell her mother at the earliest possible moment, all of this afternoon's event.

To be continued.



Twilight on the Wayward.

Man is born by the decree of the Creator to fill a certain station in life. Each is endowed with certain talents, impulses and traits. It requires time to develop and manifest these principles of the inward make-up, but eventually they will come in evidence and remain until the immortal has passed from him. By this reasoning we can readily see how the world is composed of characters, varying as the colors of the rainbow. What a queer place this planet would be if all men were the same in everything. Instead of apparent disorder and contention, as now, it is doubtful if chaos would be adequate to express the condition that would then exist.

But why worry over what would be? Let us study things as they are to-day, and possibly as they will always remain; and to do this, it is necessary to commence at the fountain head,—man and his character.

For a primary lesson choose a few acquaintances of yours, and note the contrast in them, and you will learn that they are as different as two colors. Each has his faults, and some may appear to have more than their share, but with this increase, they will have an extra allowance of some good trait far exceeding those of fewer blemishes.

It is not always right to condemn a man for his weakness. One born with a small amount of will power, if he falls into error, is less liable to recover than one whose will power is his predominant trait. Whether it is good reasoning or not, it is acknowledged by some writers of repute, that the weaknesses and faults of the man are born with the child, and if such is the case, one should pity them rather than condemn.

Some time ago a character was brought to notice that is worthy of study. It was that of a young man in the prime of life, strong and handsome. He had not the advantages in his early days of a common school education, but being bright and observant and possessed of a retentive memory, he managed to acquire sufficient knowledge so as not to be classed ignorant. For many years he was prospering as fairly as could be

expected for one in his condition of life, but in an evil day fell a victim to the habit which has destroyed thousands of young men,—intemperance. His Saturday evenings and Sundays were spent in dissipation, and as a natural result his financial condition was in poor shape. However, he was always at work, and was highly prized for his industry by his employer. And one cold winter's day as he was at his usual occupation, his attention was attracted to a man who was watching him, who proved to be a near neighbor, who had been out of work for some time, and his family was in destitute circumstances. It consisted of five little children and an invalid wife. The young man was familiar with the impoverished condition of his neighbor, and he suddenly stopped in his work, his face a deep study for a few moments, until it brightened and he said: "Here Mr. ——— you take my job; you need work more than I do, who's single. I waste my money, anyway, and I can get work again, when probably you could not. I'll go in and see the boss and make it alright."

He took his coat and left, and arranged matters satisfactorily with his employer, who agreed to the transfer. By this noble act he made a poor man happy and brightened the dark hovel he called home.

On investigation we ascertained that this was not the first deed of charity of this wayward young man. Cynics will say he wanted to quit work, because of his laziness and drinking, but this was not the case, as further acquaintance of him proved.

This citation is not given for the purpose of condoning this young man's faults, but of demonstrating that no matter how bad some men may become, they have some redeeming traits, which should request for them the sympathy and prayers of all. By kind words many can be made to see the error of their ways, when bitter epithets and censure will only harden them and drive them to their doom.

A cheerful heart—a short road.

Saint Albert of Messina.

Of the Order of Carmelites.

By the COUNTESS DE BEAUREPAIRE DE LOUVAGNY

Translated from the French by MISS S. X. BLAKELY.

CHAPTER THIRTEENTH.

Saint Albert Punishes a Jealous Priest.

—He Cures Him.—He Cures

a Lady of Agrigente.

A very great knowledge of our poor human nature is not requisite to realize that the virtue of Albert would not elicit only admiration. There are always souls so maliciously disposed that they deny the existence of qualities, which they cannot acquire, in the souls of those who possess them. Albert had experienced this during his life. His humility had found ample cause for satisfaction in being misjudged. But when such disrespect was renewed after the death of the Saint, God was pleased to make an example of the calumniator. It was the year of our Lord, 1308, when the prior of the Carmelite monastery at Leontium ascended the pulpit and began his sermon by a panegyric on the blessed departed Saint. He eulogized his virtue, and demonstrated that he had every claim to the name of Saint. Amongst his listeners was a priest, who had known St. Albert, and had always been jealous of the popularity he enjoyed. This priest, led by the spirit of darkness suddenly felt all the jealousy burning with redoubled ardor in his heart. It angered him to hear thus publicly proclaimed the sanctity of Messina's protector. He stood up before the congregation, began to speak, and protested against the statements of the preacher. He stigmatized as falsehoods, all that had been stated, and declared in a peremptory tone that Albert did not merit such praise.

Scarcely had he finished his sacrilegious words than they saw him sink to the floor, uttering, as he fell, a piercing cry. The unhappy creature had been overtaken by a terrible misfortune. His body was wrenched asunder, and the pro-

truding entrails soon were scattered all around. The agony which he endured was proportionate to the mad impulse which had drawn the penalty upon his guilty head. All present were penetrated with horror. A physician was hastily summoned. He was told of what had taken place. He understood that this wonderful happening was a merited punishment for a blasphemy that went beyond words.

"This is beyond my skill," said he. "I can do nothing. It is not to me he must have recourse, but to St. Albert. From him alone can come the remedy." To this pious declaration the physician added some advice and reproaches to the stricken man. He pointed out to him the enormity of his fault and the immensity of his chastisement. Finally he induced him to look into himself.

The priest, convinced of his error, repented, and asked pardon for his sin. He made all the amends in his power. He clearly perceived that he had been guilty of lying, injustice and vanity, and that it was a spirit of jealousy that impelled him to try and diminish the glory of the Saint. Then he implored that protection which never yet has been refused to repentant sinners. He finally added:—"It is but just that I suffer. Nevertheless, St. Albert, I entreat thee, obtain my cure; I will publish far and wide, and that at the expense of vanity, that thou are indeed admitted to the number of the saints."

The penitent made a vow to fast on the day preceding the anniversary of St. Albert's death, and to celebrate that anniversary by refraining from all work.

However, the unfortunate man, removed to his home, suffered intensely all through the night. The justice of God imposed upon him this expiation of his fault.

The next morning, very early, he felt the motion of a hand rubbing ointment

upon his body. He no longer felt any pain. His sufferings were suddenly over. With an anguish of hope mingled with fear, he examined to see if a cure had been effected. All trace of the terrible occurrence had disappeared.

O! joy! His entrails were again in place, and the gaping wounds were closed. He sprang from his bed, hastily dressed, and went with all speed to the Carmelite convent. There he narrated to the monks what has been recounted above, and proclaimed his wonderful cure. He never ceased thanking God for His goodness, and he remained faithful to his vow during life.

When the news of this miracle spread abroad, the faithful glorified God from the very depths of their hearts. The most fervent found therein a motive for redoubling their prayers. Those whom a culpable negligence had permitted to grow tepid in the service of God found a subject for salutary reflections. They were penetrated with fear and with increased respect for a Saint whose miracles rendered him more illustrious every day.

About this time, that is towards the year 1309, a noble lady who lived at Agrigente was very much troubled with a malignant cancer, from which she had suffered for three years. It was a cancer of the breast. All human remedies had been employed without avail. The unhappy creature continued to suffer torments worthy of hell itself. Given up by physicians, she turned with hopeful thoughts to heaven, and had recourse to him whom all united in naming the man of God. She promised the Saint to offer a statue of silver and to clothe in his honor three poor religious. Included in the same vow was the yearly renewal of this charity.

Upon the following night—it was the hour for sleep, but her pain admitted of no repose—she thought she saw a strange physician by her bedside. He directed her to take some of the oil from the lamp which burned at the altar of St. Albert, and to use it as an ointment for the affected part. There was the cure! Next morning she hastened to St. Albert's chapel and procured some of the oil.

Returning home she applied the prescription as directed, and was enabled

immediately to announce her perfect cure. She told her relatives and neighbors—to the great edification of them all—the means selected by heaven to relieve her. She was ever faithful to her promise.

The Saint had his statue, and until the last year of her life, the noble lady clothed annually the three poor monks.

CHAPTER FOURTEENTH.

Other Miracles.—Terrible Chastisement.

The seventh of August of the same year, the Carmelite Fathers established in this city, had resolved, in order to disseminate more widely the growing devotions of the Saint, to celebrate the anniversary of his death with unusual splendor. The entire population rejoiced at the consecration thus given to the devotion.

But the demon, who never ceases his watching, always in quest of some new prey, excited sentiments of envy and frenzied hate in the hearts of several students in the city. These reckless youths conceived the idea of seizing the statue of the Saint and destroying it. They chose for their audacious enterprise, the day previous to the solemn celebration in his honor. Before setting out on their infamous expedition they held a secret consultation. They made their arrangements and divided themselves in two parties.

The first group moved on, casting precaution to the winds; made the night hideous with their imprecations and their impious songs. To reach the convent they had to pass the dwelling of a man named Benjorno, who for twelve years had been unable to move hand or foot. He was paralyzed in his arms and legs. Awakened by the heavy tread of the crowd, by the cries and vociferations; the man was a prey to anxiety. He thought some outbreak to disturb the peace of the city was in contemplation. He called his wife and asked her to look from the door and learn, if she could, what was wrong.

She soon returned thoroughly frightened. She told her husband that she had seen an infuriated band going to the Carmelite Monastery; that they proclaimed aloud their intention to destroy the statue of St. Albert, and that they

urged each other on to greater speed that they might the sooner accomplish their horrible scheme.

As he listened to this account Benjorno, with rising indignation, cried out from the very depths of his soul: "O! why am I not well and strong, as I was before? I would have known how to prevent so infamous an action. I would have stood in front of the statue, armed to the teeth, and I would have defended it with my life. O! glorious St. Albert! Cure my affliction and I promise to devote all my patrimony to promulgating devotion to you." A fresh invoice of the marauders passing at that moment; he invoked the Saint with redoubled fervor. Then, seized with a drowsiness which he could not resist he fell back upon his pillow and was at once lost in slumber.

During his sleep he saw before him Albert, clad in his religious garb, similar to that picture which we have at the present time.

The Saint held in his hand a little whip, all brilliant with rays of light. With the end of this switch he touched the limbs of the poor paralytic, saying as he did so: "Awake! Arise! May God who loves to grant favors to His Saints, deliver thee from thy afflictions; may He restore to thee the use of thy limbs, and may He give His peace unto thee!"

O, Prodigy! the arms moved with the greatest ease. They had regained all their former suppleness. Thus, happily surprised, Benjorno tried if he could get out of bed. He succeeded without any difficulty, not having even asked anyone to aid him.

He dressed in haste, and taking his arms, so long unused, with him, and animated with a generous courage, he hurried to the street door, and was soon rapidly gaining on the steps of the conspirators. He overtook them at no great distance from the monastery. Then in a voice trembling with emotion he gave them to understand that he had penetrated their design, and at the same time he adjured them to give it up. But the turbulent crowd met the appeal with vulgar jests, and did not refrain even from insults. Benjorno became more eloquent than before. He tried to show

them the enormity of their intended assault; he exhorted them not to yield to the suggestions of the devil; he begged them not to lay a disrespectful finger on the venerated image of the Saint.

Impatient and angry, the wretches tried to pursue their course. Benjorno barred their progress. "Stop!" he cried but his injunction was unheeded. They did not retreat a foot. "But, who are you?" said one of the men. "Benjorno—the paralytic?" "Yes!" "You are then cured?" "You see it." "But how?" and with burning curiosity they crowded around him, whilst he related what had so recently happened. They could not doubt it, for only the evening before Benjorno was incapable of moving. And the would-be assailants ashamed and repentant, felt themselves moved by a holy fear. Without further delay they dispersed, and went to their homes singing the praises of God,— the all powerful One—and His great servant, St. Albert. They solemnly resolved to amend their lives, and henceforth never to swerve from the divine precepts. The chapel, which had so narrowly escaped desecration, was one of the first officially dedicated to the worship of the Saint. This day witnessed the inauguration of a general and very fervent devotion to the Saint. Ten years later on a man addicted to the vice of gambling had reached the climax in that infamous failing. Overwhelmed with debts and guilty of various crimes, he gave himself up to a despair well nigh demoniac in its nature. It was long since the last spark of faith had died out in his soul. And yet, by a strange contradiction, he upbraided St. Albert for not causing his guilty wishes to be fulfilled. In his degradation he was incapable of discerning that his invocations were really sacrileges.

One day when he had been even more unfortunate than usual, at play, he flew into a violent passion. In that state he went to the Church of our Lady of Mount Carmel, where there was a picture of St. Albert. As soon as he beheld the picture his anger arose to a point of fury, and burst forth in abominable blasphemies.

"To what avail," he cried, "to what avail do I beg thee to come to my aid?"

My prayers have all been vain; thou hast never listened to me. I have been unfortunate, and I have not been able to move thee. Well! though all the world should proclaim thy sanctity, I no longer consider thee a saint. If thou hadst any claim to such a title, long ago wouldst thou have heard my supplications!" Then turning to the picture of the Blessed Virgin, he continued in the same violent terms: "And thou art styled the Mother of Grace! Thus do they call thee; and yet thou has closed thy eyes to my prayer!" And in his delirious rage he drew his sword and thrust it through the two paintings. O, Prodigy! The blood flowed over the desecrated canvas. A child who had witness-

ed the miracle uttered a terrible cry! At this cry the malefactor started like a robber detected in the act. Affrighted, but not penitent, he hastened to the door of the church. Scarcely had he crossed the threshold than a thunderbolt awakened the echoes of the silent place, cleaving the air, it struck the blasphemer and he fell dead upon the earth. The storm passed by, but a mass of blackened ashes was all that remained of the wretched man. His punishment was but too well deserved. The Divine Heart is full of mercy, but God is a God of justice, too! He will not permit such outrages to pass without punishment. More proofs of this will be found in the following chapter.

Sister Margaret.

An eminent physician once said that we pass by countless saints during the course of a day,—that we touch elbows with them on the streets.

It is a consoling thought to cherish, particularly in these times when we hear so much of the evil that is rife; for the good that exists is unfortunately not given as much publicity. If we pass by the friends of God in our daily coming and going, without knowing them, happy they who do catch glimpses of the beautiful inner lives of those who dwell in the quiet places of the earth.

There was one well-remembered, kind soul who in her round of work was an ideal of Christian womanhood. I first saw her the day the carriage stopped at the convent door to give some directions about the time the boxes would arrive. Her rosy, smiling face framed with the band of snow-white linen appeared in the doorway, and from that time on during the following school years, she was ever the gentle, kindly old lay sister. Some said she was a convert; she may have been, if there be truth in the saying often heard, that converts make the best Catholics, for she was sincere in her every act. Unconsciously one learned the meaning of a contented, holy life by being a few moments in her presence,—her goodness and cheerfulness she seem-

ed to impart to those about. How glád she used to be giving out the news of the coming of some of the home friends, and what a cheering word she had for the often disappointed ones!

And when the school time had drifted into the past, we heard one morning that Sister Margaret was dead. It was in the early autumn days they laid her away under the brown grass and rustling leaves beyond the hill in Notre Dame cemetery. She had lived her life, a full one and rich in noble deeds, and was it not right she should be called for the reward? So pass many of the good about us, but the memory of the faithful comes back now and then in the darker moments to touch our hearts with newer life.

Katherine McAndrew.

Who is wise? He who can learn from everyone. Who is strong? He who can control his passions. Who is rich? He who is satisfied with his lot. Who is honorable? He who honors others.

The consciousness of a feeling of good will and love towards others is the most powerful and most healthy tonic in the world. It is a wonderful stimulant for it enlarges, sustains and ennobles life. It kills selfishness, and scatters envy and jealousy.—"Success."

Chapters from the Passion.

Woman's Noble Mission.

[Drawn from the Spanish.]

JUAN PEDRO.

According to official and authentic documents which are to be found included in Josephus, and the "Talmud," and in the writings of the early fathers of the Church, when the Passion of our Divine Lord occurred, the crowd of strangers and of Jews from other nations, who then thronged to Jerusalem, was rarely, if ever, excelled,—over two millions found shelter in these Paschal days within this ancient Oriental city.

That vast innumerable multitude, owing not only to the celebration of the Jewish feasts, but also to the extraordinary event of our Lord's Passion, crowded towards the Pretorium, obstructing all the by-lanes and narrow thoroughfares that verged towards the great centre, and fed its surging crowds,—all seeking footroom in every available site, mounting themselves on the door-steps, possessing themselves of the doorways and every elevated situation; climbing up and filling the minarets and "azoteas" or the eastern roofs and flats of the houses, inundating every vacant place, with a monster seething wave of variegated colors and deafening the air with the murmurs of a popular tempest,—each moment more threatening and more saddening. Oh! what mighty inundations rose and fell in the streets, like the billows of an angry ocean. Till, at length, Pilate claimed and succeeded in imposing silence, and quieted the excited mob, by pronouncing the sad, solemn words, "Ecce Homo," which he wished to be a sarcasm for Jesus,—an insult for the Jews. At this instant, what an immense crowd of people there was on the "plazza" or square.

What? Alone! Yes, Jesus is alone. I looked on my right hand, and beheld there were none that would know me. Yet, He dominated with His Divine presence that vast throng from the height of the arch which opens into the Pretorium. Yes, truly, Jesus is alone!

Of the thousands and tens of thousands who pierce Him through with the impertinence of their looks, and with the impudent stare of their eyes, none feel for Him. Although it is said by holy writers, and confirmed by tradition, that few, very few, if any, saw our Divine Redeemer, none knew His visible appearance, but yet, all hated Him, or, at least, all despised Him. Jesus appeared before that surging crowd,—drunken as it was, with the savage instincts of Jewish malice—these blinded Pharisees, these prejudiced priests and judges, as the most abominable of men, as the most heartless and most undignified of human creatures,—"as a worm of the earth and no man"; but, oh! looking back through the long vista of past centuries, with the eyes of dispassionate readers of its history,—aided by the eyes of Faith, and the Spirit of our Catholicity, and in the presence of the angels, oh! how profound, how majestic, how sublime, how divine, does not Jesus appear. "Ecce Homo." If there was even one man, who merited unquestionably the title of true nobility, of soul and body,—in fact if there was one sole individual who could or ought to conciliate respect and inspire esteem amidst those thousands of spectators, who filled to overflowing the piazza of the Pretorium, that man, and He alone, is Jesus, the abandoned Saviour of mankind. All others are not men; no, they are more like the savage, wild beasts of the high impenetrable jungle.

These heartless buffetings, these heavy blows and scourges that rained in their hundreds over the shoulders, and lacerated and mangled His sacred flesh, scarred and seamed with numberless wounds and weals His divine body; these vile spittings,—the dust, the sweats, and crowning of thorns,—the blood, the tears—all of which are as familiar as household words to us from the inspired pens of the Evangelists and the pages of holy

writ, were not able to blot out the seal of comeliness and heavenly beauty which the Eternal Father had impressed on the face and features of His only begotten Son, when He was conceived in the virginal womb of our Immaculate Mother Mary.

It is true, He appeared very sad; but how sad? Oh, how sad He was. St. Ambrose leaves us in his graphic lines to picture "*Tristis videbatur et tristis erat.*" But His sadness was not so much the effect of His cruel agony, or His inexhaustible sufferings of body and of soul, as it was the result of the cruel forgetfulness of His own. Of Him, says the same holy doctor of the Church: "*Non pro sua passione sed pro nostra dispersione.*" The cowardly, timid flight of His own, the abandonment in which His own had left Him, the baneful first fruits of this flight and abandonment, hasten their repetition century after century. It was this repetition after repetition that was then before His soul; it was it that added to His grief and increased the sorrow of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. How oft, how oft has His Church, in its chequered history, been abandoned by His Disciples and by His children—who were members of the body of Christ.

He still felt on His face the infernal fire which the lips of Judas, that repugnant, horrible traitor, who kissed Him. He still recollected the bitter anguish that encompassed Him in the Garden, when all His disciples had forsaken Him, and fled from Him, leaving the innocent Lamb of God in the hands of his implacable enemies. Still further there reached His ears, in the still silence of the night, the three denials, the curses and the oaths of Peter,—the most valiant of all His Apostles—but who did not follow Him, save from afar.

Jesus, in that solemn moment in which he appeared to the eyes of all, as the King to be mocked and jibbed at, as He stood before them with the crown of thorns on His brow and nailed to His temples, with His sceptre of cane in His hands, with a purple rag thrown over his shoulders, yet scarcely able to cover His mangled flesh, flayed and cut in pieces by the whips and desperate cruelty of

His heartless executioners, was moved about, meekly and piteously gazing on the vast multitude, his drooping eyes full of patient weariness, sunken in their sockets for the want of sleep of the previous night, their pupils red and clouded by the blood and hot tears; yet there was only one who looked at Him with sympathy and compassion, one—only one who interceded for Him, one alone who pleaded for and defended Him; another was not to be found: "*et moni venit.*" His Apostles, His Disciples were not there,—if they were, so much the worse, because they had not the strength of character or courage, or the manliness to show their faces. There were there, beyond doubt many who knew Jesus, many over whom Jesus had scattered prodigally His Divine favors; some to whom He had given the power and blessings of sight, and cured and consoled others; some, too, whom He had raised from the dead; they were there mingling and mixing in the throngs. There were there many who had been before His friends, yet, to-day, he could not count from out of that vast multitude one who befriended Him,—even those who before were His acquaintances. There was not one found to recognize Him with a word or sign of recognition, and of sympathy; not one who desired to divide with Him the public hatred or to lessen the public degradation. The Saviour of the World had not one to share with Him His sufferings and His ignominy. He who defends the children whom His enemies strove to prevent their approach to Him, had not one to-day to defend Him. He who defended Magdalen from the murmurs of the Pharisees and from the protests of His Apostles, has now not one to defend Him. He, who defended the adulterous woman and freed her from the violent death by stoning, has not one who has the courage to stand out in His defence, and free Him from death. Oh! it is sadly true, that not "one man" dared so much; yet it was left to "one woman" to attempt it. In the pages of the Gospel narrative we see her apparition; instantly she disappears; scarcely is her intervention mentioned in the tragic drama of the Divine Passion. But it is of faith that a woman interested herself

for the Divine Victim of Golgotha. Pilate being seated in his tribunal, his wife sent to him to say, "Have thou nothing to do with that just man, for I have suffered many things this day in a dream because of him." The Gospel says no more of this woman, but something, and something very interesting, is to be heard from Greek and Latin tradition,—from the historians, and commentators and ascetics of the desert.

The wife of Pilate,—Claudia Procla, or Procula, was of the Roman family of the Colandrus,—a relative, according to some—to others, nothing more than a bondwoman of Caesar. It is certain that if she was not of noble birth, she, at least, had a noble, valiant and truly compassionate heart, and as many as have hearts,—womanly, sympathetic hearts—ought at least be grateful to her, and keep her portrait ever present to their minds; and as many of these as have generous and brave ones, ought to bless from the depths of their souls that noble woman, who did not abandon Jesus, when all men left Him in the hands of His relentless enemies.

According to Origen and other early writers, Procla had received the priceless gift and grace of Faith, and although she did not dare confess, yet probably she recognized in Jesus, the expected Messiah,—the Son of God.

According to the description of the vision given in the meditations of Venerable Catarina Emmerich, and which is so artistically beautiful, "with insistency she struggled to free Jesus from His torments and from death, and to free, too, Pilate, by inducing him to 'catch the cross,' " just as he was falling into the abyss of that infamy, which must inevitably overwhelm him forever, and from which he could never escape for his iniquity and cowardice, his temporizing.

What a singular contrast the repugnant type of Pilate and the kind-hearted Claudia offers to our consideration, according to the venerable Sister Emmerich. She was tall of stature, pale and beautiful, picturing, too, to our mind her saintly efforts that no evil would be done to Jesus, to the Prophet, to the Saint of Saints, to the Holy of Holies.

Pilate, on the other hand, is the very

personification, says again the Venerable Catarina, of the corrupt man, the indecisive, full of pride, and at the same time of meanness; who does not retrocede from the commission of an act, the most shameful and the most criminal, when he finds his personal gain or advancement in question; while, at the same time, he is subject to the most ridiculous superstition; whilst Claudia Procla is the personification of those noble hearts who risk everything, when they issue forth courageously to the defence of the abandoned, or those unjustly censured, and who ever interpose their strength and influence in favor of innocence and in the succor of the weak.

It is a pleasure for the honor of our common nature, it is a pardonable pride for the sake of our humanity, to sketch such a noble character in womanhood, so that we may not despair completely of the human heart, particularly, as it was a woman, too, who gave public testimony to the Divinity of Christ; it was a woman who raised her voice above the tumult of the crowd, and cried aloud: "Blessed is the womb that bore Thee, and the breasts that gave Thee suck." Thus, too, to the glory of womanhood, the first—the only one—intercessor pleading for Jesus, prisoner and condemned to death, is a Roman woman. In the Mission of the Church, in its continuous Passion, have not we seen and read again and again, the glorious similitudes of the compassionate Claudia—noble women pleading the cause of a persecuted creed, and a world hated Vicarate,—the Vicarate of Jesus Christ? Year after year what has it not endured? Generation after generation its Calvary is rarely absent from the biographical pages of her sainted Pontiffs—few of whom have escaped the enmity of men, and the persecution of cruel power. Nearly all the successors of Peter, during their Pontificate, have been again and again accused wrongfully by its emissaries and unjustly condemned by its tribunals. Oft and oft has the Church been condemned, by these, as was Jesus,—the Just Man, and its founder has been—whilst the hideously culpable, such as Barrabas and his Masonic prototypes of to-day, have been restored to liberty; whilst cheered and ac-

claimed and carried in triumph by an unreflecting multitude. Over scenes of this class, the space at the disposal of the "Carmelite Review" forces one to be brief and forbear disclosing the sad details of shameful deeds, into which the howlings of the passions of the crowd oft and oft has drawn individuals, families and nations into the commission of enormous injustices, into the horrid crimes whose details fill the press of the world. For the last nineteen centuries the pages of history disclose them in shameful frequency. In them the greater part of their actors have leagued themselves with the Masonic inveterate enemies of the Church of Jesus Christ, as did Pilate of old,—men who now, as then, strove to reconcile the irreconcilable,—the friends of Jesus with the enemies of Jesus, to strive to serve two masters at one and the same time,—God and Caesar.

It is in this supreme moment that the faithful companion of man,—with more faith and more true devotion, energy and tenderness of heart than man, it is then the companion of the incredulous, of the superstitious, of the pusillanimous, of the coward, of the temporizer, of the Pilate of every age; it is then the hallowing influence of the truly Christian woman shows her face for Jesus Christ—if, when seated around the family hearth, appealing to her piety, to her tears, to her devotion, and to her affection, she struggles tenderly to hinder sin, to engender countless works of mercy, by drawing her husband, her brother, her father, or her son and daughter from the webs of the Masonic den of the enemies of God's Church, from the guilt of some unjust silence, from the perpetration of some unjust measure, from one of these legalized iniquitous crimes, of which the faithful followers of Jesus Christ are so often the victims. Not always does she succeed in her appeals; she may retard the blow and prolong the martyrdom. But one sees that this is not her intention, as it was not that of Claudia Procla, the prolongation of the Saviour's agony. Her intention in these cases is with her works of abnegation and her personal sacrifices to say to Jesus:

"Lord, I am with Thee."

And to say with her example to men:
"You! Have you not courage to be with Him."

Do not forget that friendship with the wickedness and duplicity of the world is enmity with God.

Aspirations—St. Thomas.

"Jesu quem velatum nunc aspicio," etc.

Angel of the schools and Altar!

In the tranquil, holy place,

This thine ardent aspiration.

For the beauty of His face.

"Lumen vultus Sacri Jesu me illumina."

And, awaiting that bright vision,

In a blest eternity,

O, how wistful is thy pleading,

"May its rays illumine me."

"Lauda Sion," etc.

Like a song bird in the gladness

Of the glowing summer days;

Oft thy spirit soarest upward

"Lauda Sion," this thy praise.

"Adoro te," etc.

Then His Eucharistic presence,

Bending lowly to adore,

Or, again, in "Tantum ergo,"

Benediction to implore.

O, how beautiful and varied,

Are thy tones of minstrelsy

Emulating harps celestial

Thrilling near thy "crystal sea!"

Would that even one soft echo,

From those melodies of thine,

Might resound in my low murmurs

For His Sacrament Divine.

Enfant de Marie.

Communion is a society in which interests pledge and entwine themselves.
—Msgr. Baudry.

There is only one person in the world to whom we may be severe. There is one who deserves, and we may vent all our severity on that person—and that person is our own self.—Cardinal Manning

Sir Thomas More.

Knight and Martyr.

Martyred July 6th, 1535.

Gerald Geraldine, M.D.

Shakespeare has immortalized many of the political lights that played leading parts in the tragic drama of the sixteenth century, and among those who "trode the waves of glory," in that eventful period, we find the heroic statesman and Martyr, Sir Thomas More.

Side by side with Wolsey, Cramer and Cromwell, he unwillingly became submerged in that unfathomable sea of religious and political unrest, from which Divine Providence rescued him with honor, to crown him with a martyr's crown of immortality.

Sir Thomas More was born February 7th, 1478, in Milk street, London. In early youth he entered the free school connected with the hospital of St. Anthony in Thread-needle street, and later became a student in the household of Cardinal Morton, Archbishop of Canterbury, where he prepared for college.

In the year 1492, when the great American continent was discovered, Sir Thomas More entered Oxford University. Here he became proficient in Greek and Latin, and later studied law at Chancery and at Lincoln's Inn.

In what year Sir Thomas More was admitted to the bar, we have no authentic record, but in the spring of 1504 he was elected member of Parliament by the citizens of London, enjoying the distinction of being the most popular barrister of his day.

September 3rd, 1510 he was appointed under-sheriff of the city, and won the esteem of all classes, by his fearlessness and justice in disposing of the cases that came under his jurisdiction. His biographer tells us that no one ever concluded more cases, or decided them with greater integrity than did Sir Thomas More. He exercised his ability in persuading clients to settle their differences peacefully and without resorting to law, which was an expensive and unpleasant method.

His private practice and his position

as under-sheriff brought him an annual income of four hundred pounds a year; this amount we are told being equal to five thousand pounds in our day, and was considered an exceedingly large income.

On May the twelfth, 1515, Sir Thomas More was sent as King's Ambassador to Flanders, there to consult Archduke Charles in regard to certain treaties granted in favor of foreign merchants resident of London. So successful was his mission that King Henry wished to bestow on him some mark of personal favor, and writing to his friend Erasmus, More states: "On my return from Flanders, an annual pension was appointed for me by the king, and one by no means contemptible either as regards the honor or the fruits, yet, hitherto I have refused it and I think I shall continue to do so, because if I accept it my present office in the city, which I prefer to a higher one, would either have to be resigned, or else retained not without giving offence to the citizens, which I should most loathe to give; for, should any question arise, as sometimes happens, they might look on me as less sincere and trustworthy, being bound to the king by an annual pension."

History tells us that the great court favorite, Cardinal Wolsey, was instructed by the king to use his best efforts to attract the young barrister to the king's household; all efforts, however, were for a time unsuccessful, as Sir Thomas had firmly resolved to escape the notice of royalty.

At a later period we find him called again to special service and sent as king's ambassador to Calais, during the peace negotiations between France and England. While at Calais he wrote to his friend Erasmus: "I quite approve your resolutions not to meddle with the laborious triflings of princes, and you show your love for me in wishing that I might extricate myself from them. You

can scarcely believe how unwillingly I am engaged with them, nothing can be more odious than this legation."

At this period Sir Thomas More was not only highly esteemed as a barrister, but he also held an enviable position in literature, and was considered by many critics the best prose writer of his day; his works receiving unqualified recognition at home and abroad.

In the spring of 1518 Sir Thomas More was appointed Master of the Requests in the household of Henry the Eighth, and here begins his career as a courtier. Here begins the court life of one of the king's most, loyal, righteous servants, whose faithful services were rewarded with—death—by a corrupt and debased despot.

His duties as Master of the Requests, afforded him many opportunities of exercising his abilities as a wise, just judge, and prudent advisor, and these valuable qualities were not lost upon King Henry, for he respected most highly the judgment of Sir Thomas More, and showed him every mark of personal favor.

He accompanied the king on all his journeys, and acted in the capacity of confidential advisor and secretary during these journeys. He was repeatedly called upon to settle theological disputes, which at that period was occupying the attention of all learned men. His biographer tells us: "there often arose deep and intrinsic matters that demanded a wise and prudent judge. Sir Thomas, however, unravels them in such a way that he pleases both sides. No one has, however, ever prevailed on him to receive a gift for his decision. Happy the commonwealth where kings appoint such officials."

In the spring of 1521, Sir Thomas was knighted, and made under-treasurer, an office similar to that of chancellor of the exchequer of the present day.

That Sir Thomas More had "greatness thrust upon him" is a matter of history which even his detractors are forced to admit.

He would have preferred to lead the life of the man of letters in the seclusion of his own home, surrounded by men of culture and learning, who were more congenial to his tastes, than were

the court favorites of King Henry the Eighth.

In writing of his personal feelings in the midst of the lords and ladies of the realm, he pictures himself like a man; "who being not trained to ride sat awkwardly in his saddle."

In April, 1523, Parliament was summoned at the command of Henry the Eighth, and the great court favorite, Cardinal Wolsey, was instructed to appoint Sir Thomas More speaker, a position which placed him in a very embarrassing position, as he was well aware that the great question of divorce would be brought up during this session, and to avoid an open rupture with the king, or the king's courtiers, was his most earnest desire, and he declared to Wolsey that he was totally unfit for the office.

To extricate himself he used every means within his power, but all were unavailing and Parliament opened with Sir Thomas More in the speaker's chair. During the session he incurred the Lord Cardinal's displeasure by side-tracking one of his most ambitious schemes.

Roper tells us that when Parliament ended Cardinal Wolsey remarked, "Would to God you had been at Rome, Mr. More, when I made you speaker," and Sir Thomas remarked in his quaint manner, "Your Grace not offended, so would I too."

History tells us that the relation between these two great minds was most cordial, but that the Lord Cardinal feared the righteousness of More, and after the closing of Parliament he advised the king to appoint Sir Thomas ambassador to Spain.

This plan of ridding the court of a faithful public servant was not successful, however, and we find from that time on these two favorites constantly meeting and clashing on political and theological subjects.

On being congratulated on this enviable position in the royal family, More remarked: "I thank our Lord, son, I find his grace my very good Lord, indeed, and I believe he doth as singularly favor me as any subject within his realm. Howbeit, son Roper, I may tell thee, I have no cause to be proud thereof, for if my head would win him a castle in France it should not fail to do so."

Royal robes and royal patronage could not hide from the keen-eyed statesman the weak, proud despot whose pride and ambition wrought such havoc within his realm.

In July, 1525, Sir Thomas More was appointed Chancellor for the Duchy of Lancaster; these over-powering honors were showered upon him by the king, to win Sir Thomas to the side with those who looked with favor, or with closed eyes, on court intrigues and court scandals which began to appear with brazen effrontery, and which threatened to shake the political and religious foundations of the kingdom.

Sir Thomas More refused to enter into discussions with any of the king's favorites on the divorce question; but it was well known to all what his views were concerning those unholy proceedings, and when asked for an opinion stated that he had "proclaimed his opinion to the king."

Henry the Eighth had for a considerable time been considering the necessity of a divorce from his lawful wife, Queen Catherine, and the great Lord Cardinal was straining every effort to secure for his royal master coveted freedom.

The king was now thirty-six years of age, and showed so wild a spirit of restlessness as to quite alarm the wiser men of his kingdom. His nights were spent at cards and dice, losing extravagant sums of money and in debauchery where marriage ties were forgotten and sacred vows desecrated; every slumbering passion seems to have awakened at this period, and his fixed determination to set aside the lawful queen for a passing fancy and to respect no law but his own will are matters of history; in failing to secure the divorce from Pope Clement VII, Cardinal Wolsey experienced "How wretched is that poor man who hangs on princes' favors."

The irony of fate crushed this once mighty favorite, and on October 19, 1529, the seal of Lord Chancellor was taken from him, and transferred to Sir Thomas More on October 25.

In the great hall at Westminster the oath of office was administered to the new chancellor, by the Duke of Norfolk, who eulogized him in a most flattering manner. In replying to the Duke's

speech Sir Thomas said: "Considering how wise and honorable a prelate had lately before taken so great a fall, he had no cause to rejoice in his new dignity."

It was during this session that the illegal, tyrannical measures were forced upon a helpless people by Parliament, bestowing upon Henry the Eighth, the shallow, senseless title of "Supreme Head of the Church of England by law established." And discussing their unconstitutional measures, adopted by that Parliament, Sir Thomas remarked to his son: "God grant, son, that these matters within a while, be not confirmed with oaths."

All that was best and noblest in this fearless statesman recoiled against every measure introduced and adopted, and he knew that in order to keep his honor and his name unsullied, he would have to resign his office at no distant period.

History tells us that More, even before he became Lord High Chancellor, was filled with anxiety for the Church, and his voice and pen were ever ready to defend the doctrines so widely and maliciously assailed by heretics. In writing to Erasmus, of heretics, he says: "For I so entirely detest that race of men that there is none to which I would be more hostile, unless they amend. For every day, more and more, I find them to be of such a sort that I greatly fear for what they are bringing on the world."

In commenting on the apparent laxity on the parts of staunch Catholics and the never-ceasing efforts of heretics in expounding their false doctrines, he compares them to the disciples of Christ in the following manner:

"And surely between the true Catholic folk and the false heretics it fareth much as it fared with false Judas and Christ's faithful apostles. For while they, for all Christ's calling upon them to wake and pray, fell fast in slumber, and after, in a dead sleep; while the traitor neither slept or slumbered, but went about to betray his Master."

In the garden of York Place, May 16, 1532, the Lord High Chancellor delivered his resignation into the hands of the Duke of Norfolk.

Chapin wrote on the 22nd, "The Chancellor has resigned, seeing that affairs

were going on badly, and likely to be worse, and that if he retained his office he would be obliged to act against his conscience or incur the king's displeasure as he had already begun to do, for refusing to take his part against the clergy. His excuse was, that his salary was too small, and that he was not equal to the work. Everyone was concerned, for there was no better man in the office.

In resigning his office as Lord High Chancellor, More incurred the king's displeasure. The royal master was much dissatisfied and disappointed, and, no doubt, the enmity of Anne Boleyn and those who courted her favor, worked to bring dishonor and ruin to Sir Thomas.

The voice of conscience did not, however, cry out with bitter remorse. "Had I but served my God with half the zeal I served my king, He would not now in my age have left me naked to mine enemies."

Sir Thomas served first and best the King of Kings, who in turn robed his servant with a mantle of grace, and supported him through all his trials with the powerful arm of omnipotence.

Cromwell was appointed his successor, and to him he spoke the prophetic words which in after years rang his death knell.

"Mr. Cromwell, you are now entered into the service of a most noble, wise and liberal prince, if you will follow my poor advice you shall in your counsel—giving to his Grace—ever tell him what he ought to do, but never what he is able to do, for, if the lion knew his own strength, hard were it for any man to rule him."

This humble advice, however, Cromwell did not follow, but ever counseled the king to evil deeds until he himself was devoured by the conflagration his counseling ignited.

"Whom the gods would destroy, they first make mad," applies with particular force to Henry the Eighth, and his counselors after the downfall of Wolsey and the marriage with Anne Boleyn.

Each and everyone, wives, favorites, statesmen, and faithful servants were alike destroyed by the despot, whose thirst of human blood rose with his thirst for power.

Anne Boleyn at Pentecost, 1533, was publicly acknowledged queen, and made her triumphal entry into London for her coronation; More received a letter from the Bishops of Durham, enclosing twenty pounds for him to purchase a gown suitable for the coronation ceremonies, and inviting him to attend the king. He did not, however, accept the invitation; nor did he attend the ceremonies.

Anne Boleyn, knowing More's disapproval of the divorce, was indignant at the slight offered her by his absence, and from that hour his doom was sealed.

At Christmas time a proclamation of nine articles was devised by the king's counselors in justification of the king's marriage. A pamphlet appeared in opposition to the nine articles, and Sir Thomas More was suspected of being its author.

In a letter to Cromwell, More denies having written the pamphlet, and the matter was passed over without any serious consequences.

More was, in the following spring, drawn into a matter by Cromwell, from which he had with the utmost circumspection kept himself free.

A nun of Canterbury, known to history as the "Holy Maid of Kent," declared herself commissioned by God to admonish and to threaten the king if he persisted in his efforts to secure the divorce. She was, however, supposed to be simply the tool of the party opposed to the divorce, and among this party Cromwell included Sir Thomas More; whom he said had had conversation with her and communicated with her in writing.

On the 21st of February a bill was introduced in the upper house against all whom it sought to implicate with the nun, and among them was Sir Thomas More. Hearing that his name was included, he wrote the following letter:—"Right Worshipful:

After right hearty recommendations, so it is that there is a bill put in against me, into the higher house before the lords, concerning my communications with the nun of Canterbury, and my writing to her.

Wherefore, I marvel not a little the

truth of the matter being such as God, and I know it is, and as I have plainly declared unto you, by my former letters, wherein, I found you then so good that I am now bold eftsoon upon your goodness to show me the favor, that I may the rather by your goodness, have a copy of the bill.

When seen, if I find any untrue surmise therein, as of likelihood there is, I may make my humble suit unto the king's good grace, and declare the truth either to His Grace, or by His Grace's commandment, wheresoever the matter shall require. I am sure of my truth towards His Grace, that I cannot mistrust His Grace's favors towards me, upon the truth known, nor the judgment of any honest man.

Nor, never shall their loss in this matter grieve me, being myself as innocent as God, and I know me, whatsoever should happen therein, by the grace of Almighty God, who doth bodily and ghostly preserve you."

By the hand of,

Heartily all you own,

Tho. More, Knight.

More also wrote to the King, but these written communications availed him nothing. At the time, the Imperial Ambassador Chapuys wrote that, "More had been examined by Chancellor Audley and Cromwell; for a letter which he wrote to the nun, which could not have been more prudent, as he exhorted her to attend devotions and not meddle in the affairs of princes. As the King did not find, as it seems he hoped, an occasion for doing him harm, he has taken his salary away."

On the 13th of March, the bill that More long expected, at last appeared, which required:

"That all nobles of the realm, spiritual and temporal, and all other subjects arrived at full age, should be obliged to take corporal oath in the presence of the King, or his commissioners, to observe and maintain the whole effect and contents of the Actrill.

On April 12th, Sir Thomas was summoned to appear before the Lords at Lamberth and take the oath, which was to declare the invalidity of the King's first marriage, and the right of succes-

sion of the heirs of Henry the Eighth and Anne Boleyn; to reject the spiritual authority of the Pope, and grant to Henry the Eighth the title of "Supreme Head of the Church of England."

This oath More refused to take in any form, holding that the oath was unconstitutional, and he, being high authority in legal matters, could not perjure himself by taking such an oath.

Other men—clergy and laymen—might take the unlawful oath if their conscience would allow, but his conscience would not allow him to take such an oath, and writing to his daughter, after his examination, he states, "When I was called before the Lords at Lamberth, I was the first that was called in, albeit that Master, Dr. the Vicar of Croyden, was coming before me, and others. After the cause of my sending for, declared unto me (when I somewhat marvelled in my mind considering that they sent for no temporal men but me), I desired the sight of the oath, which they showed me under the great seal.

"Then desired I the sight of the Act of Succession, which was delivered to me in a printed roll; after which, read secretly by myself, and the oath considered with the act, I answered unto them that my purpose was not to put any fault either in the act, or any man that made it, or in any oath, nor to condemn the conscience of any other man.

"But, as for myself, in good faith, my conscience so moved me in this matter that though I would not deny to swear to the succession, yet unto that oath that was there offered me, I could not swear without jeopardizing myself to perpetual damnation."

For four days he was held in custody by the abbot of Westminster, and on Friday, April 17th, 1534, being committed to the Tower of London, he wrote his daughter as follows:

"I may tell thee, Meg, that they who have committed me hither for refusing of this oath not agreeable to their statute, are not by their own law, able to justify my imprisonment, and surely, daughter, it is a great pity that any Christian prince should, by a flexible counsel ready to follow his affections, and by a weak clergy lacking grace con-

stantly to stand to their learning with a flattery, be so shamefully abused."

More remarked that he never intended to do so and wrote, "I never intended to pin my soul at another man's back, not even the best man that I know this day living; for I know not whither he may carry it."

They could imprison him, confiscate his earthly possessions, call him traitor, bigot, torture him even unto death, but no power on earth could make him perjure himself before God and man as many others had done.

After a year's imprisonment, on May 27th, 1535, at the Tower, before Cromwell, Tregonel and Bedyll, the act including the Supremacy of Henry the Eighth and his heirs was read, and to which he answered: "I will not meddle with such matters." The entire proceedings are looked upon by legal authorities to-day as the most disgraceful, illegal proceedings of that deplorable time, and Lord McCall has rightfully called these state trials "murder proceeded by mummery."

At the trial Sir Thomas stated that the supremacy in the church could not be vested in a layman, but that it rightfully belonged to the See of Rome, as granted personally by our Lord when on earth, to St. Peter and to his successors.

"For seven years," he said that, "I have studied the matter, I have not read in any approved doctrine of the church that a temporal lord could or ought to be at the head of spirituality."

He was censured by Wolsey for contradicting the opinion of the new church and prelates of the realm, but More replied: "My lord, for one bishop of your opinion, I have a hundred saints of mine, and for one Parliament of yours—and God knows what kind—I have all the General Councils for a thousand years. I know well that the reason why you have condemned me is because I have never been willing to consent to the King's second marriage. I pray God to protect the King and give him good counsel."

The charitable, cheerful and prayerful example of this great man during the hours of his severe trial is most edifying and worthy of our deepest love and admiration.

He submitted with calmness and dignity to the unjust accusations and to the calumny of unscrupulous servants of a degenerate king.

On July 1st, 1535, he was condemned to death, to be hanged and quartered at Tyburn, subject to all the human indignities of a common criminal.

This sentence was changed, however, and he was beheaded July 8th, at Tower hill, and his head placed on a stake on London bridge, subjected to the insults of the rabble. There it remained for one month, when it was to be cast into the river; but it was saved from its watery grave by his beloved daughter Margaret, who, with love, and from devotion, cherished it while life lasted, and with her remains it is buried in St. Dunstan's church at Canterbury.

With what sadness we recall the past evils of men, when kings, prelates and subjects forgot their God and followed the dictates of their evil passions. When we consider the awful consequence that followed this period of unrighteousness, the influence of them are felt even to our own day, we can only wish that a few more such Knights as Sir Thomas More had risen up and stemmed the tide of disunion.

The unconscious influence of oaths, taken in that first dawn of the reformation has penetrated through christendom down to the present time and rent asunder the once great Christian family. But the Church of Rome still stands, and the supremacy of Christ's Vicar, is as unshaken to-day, and has millions more defenders, than on that memorial day when Sir Thomas with many other brave souls gave up their lives in defence of the church, and its Christ-given doctrine.

Running from Chancery Lane to New Square is a passage known as More's Passage, and at the corner of Carey street is erected a statue to the memory of Sir Thomas More, Knight; and the slab beneath bears the following inscription:

SIR THOMAS MORE, Knight,

One time Lord High Chancellor
of England.

Martyred July 6th, 1535.

The faithful servant
Both of God and the King.

Rose-Fragrance From the Garden of St. Dominic.

ENFANT DE MARIE.

The "enclosed garden" of St. Dominic's holy order, whether we consider it as blooming with graces on earth, or elevate our thoughts to its glorified children in Heaven, seems, as it were, embalmed with Mary's floral chaplets, and reflecting their mysteries with wondrous beauty and variety.

Do we not hear unceasingly the "Ave," "Magnificat," "Gloria," and "Nunc dimittis" of joyful mysteries in the sweet strains of their Psalmody, and is not the first word of their motto expressive of that spirit of praise which echoes our Blessed Mother's sublime canticle, and the joyful music of celestial choirs?

Their Priests are offering up that Adorable Victim, who presented Himself of old by His Holy Mother's hands. The hidden life of prayer, solitude, obedience like that of Jesus subject in Nazareth, after being found in the temple, prepares them to go forth in his footsteps and sow the good seed by preaching to the nations.

The mysteries of Jesus' Sacred Passion have been singularly honored by these "Friars Preachers," and their eloquence vibrates of "Him crucified." Thousands have "washed their robes" in His blood by martyrdom, and are now standing before the throne with palms of victory.

Holy Virgins devoted themselves to contemplate the sufferings of their Spouse, and were favored with interior, sometimes even exterior, participation of them, as for example St. Catherine of Sienna, St. Catherine de Mecci and others. And all these who have been His companions in suffering shall also be with Him in the joys of His Resurrection. Even on earth, there is a spirit

of joy, fervor, brightness, in the children of St. Dominic, which is truly an earnest of eternal Easter, of "guadia paschalia," that never will be overshadowed with pain. There is a beautiful custom amongst them, of laying aside the black mantle, which symbolizes penance, on Holy Saturday, as if to show even exteriorly that all are entering into "the joy of the Lord."

With Jesus ascended, they dwell in mind "amidst heavenly things," and aspire to that "Patria," for which their Angelic Doctor so plaintively sighed. Those who are conversant with the annals of this holy order, will remember that beautiful record of B. Bernard and his acolytes breathing out their pure souls on Ascension Day, at the foot of God's altar. The gifts, fruits and beautitudes of the Holy Spirit abound in these religious. Their watch-word is "Veritas!" and their aim, to "cast fire" on earth. Finally, they are ever looking up to the Virgin Mother, assumed to bliss, crowning her with floral chaplets, sighing to her as "Holy Queen." At the eve of each day, sweet indeed, are the exile-sighs of her "Salve," as they waft through their monastic aisles and ascend through twilight shadows to "the far-off land" where Mary awaits us with glad welcomes, on the eternal shore.

And at the close of life,—of which each fading eve-tide is the emblem—we hear for the last time this well-loved strain,—this aspiration for the beauty of Jesus' Face, and as the veil is about to be withdrawn, it is to the queen of the Most Holy Rosary they appeal "clement, loving, sweet," that she may present them to Jesus the Blessed Fruit of her womb.

*—"Laudare," Benedicere, Praedicau.



John Penryn's Renunciation.

FRANCIS W. GREY.

I.

Is a love story out of place in a religious magazine? This one, I feel sure, cannot be thought so, for it is not only a story of that which even the wise King Solomon said passed his understanding the way of a man with a maid, but of that higher love, which I am convinced, underlay and over-ruled the lower, and brought it to such consummation—ending, I will not call it—as must ensue when man or woman yields to that which is the life and joy of all the saints,—the love of God Himself. This, at least, is what befel in the case of John Penryn, as I hope to show you. I must only ask you to believe that I write of that which I know. How I came to know it, surely does not matter. I am betraying no confidence, as you will see if you care to follow me to the end of my chronicles.

I wish, sometimes, that I could draw you a map of that west country that I know and love so well, even as Mr. Thomas Hardy has done, in one of his Wessex tales. It is much the same country as his,—not quite; with this difference—a great one, I admit—that his is a master-hand, and mine that of a mere 'prentice. It is, or was, I should say, the country of Ina, the saintly King of Wessex, and of that greater saint, his cousin Aldhelm, and lies between Avonford on the west, and Middlehampton on the east. Avonford, as perhaps you know, is famous for its abbey church,—or what is left of it—and for its shipping trade. Middlehampton too, is a well-known port, and has its churches as well; but with Middlehampton we have little or nothing to do in this narrative.

But if you journey, by road, like our ancestors on pilgrimage, from Avonford towards Middlehampton, you will come first to Edinborough, with its little church that Aldhelm built, and where he said Mass. It was put to base uses during the ages that followed the "glorious reformation," but, when the sons of Saint Benedict came to their own again, and rebuilt their ruined monas-

tery, aided by the generosity of Lord Middlehampton, not then a Catholic, they restored St. Aldhelm's chapel to its original purpose, and Mass is said there every day, at the altar over which his statue stands. The great barn, too, famous throughout the west country, is used by the present Abbot of Edinborough, as by his predecessors, from its building to the days of "the traitor," as he is called,—the false brother, made abbot by Henry VIII, who gave up the monastery to the King's commissioners. Doubtless, he had his reward,—here, and in "his own place." It was surely no mere coincidence that the present abbot was consecrated on the feast of Saint Matthias. Read the story in the Acts of the Apostles, and you will see what I mean.

Six miles or so east of Edinborough, you arrive at Gauntford, where stands a tower and a bridge chapel, said to have been built by "Old John of Gaunt, time-honored Lancaster"; as, indeed, they probably were. They date, at all events, from about his time. The parish church has a spire, an unusual ornament—if that be the right word—in Wessex, where square towers—Morton-in-Mendip is the finest I know—are the general rule. You should note, too, the stone fret-work that fills the tower openings. Wessex folk are justly proud of these stone windows, but forget, on the most part, to whom they owe them; to the old abbots of Edinborough, doubtless, and other successors of Aldhelm and Dunstan—sons, all, of the Great Patriarch, Saint Benedict.

A little more topography, and I have done. Four miles north of Gauntford lies Eastbury, a mile and a half further Eastbury St. Simons, about which, as you may remember, I have told you more than one story. Three miles east of Gauntford is Battleminster, by which time you are more than half way to Middlehampton, and quite as far as we need to go. But if, instead of journeying nearly due east from Edinborough, as we have done, you have turned north, or

rather "nor-west by north," as sailors used to say—they are more mathematical nowadays—you would find yourself first at Morton-in-Mendip, of the famous church tower; then at Ditchley, where the Carmelites are—it is their own country, too, just here; and, lastly, at Shireburne, Saint Aldhelm's See. It is a country of churches and battlefields, of saints and heroes, parcelled out of gold, and again, in our own days, between the Benedictines, the Carthusians and the Carmelites. It is a country which, as I said, I know and love, so you must forgive me if I try to make you know and love it as I do.

If you have read my account of "What Happened at Eastbury Saint Simons," you will remember that I promised then to tell you something about Ellen Giles, whose father was about the only black sheep in an otherwise model parish. Not that it matters much, whether you have read that story of actual occurrences and not very remote contingencies, or not; all you need know, that is, all I need to tell you, is what happened to Ellen Giles. And, in order to do so, I must tell you something about my friend, John Penryn.

He was the son of a former rector of Morton-in-Mendip, and brother of the Anglican bishop of Woolloomooloo, in New South Wales, so that, as you will easily understand, he was not a Catholic when he and I were students together, at St. Deny's Mission House, Battleminster. The present sub-Prior of Edinborough, by the way, Dom Isidore Sanderson, was our vice-principal at the time. He had not far to journey, spiritually or otherwise, when he set out for Edinborough. Penryn, as I knew him then, was of a poetic, romantic temperament; more fit, it seemed to me who knew him best, for a Benedictine or a Carmelite Cloister, than for a slum parish, as he said, or for the soul-killing controversies of our then Anglican Communion. How far I was right, you shall judge for yourselves.

But it was to the slum parish that he went first, by advice of our vice-principal, "Father" Sanderson, as we called him, in those days which now seem as if they had never been, but which were, surely, as real a part of our spiritual

existence—and must always remain so—as our unconscious infancy or forgotten childhood is of our natural life. The truth is that he and I, mutually aiding and abetting, had been "guilty of schism," by attending the Corpus Christi procession at the Roman abbey of Edinborough, and "Father" Sanderson thought wisely enough, that hard, absorbing, practical work among God's poor and Christ's lost sheep was the best cure for such "hankerings after an impossible ideal"; the ideal, that is, of one infallible church. So, to the slums round Westminster Bridge—the south side—went John Penryn, as he was bidden, not "in orders," as they were to us then, but as a lay-reader. Truth to tell, I doubt whether any bishop on the bench in those days would have ordained so "marked" a man. You see his father was "extreme," his sister a Carmelite nun in London, and his brother, the bishop of Woolloomooloo, had "lapsed to Rome," an event, which as you may suppose, caused no little stir in Angelican circles. At all events, John Penryn began his work as a lay-man; which perhaps, was just as well. "Orders" sometimes make the final journey harder to the pilgrim of conscience.

And it was in the course of his work that he met Ellen Giles, or, as he knew her, Ellen Henshaw. How she came to be in London, it is time to tell you afterwards. We shall see what came—to her and to him—of her meeting with John Penryn. Once more you must accept me as a chronicler of matters which I learned later. Suffice it to say that I did learn them.

She was certainly the beauty of Eastbury Saint Simons. I know her face well, by John's descriptions, which might perhaps need discounting, and from having seen her. But, lest you might be led to imagine that my description is too favorable, let me tell you that I only saw her in her dress as a religious. That of course is, in a measure, anticipating the course of any story, but it is probably better that I should do so.

This is, I suppose, no place to describe what she was like, if, indeed, it were possible to do so. She began by being as good as she was beautiful,

which is not always the case, and was a favorite with everyone at Eastbury St. Simons except her own father, who was simply incapable of treating her properly, and consequently behaved like the drunken brute he had grown to be, since his wife's death. The loss of her mother when she was only twelve, made a great difference to Ellen. How far it led to what came to her in later years, I cannot say. Of this, at least, I am sure, that God weighs us in an infinitely just balance, and doubtless allows the extenuations—as He counts the aggravations—which are only known to Him “Who knoweth what is in man,” and in woman too, which is what most of us most certainly do not know, even as regards ourselves, to say nothing of others.

She was only seventeen when she married a young engineer, then working on the new Eastbury to Middlehampton railway, who called himself William Henshaw. He was a “gentleman” in Ellen's eyes, and the girl who was refined and dainty in her ideas and person, was naturally ambitious of a better matrimonial lot than would be hers should she marry one of the beer-drinking, coarse-spoken laborers, who were socially her equals. That was why, among other reasons, she accepted Henshaw's half-jesting offer; that and a glamour of romance, and a longing to escape from the misery of her home life. At all events, she disappeared from Eastbury Saint Simons, and a tearful, incoherent letter to the rector's wife, signed “Ellen Henshaw,” told all that the parish was to know of her for several years.

“And I don't believe,” said a charitable gossip of immaculate reputation and uncertain age, “that she is married at all.”

To which the rector's wife, who loved the girl, is said to have answered, “And I don't believe that a slanderer will ever get to heaven.”

Whence there ensued “strained relations,” to put it mildly, between the lady of the rectory and the charitable gossip,—to the discomfort of the latter, who liked to stand well with her neighbors.

Married or not, and I learned later that Henshaw had that much decency at least, however little good there might

otherwise be in him. She was a “widow” with one child, a little girl of about three,—she herself was not much more than twenty-one—when John Penryn first saw her in church. Hers was a face—as I know—which you could not well content yourself to look at once, and look no more; so that, I fear, John's devotions on that particular Sunday, at all events, were disturbed by various more or less involuntary distractions. Even if voluntary, he could, I think, plead that they were too strong for him.

Nor was John's own face one that failed to attract those who saw him, far otherwise; in fact, it was one that drew to him all—without exception, I really believe—who came in contact with him. More, it was a true index to his character, as was Ellen's face to her's, if rightly studied. I do not pretend to maintain that John studied it with the dispassionate impartiality of a philosopher or student of mankind, concerning whose impartiality I have my doubts—but he certainly studied it to some purpose.

It was the most he could do, for a while, but it was the beginning of that way of a man with a maid which was beyond Solomon's comprehension. As, also, of that way of a maid with a man concerning which the wise king was silent, though he was an ardent lover, if his Song of Songs may be taken as the utterance of his feelings. And so the convergent ways proceeded in silence, till opportunity for speech should offer.

Which opportunity came sooner than either had dared to hope for, and in unexpected fashion. Ellen, I must tell you, was desk-clerk at a restaurant, some distance from her lodgings,—as hard a life as can fall to a woman's lot; she can hardly be said to choose it, when she must take it or starve. Her hours were from twelve noon to twelve midnight, without interval; if she was five minutes late, she lost the last omnibus and had to walk the two miles or more that separated the restaurant from the street in which she lived, and where a kindly fellow-lodger—there is much kindness in the world, especially among the poor—took care of her little girl. When you remember that she was young, pretty and tim-

id, and when you think of the human beasts of prey that infest a great city, you can fancy what the walk meant to her.

So it came about that John Penryn, who had been to the theatre with me—with his vicar's permission, of course—and had stayed, talking of old times, in my rooms at the hotel until nearly midnight, was walking home along the Westminster Bridge Road, and heard that which, I fear, is only too common a sound in London,—a woman's faint cry for help. John, poet, and dreamer, to say nothing of saint—as he was—had plenty of pluck and a fair knowledge of the "noble art of self defence." It did not take him long, you may be sure, to reach the spot whence the cry had come and to intervene promptly and effectually. The human jackals vanished, as is the manner of their kind, under such circumstances; they only prey on the weak or the defenceless. Nor was it to be wondered at, if John found himself with Ellen clinging to his arm, walking towards her lodgings. Still less, that the silent love, which held possession of both of them, should have gained new strength from such a bond of sympathy, gratitude and chivalrous protection.

Had John been as wise as he was good and honest—which would be too much to expect at his age of twenty-four—he would have told his vicar, in the morning, all that had happened, and would have asked for leave of absence, at the least, if not for a transference to some other sphere of work. As it turned out, he did neither, for which we can hardly

blame him. He was learning, for the first time in his life, what love means; and his love, I am sure, was pure, honest and unselfish. As to what are called social considerations, they never occurred to him. His brother was his only living relation, and he was out in Australia; in any case, his work had brought him into contact with human nature and petty caste distinctions, if any had ever existed for him, had wholly disappeared. Ellen Henshaw, whose name he learned for the first time that night, was herself, and he loved her. That was sufficient for him. Moreover, he was under no vow of celibacy; even his Catholic Vicar was married.

Ellen had spoken truthfully—so far as she knew—in telling John that she was a widow. Henshaw had left her, after less than six months of married life, with a few pounds to go on with, and then to "bend for herself," as he said, not caring what became of her or of her child. That no worse things befel her than poverty and hard work, she owed, under God's Providence, to John's Vicar's wife, who, like the rector's wife at Eastbury Saint Simons, had taken a great fancy to her. It was this good woman—there are many such in rectories and vicarages all over England—who had found Ellen her place at the restaurant. It was no fault of hers that the hours were changed for the worse,—with the alternative of dismissal. There was no help for it, but to submit until "something else" could be found. Only "something else," as so many of us know, is not so easy to find as we could wish.

To be continued.



A Month in Acadia.

In my last article I described the trip from Boston to Wolfville. I am somewhat of an artist and naturally incline to the picturesque; and here, it appears, we have a surfeit of it. Wolfville itself is a prosperous community, with comfortable though unpretentious inns. Living here is cheap, and visitors are not regarded as victims to be fleeced.

Three miles distant, to the east, is Grand Pre itself, now a rich but scattered farming settlement. It is on the line of the Dominion Atlantic Railway, and travellers who are passing through to Halifax obtain from the car windows a fair view of the scene of the Great Banishment. There are the "vast meadows stretching to eastward, giving the village its name and pasture to flocks without number," and there, close to the station, are willows planted by Acadian hands. But the best way to go to Grand Pre from Wolfville is by carriage. As one mounts the slope behind Wolfville, the landscape unrolls in ever increasing beauty. On one's left lie in calm and ample majesty, the placid vales of the Canard, leafy Canning amidst her beautiful fields, and breezy Kingsport on her red-walled cape, with the long ramparts of the North Mountain range, while to the right lies the fairy valley of the Gaspereau.

Now, you many thousands, I might say millions, who live in daily contact with humdrum activity, just make a journey hither for a month, and you will add ten years to your lives. The very atmosphere of the place takes the mind away from the sordid greed for gold, and one sees, as it were, something other to live for than mere mercenary objects. Here the soul expands at the contemplation of the beauties of nature, and a world unknown to the worshipper of Mammon rises in untrammelled splendor before the eye. The tranquil Gaspereau river glides softly through the valley to which it gives its name, and then onward until it is lost in the yellow tides of the Basin of Minas. Here we forsake the river, and crossing a gentle rise, descend to the village of Grand Pre, passing on the way the quaint old church

of the Covenanters, which was built by settlers in 1756, who came in to replace the banished Acadians.

Down in the meadow before you, may be seen Evangeline's well, and, nearby, the site of the village smithy, "Basil the Blacksmith." Here near those willows that you see beyond, is the site of the old French church, where the Acadians were imprisoned before they were sent on board the ships.

It is not alone in song and story that the memory of the Acadians survives. A monument no less beautiful than beneficent is theirs in the wide rich meadows which their hands snatched from the sea. Patiently these untiring farmers built up those dykes that you see like long ramparts to shut out the mighty waves of Minas that have a daily rise and fall of about 50 feet.

Across the expanse of marshes lie the orchards and fir woods of what was once known as Long Island. In its groves by the sea are good camping grounds, and its further shore is an excellent beach for bathing. In the heart of what was once an island, is a swamp full of gray and ancient trees, the night resort of countless herons.

Well, we will leave Grand Pre and its sad, sad story. It had more history in a day than other places in a hundred years. The siege of Grand Pre made famous by that local poet, Arthur W. Calneck, is well worthy of perusal, and gives the key, perhaps, to the story of Longfellow's Evangeline.

We will drive across the dykes to the village of Port Williams, near the mouth of the Cornwallis river, only three miles further. It huddles close to its bridge, with its black wharves, ships, lumber, and apples. From Port Williams the road turns to the right down to Starr's Point. This point divides the mouth of the Cornwallis from the Canard and the Habitant. It is a low ridge covered with fruitful farms and wide-spreading orchards.

If mother Eve were here, she never would have eaten the forbidden fruit, for here she could have all the apples she wanted. This is truly the "apple land of

Acadia," and I would almost say, of all the world. It 'is apples, apples, apples, galore! But, although apples predominate, other fruits in great abundance may be found in this locality,—pears, plums and peaches claim no insignificant attention. The extremity of the Point is wooded, and among the red, tide-eaten rocks of its shore, there is plenty of good bathing. It is a delightful summer

retreat especially to those who seek seclusion.

The day is well spent, and we must turn towards that spot which for the present we will call home—Wolfville, and in that cosy college retreat, the opening may be spent in mirth and music. Our next trip will be to Kentville, the beautiful, called after the Duke of Kent, father of Queen Victoria.

John A. Lanigan, M.D.

Eucharistic Praises.

With a white-robed "Angel" *I will praise Thee,

Sacred Inmate of this holy place!

"Hidden God! devoutly I adore Thee,"

"Pledge of future glory," fount of grace.

Morning, noon, and in the restful evening,

I will breathe sweet notes of psalmody,

Soaring heavenward with exultation,

Sinking in a cadence, plaintively.

In the Angel's presence I will praise Thee, †

Hark! I hear the olden music thrill,

"Glory to our God in highest heaven,"

"Peace on earth" to all who love his will.

With Thy Mother's accents I will praise Thee,

Gloriously they "magnify the Lord!"

And, from Juda's hills, adown long ages,

Waft vibrations of each golden chord. ‡

Seems my praise like monotone of wavelets,

Softly murmuring on silvery shore,

"After exile" "bring my soul from prison," §

I will praise Thy Name for evermore.

With the "Angel of the schools" and Altar,

With the Psalmist and the Spirits blest,

With their Queen, Thy gentle Virgin-Mother,

Glory to the Lamb in the Land of rest!

—ENFANT DE MARIE, St. Clare's.

* St. Thomas Aquinas.

† "In compectu Angelorum," etc. Ps. 137, 2.

‡ The "Magnificat."

§ Ps. cxl., 10.

Editorial Notes.

During the month of June, which is dedicated to the Sacred Heart, we must manifest our sincere gratitude to that Heart burning with love for us; we must pray that its divine fire may also inflame our cold hearts, that love for God and for our neighbor may be enkindled in them.

During this month we celebrate also the feast of Corpus Christi, to honor our Divine Lord present, as prisoner of love, under the humble appearance of bread. What a stupendous mystery our tabernacles enclose! The human mind is bewildered. We can but fall on our knees and adore, exclaiming with S. Thomas: "My Lord and my God."

For Carmelites this month is more-over eventful, because during it occurs the feast of the great S. Eliseus—the disciple and successor of Elias—the Father and Founder of Carmelites.

* * *

Our Hospice is now open again; it was closed all winter on account of our electric plant having been burnt out. We expect to see many guests during this summer, and certainly all who have once experienced the attractions of the lovely spot and have been benefitted by the restful and healthy surroundings on the banks of the great Niagara, will not fail to repeat their visit to the Hospice.

* * *

Our General, Most Rev. Pius R. Mayer, O.C.C., who was appointed Supreme Head of Carmel last October, will come to make his official visit to our Province this month. Having been a member of this Province for over thirty years until his election to the high post of General Superior, it will afford him pleasure to meet his many friends.

* * *

On April 28 and 29, St. Michael's College, Toronto, the Alma Mater of many distinguished alumni, celebrated its golden jubilee with great pomp and impressive solemnities. The papal representative, Mgr. Donatus Sbaretti, all the bishops of the Ontario province and a select assembly of clergy and laity, came to honor, by their presence, this famous centre of learning. and to manifest their

appreciation of the work accomplished in the cause of education by the Basilian Fathers, who, as educators, are of world-wide renown. The college must have felt itself highly honored by the distinguished visitors, and must have received new encouragement to continue its noble work of spreading light and reforming morals for the good of men, of church and state. We humbly wish it success in its high mission.

* * *

The silver jubilee of Rev. Bernard, G. Fink, O.C.C., was celebrated at the Carmelite Priory, Englewood, N.J., on Tuesday, April 28th. Delegates from the several houses throughout the Province gathered to do honor to their universally esteemed confrere. Worthy of special mention are the Very Rev. A.J. Kreidt, Provincial, a class-mate and life long friend of the jubilarian, and the Very Rev. E.P. Southwell, O.C.C., Prior of Our Lady of the Scapular, East Twenty-ninth street, N.Y. Father Bernard's zeal and faithfulness in the fulfilment of his priestly duties were eloquently lauded by his assembled brothers in religion, and his spiritual children in the parish tendered him many and substantial tokens of their esteem.

Father Bernard was born in Buffalo, N. Y., May 31st, 1853. He completed his classics in St Charles' College, Philadelphia, and thence went to St. Vincent's Abbey, Beatty, Pa., where he made a brilliant theological course. He was ordained on the 23rd of April, 1878. Since then he has worked in every field of our extensive province, everywhere leaving after him traces of that true missionary zeal, which has characterized his whole career.

To Father Bernard, moreover, belongs the honor of having been the first American Carmelite novice.—ad multos annos.

•••••

Short is the little that remains to thee of life. Live as on a mountain, for it makes no difference whether a man lives there or here. Be like the promontory against which the waves continually break, but which stands firm and tames the fury of the water round it.

Book Review.

"Five of Diamonds," by Mrs. Gutherie published by W. I. Kilner & Co., Philadelphia, is a powerful and exciting novel. We are made acquainted with the workings of a secret society whose members call themselves the Brethren of Pure Light. One of its chief associates, Paul Rienoff, marries an English lady, bringing down upon himself for this act of disobedience the vengeance of the powerful five chiefs. His affection for his young wife turns into hatred, and on his way to exile into Siberia, whither the devoted Adela follows, he stabs her, to clear the way for his ambition. Too bad this ruffian is not punished more severely by the author; in fact he makes his exit as president of the great organization. Prince Victor's noble character and wonderful power is brought out well.

This book also teaches a healthy moral in graphically depicting the disastrous results of a hasty marriage, which is contracted from no higher motive than an affection that rests but on external attractions.

The reading of this book has been a real treat for us, and we have gained also interesting information on various subjects.

* * * *

"Hail full of grace"—simple thoughts on the Rosary—by Mother Mary Loyola; edited by Father Thurston, S.J.

This is an attractive title, and all who love our Blessed Mother, may expect beautiful thoughts and ardent aspirations in the series of meditations on her mysteries,—joyful, sorrowful and glorious.

Mother Mary Loyola's works are well known and deservedly admired, and no doubt this will also meet with a welcome. The considerations on the Passion are especially pleasing, and the texts of Holy Scripture well chosen and adapted. It is published in a very fine style, and most suitable as a festal gift. Publishers, B. Herder & price, \$1.35.

* * * *

La vie d'Union a Dieu et Les Moyens d'y Arriver—d'Apres les Grands Maitres de la Spiritualite.—Abbe A. Saudrier, Paris, 1900.

This is an invaluable addition to the literary gems of Holy Church, and we earnestly recommend it to readers conversant with the French language, and, at the same time, express the hope that to those who are not so, a worthy translation may be presented. It is a resume of the teachings regarding prayer by saints and holy writers, from St. Clement of Alexandria down to contemporary authors. There seems, as it were, a golden thread of unity in these luminous thoughts and ardent aspirations, and it is that of tending to God by detachment from creatures and union with His Divine Will; the soul thus elevating herself, by His grace, to charity.

"The bond of perfection."

Amongst the Greek fathers, St. Denis and St. Ambrose especially delighted us, and amongst the Latin, St. Bernard's words seem, as it were, to exhale the sweetness of that Name whose melodious sound ever echoed through the cloisters of his heart.

There are luminous thoughts from St. Thomas (the angel of the schools), B. Henry Suso, Tauler, and other glories of the Dominican Order. From the heights of Alvernia, St. Bonaventure contemplated his seraphic father, St. Francis, and eloquently extols him as a model for contemplation. St. John, of the cross, and St. Teresa, shed glorious lustre over Carmel, and the Society of Jesus is represented by many illustrious names, amongst whom we note: St. Alphonsus Rodriguez Pere Grou, and Pere Lallement.

We are inclined to exceed the limits of a book notice, but at least once more earnestly recommend this beautiful work so calculated to elevate aspirations towards union with God, which is, even in this life, a foretaste of eternal blessedness.

* * * *

Eucharistic Elevations,—Rev. J. Fitzpatrick, O.M.L.

We desire to call the attention of readers to this small, but most devotional book, which, true to the title, cannot fail to elevate their hearts towards that "Dweller in the Tabernacle," who is our dearest friend, our only Beatitude.

There are beautiful thoughts, glowing aspirations, fervent prayers, all blending like grains of incense for the thurible of prayer before His altar. These sweet gleamings might be used as preparations for our thanksgiving after Holy Communion, or when visiting the Most Holy Sacrament, and we venture to promise that no lover of Jesus will be disappointed if, in response to our suggestion, they procure this little treasure and recommend it to their friends.

May Time in Heaven.

What will May-time be in Heaven,
Gazing on our Saviour's face,
And its lovely, mild reflection
In the mother "full of grace?"

What will May-time be in Heaven,
Where the Saints, like flow'rets white,
Bloom with sweet, celestial fragrance
In elysian fields of light?

What will May-time be in Heaven,
When its glorious Queen we greet,
Robed in sun-light, crowned with star-gems
And the crescent 'neath her feet?

What will May-time be in Heaven?
Joy, and rest, and blissful calm,
And angelic voices singing
"Benediction" to the Lamb!

Bring us to eternal May-time,
In that homeland far above;
Maiden-mother, "Help of Christians"—
Master-piece of Jesus' love!

Enfant de Marie,
St. Clares.

May, 1903.

Note.

The sweet May-time will have passed ere these lines resound in the hearts of her Carmelite children, but does not their burden whisper of eternal May, and therefore, they are not at any time inappropriate.

Happiness is a great power of holiness. Thus, kind words, by their power of producing happiness, have also a power of producing holiness, and so of winning men to God.—Father Faber.

Obituary.

The prayers of our readers are asked for the reposed of the following deceased:

Jeremiah Quinlan, whom God called to an eternal reward April 3rd, 1903. Mr. Quinlan died in New York City, but was well known throughout the West and Northwest. His good works God alone could number.

Mrs. Brown, who died a saintlike death on April 18th, our Lady's own day. This devoted child of Mary will certainly have experienced the great love and protection of her mother, to whom she was tenderly attached, and for whose glory and honor she indefatigably worked. She now enjoys, we trust, the eternal reward of her labors.

A brother who died a few months ago. Alice O. Burke, widow of the lately deceased Edward M. Grath. Her husband preceded her twenty months. She was exceedingly virtuous and prepared to meet her God. One little girl is left to mourn her loss.

Petitions Asked For.

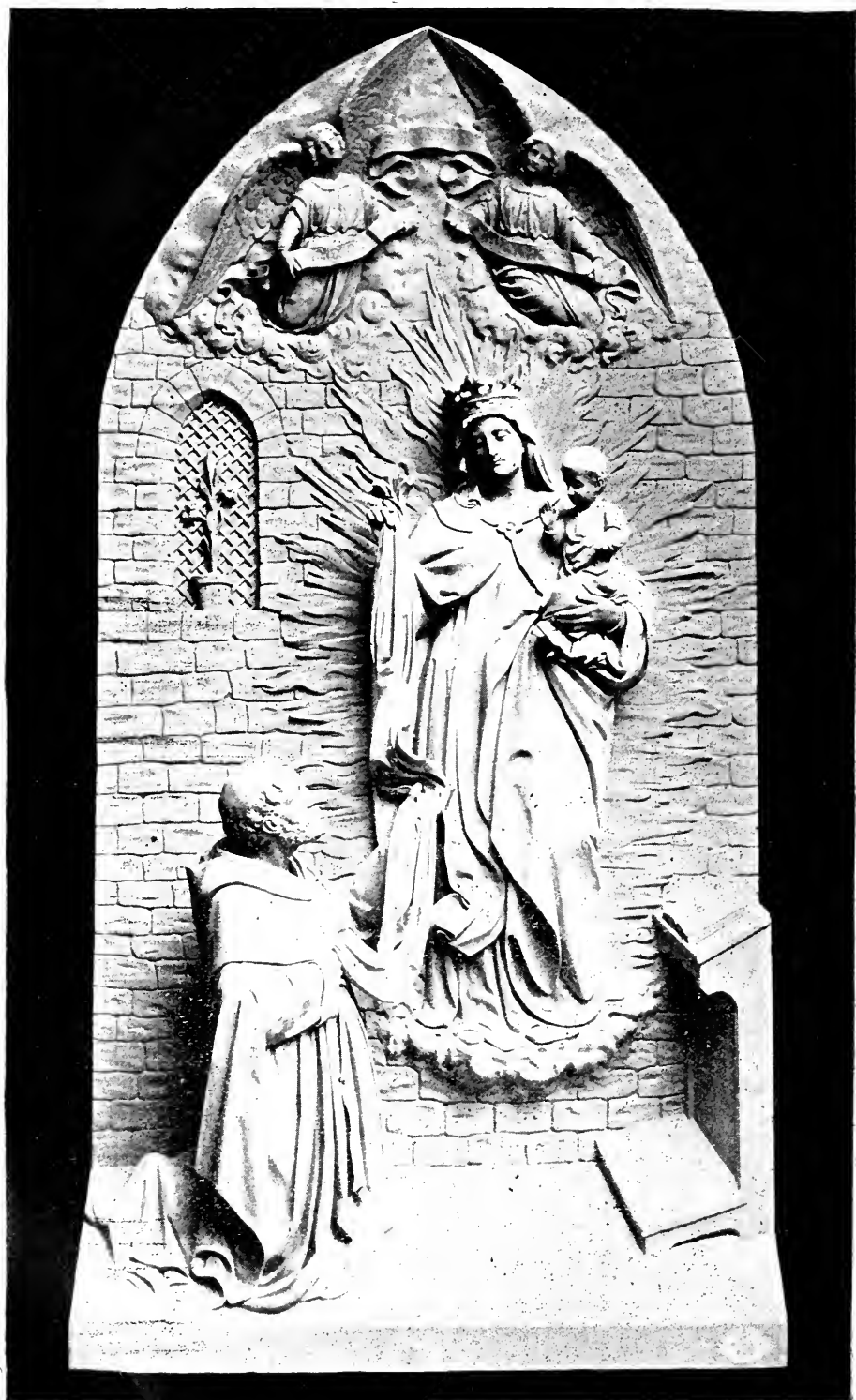
The following petitions are recommended to the prayers of our readers:

Relief in sickness; for a special favor; that the eyesight of one person be restored, and that another be able to walk without crutches; for recovery from a very painful cancer; for the conversion of a sinner; that a brother may make his Easter Communion to have a safe journey; for the spirit of prayer and special graces; for peace and harmony; that a young man may pass his examinations successfully and become a good and holy Catholic; for the conversion of a friend; for peace in one family; temperance for one; gift of faith for three; conversion of a family; and that some people may live closer to a church.

Scandal injures three persons: Him who utters it, him who hears it, him of whom it is said.

If we felt and acted as our faith ought to make us feel and act, we should all be saints at once.





Our Lady of the Scapular.



Feast of Our Lady of Mount Carmel.

(Addressed to Carmelite Fathers.)



IS said of virgin souls above
In land of blissful calm,
Their robes are "white," their song is "new,"
They follow "Christ the Lamb."

To-day a festal radiance shines
O'er Carmel's Mount of prayer,
And sweet those mystic whisperings
That waft in gentle air.

We see Elias' holy sons
Arrayed in mantles "white";
And hear them praise with gladness "new"
The Lord of life and light.

Who called them to the narrow way
His sacred footsteps trod,
Where, strengthened by angelic food,
They reach "the mount of God."

And with their plaintive melody
That murmurs to and fro,
More soothingly than summer breeze
Or mountain streamlet's flow.

It is a "salve" to their Queen,
The "sweetness" of our life,
Whose watchful "eyes of mercy" beam
Like star-rays o'er its strife.

Who pleads as "advocate" above
With Christ, for every grace;
And "after exile" shows, unveiled,
The beauty of His face.

Sweet summer feast! to Carmelites
So glorious and so dear;
The brightest of "bright days" that strew*
Their firmament each year.

O may celestial blessings fall
Like dewdrops from above,
My fathers, on your souls to-day
And those of all you love.

Enfant de Marie.

*—"Bright days that strew the year
like stars."—Faber.

The Lost Inheritance

DOLOROSA KLINE.

XXVIII.

When he had gone from Rosamond, Mr. Dorane was angry and mortified. Angry with himself because he had not waited for a better opportunity in which to approach the woman, whom, it must be said, in justice to him he truly loved; and mortified, because he, Cyrus Dorane, was rejected by this mere slip of a girl.

What a great target for the arrows of some of his clever friends it would be, should they ever find it out on him. And what a field of amusement it would extend to the principal figure in their exclusive club, the brilliant Bruce Everett. Dorane could better bear the ridicule of any number of the others, but this man's satire he could not.

But still, as he had said to Rosamond, time works many changes, and he was firmly convinced that she would yet turn to him, and if he could keep present conditions from being known to his friends, he was all right. But there was one whom he decided to tell, and that was Mrs. Staunton. For, if any person could help him out, she was that person. He knew well that he was in her good graces, and she would be willing to exercise all her influence on his behalf with her companion. Yes, he would consult the Judge's wife, very soon.

"How independent she is," he had muttered to himself, as once he had looked back after Rosamond, "that she can afford to spurn Cyrus Dorane. I will teach her the difference—Papist though she is—and she will grow to love me. Such a pretty girl would please even my fastidious mother, in the end. Even if she does not, I love her. What's this?" as just outside the door of St. Mary's, he saw lying a white pearl object, which, stooping, he picked up.

"Popery!" he muttered when he found what it was. "Papist talisman and urgh. 'She' belongs to it. Queer object this; worth keeping," and examining the rosary intently for a couple of seconds, he dropped it into his coat pocket, unconscious of whose property

they were. In his present humor, he was not disposed to go to the National, nor home either, so he began to wander aimlessly about the suburban roads until nearly dark, when he returned to the city and went directly to the club.

"Some Burgundy to steady the nerves," he said to Dr. Greely's spendthrift son Arthur, who with several others was seated at the card table. He had risen up at Dorane's entrance, proffering the newcomer a glass of wine.

"Yes, you need it, old fellow; what in hades is the matter with you? You're as white as the steed of Pollux. I always said bank business was too arduous a work for you," Greely rejoined, while Dorane drained his glass in silence. "Come and play roulette."

"Not just now, thanks; I'll look on for a while."

At the other end of the richly appointed room, quietly smoking a cigarette, and silently contemplating the many players the different tables had, and of Greeley's group in particular, sat Bruce Everett. "That's all they are fit for," was his mentally voiced opinion, "wine and roulette. Poor fools! they are deserving of pity."

As soon as Dorane had seated himself he felt those gleaming, cynical eyes to be upon him, but hating this knight of the law as he did, he ignored noticing the attorney altogether, and began to talk politics, (of which he knew nothing), with Hilton Carton. When the subject of Democracy and Republicanism was exhausted Cyrus said pleasantly to Arthur Greely, who seemed to be growing tired of the game, and was centering more attention on what Dorane and Carton were saying. "Oh, yes, Greely, I have something here that's bound to amuse you. Look at the Popery idol! I picked it up to-day outside the Catholic church on Grantly road. The property of some superstitious fool, I warrant," and drawing the white beads from his pocket, the young man dangled them over the card table.

Everett, from his place, saw the contemptible action, and what was more, recognized the beads as those he had seen in the hands of Rosamond Raymond in Saint Mary's some three weeks ago.

The lawyer sprang to his feet, and before Dorane was aware of his nearness or could prevent him, Everett had snatched the pearls out of his hand.

"Hand them back, Everett," he commanded, grinding his teeth in anger at being thus toyed with in his present mood. Though he had been talking on any and all subjects, he had done so only to try and forget the disappointment the afternoon had brought him, and being tampered with by an enemy now did not serve to improve his temper.

"Hand them back, my dear Dorane? Why, of course I will," was the lawyer's courteous reply, "to the person to whom they belong. You might know very well that such dainty articles could only be the property of a lady. By insulting them, you have insulted her and a religion that even to a pessimist like myself, represents one of the noblest and grandest of any Divine institutions, and Bruce Everett can never sit under that sort of thing. But I shall restore these to the one to whom they belong, whom I may be pleased to inform you, is the young lady you pretend to admire so much, and that is Miss Raymond."

At once Mr. Dorane's countenance underwent a change. Why had he been so stupid, and not surmised, as he might have done at another time, that this article of Catholic devotion had belonged to Rosamond Raymond? Finding them so near the church he should have known it, at the hour when she had been the only worshipper there. Everett would not spare him to her, and whatever chances were still left to him of winning her, when she would be told of his bigotry, it was natural they would be spoiled. "How do you know they belong to Miss Raymond?" he asked doggedly, and making an ineffectual attempt to regain the rosary from Everett's strong hand.

"Oh, that is my affair, Mr. Dorane. The lion asked the fox how he felt when he was done with him. The rest you may think out for yourself, if your feather brain is capable of that much."

"Give those beads back!" and this time Mr. Dorane shouted, in scarcely a gentlemanly voice. While his friends looked on, serenely interested in the contest, but too lazy to interfere, and too wise also, when Bruce Everett was one of the contestants. "I can return them to Miss Raymond; I got them first and I have a right to them."

"No, I shall not. You are a bigot a cad, Dorane, and have no right whatever to hold an emblem of religion, which you have insulted. To-morrow, possibly, will see me at Staunton House, so I shall carry them to the fair shrine to where they belong."

"Nice conduct for Miss Staunton's intended husband," Dorane said sneeringly, "seeking interviews with other young ladies."

Everett looked at him and his eagle eyes fairly blazed with suppressed anger.

"If you value your own name at all, do not dare to bring the proud one of a lady like Miss Staunton into this card den, although you are a bigot and a cad. I would advise you to leave here for a while now, and when you come back you will be all the fresher for your night's lucrative pastime,—the delightful gambling in which you occasionally indulge," and with a sarcastic smile on his handsome face, the lawyer put the pearls, he had so lately rescued in his vest pocket, and saying a cold good-night to the rest of the company, departed for his apartments at the Waldorf.

"What did he call me again?" Dorane exclaimed, jumping to his feet, and looking around at his friends, the friends that money and joviality begets, "a bigot, a cad! ha, ha! You will repent those words yet, Bruce Everett. More wine Greely. Fill up the cup; it will help to ripen the scheme that has just come into my head to humble this high flown fellow, but it may be some months before it comes to anything."

"Don't get excited, Cy," Carton advised soothingly, "it is bad to be in cold water with a man like Bruce Everett, and there is no use saying rash things. There will be other chances for you to see Miss Raymond."

"Hold your tongue, Hilton Carton," was the polite rejoinder, "and keep your-

opinion until it is asked," and swallowing the claret that Greely poured out to him, the irate Cyrus threw himself on a couch, and for the remainder of the evening treated his boon companions to a gentle exhibition of sulks, that made them think there was something more the matter with him than this petty quarrel he had with his foe—the brilliant lawyer—and they had their own surmises of the case.

XXIV.

True to his word, and as early as was opportune for him, the day after his quarrel with Mr. Dorane, Mr. Everett made his daily visit of course to Staunton House, but with something more bearing on him than the time he would spend with his betrothed. While he waited in the library for Beatrice to appear, he took from his pocket Rosamond Raymond's rosary, and was wishing he could see the young lady now, in order not to defer their restoration.

He fingered them with delicate care, wondering what value, apart from their own precious worth, was to be set on them. "What simple faith," he thought, "and whatever good they may be to her. It is odd, or must be, to say prayers on them." And this was the second time the man of the world and earthly ambitions ever dwelt on religion. Was it productive of any good? We shall see.

As if in answer to his unexpressed desire, the door opened and the slender figure of Mrs. Staunton's companion stole softly into the room.

When she caught sight of the tall form seated before the brightly glowing fire, Rosamond stopped short, in the act of returning a volume of Browning to the shelf.

"Do not mind me, Miss Raymond," he said rising up, "and I am glad to meet you, as I have a small matter of business with you. Tell me, have you lost anything on the street, in the shape of pearls, during the week?" He bent his fine black head towards her, and under the admiring gaze of his eagle eyes, her blue orbs fell, but recovering her self-possession she looked up at him again, and replied quickly, "Yes, Mr. Everett, I dropped a pair of beads yesterday, I think it was, near St. Mary's," while in-

wardly she was making all kinds of conjectures as to how the lawyer came to find her rosary, or how he knew it was her's.

"Here they are, then," he said, giving the beads into her hands, "I am glad to be able to return them." The lovely face lit up with the rare smile, that was undoubtedly, though he had not yet realized it, becoming a subtle fascination to this man, as she replied: "Thank you, Mr. Everett, I am so obliged to you. These were a present from the priest of our parish, Father Madden, to me some few years ago, and I was regretting their loss so much."

"The pleasure is all on the one side," he returned gallantly, "though I must admit I was not their first finder. They were given me by a certain gentleman, who picked them up near St. Mary's, and imposed upon me the acceptable task of being their bearer to you." Honorable to a fault, he concealed the name of their first finder and the way he had acted in the playing room at the club towards them, and Rosamond divined that he did not wish to be questioned as to who it had been.

Beatrice on her way down stairs, and coming so softly that the two did not hear her, stopped in her descent, and the color flickered in her olive cheeks. What meant this action of her lover's, and her mother's paid companion, as they seemed to her to be in earnest conversation? It appalled her, but making a slight noise on the marble step, with her slippered foot, so as to warn the "guilty ones" of her approach, she hastened down. She expected to see Miss Raymond make a quick exit, and her lover to show some confusion at being caught thus, but it was neither. Rosamond murmured another "thank you," without the least show that she felt guilty of having done wrong, and Everett said slowly, "You are welcome, Miss Raymond,"—words that Rosamond remembered having heard once on a day long before.

Swiftly the lawyer noticed the look of pained displeasure on the countenance of his betrothed. The first time to his recollection he had ever seen it there, and he knew by its expression, when Rosamond had left the room, that Beatrice

demanding an explanation of this unlooked for occurrence.

"I owe you an apology, my dear Beatrice," he said, drawing her to the Roman couch near the window.

"Our friend, Cyrus Dorane, found a pearl beads yesterday, and as he seemed prepared to make a toy out of them to amuse some of his followers, I thought it time to take charge of them, and to restore them to their owner. Hence your discovery just now."

Her face cleared, and she appeared satisfied with his words of explanation. Nevertheless, she asked, with just a very slight coldness in her voice, "How did you know they belonged to mamma's companion, Bruce?"

The question staggered him for a minute or two, as he had not anticipated it, but with the self-possession that was never known to desert him, he answered: "I saw them in Miss Raymond's hand a couple of weeks ago in St. Mary's out here, into where I had wandered, after a ride with you, as I was desirous of seeing the gothic interior, of which I have heard a great deal."

To all appearances she believed him, but the tiny canker-worm of jealousy began to gnaw at the young heart-strings, and love's voice whispered that some stronger motive, than a mere liking and admiration for art and architecture, had drawn her lover into a Catholic place of worship. If she was not careful, her citadel was being attacked by an unintentional enemy, for her generous nature would not allow her to have wrong thoughts of the fair girl whom she really and truly loved, and who had the respect and liking of all in her father's house.

"Tempora mutantur," she said with rather a forced smile, "when Bruce Everett would cross the threshold of a temple of religion even though it should hold marvels of art and architecture."

"Peccavi, my own, but you will forgive me. As an assurance that you do give me just a leaf from your most daintiness of bouquets."

He leaned over to her face, and the mastery of his own eloquent one and the deep voice that captivated all who ever heard it, conquered her suddenly acquired coldness. Plucking the purple pansies fastened in the lace of her cream cash-

mere robe, she loosened them, and with her white fingers, pinned one in his buttonhole, as he requested her to do.

"Now I shall have no qualms of conscience since my queen no longer accuses me of having committed any misdemeanor."

He smiled and she smiled in unison, but still she had her misgivings.

In her own room Rosamond Raymond stood before the window busy with many and different reflections.

Her mistress and her husband had gone out after luncheon, for a ride. She had been given her choice of going or staying, but since yesterday's happenings she had not been quite herself, so she had chosen the latter, but half wishing that Mrs. Staunton would say she could go home for a while if she preferred. She had so much to tell her mother, and she could not rest until she had relieved her mind, but her mistress was not so thoughtful this time, and there was no alternative for the young girl but to remain where she was.

"It's not my day out, anyhow," she contended; "I mustn't expect too much." She had consoled herself with reading, until desiring another book, she had gone down to the library, and there taken part in the little scene that was proving such a disturbance to Beatrice Staunton's mind.

"It's strange how Mr. Everett found you," she said confidently to her beads, "or got you from the gentleman who did, I mean," and she never suspected who the gentleman was. There was a knock at her door and it was pushed in by Mrs. Barret.

"I ain't come to stay, Miss Raymond" she said as the young girl invited her to a chair, "I just want to know if you have any mending you want done, as I am taking some linens to the sewing woman."

"No thanks, Barret. I had rather do my own. You don't ever come in now. Are you busy?"

"I always am at this time of the year, dearie, and I've been a lot over to Mrs. Williams' since she took sick," said the housekeeper evasively, keeping to herself that her mistress had forbidden her Miss Raymond's room, and the holding of any prolonged conversation with

the young girl. Our readers know why.

Mrs. Barret went on her way, and Rosamond was left to her reflections, but before long they were interrupted again by another gentle knock on the blue-pannelled door of her room, and this time it proved to be Miss Staunton.

"Mr. Everett has gone," the heiress said, seeking a dainty rocker, near Rosamond's inlaid work table, "and papa and mamma have not yet returned, Miss Raymond, so I have come up to find company in you. There is something I want to ask you. What use do you Catholics make of those strung beads, which Mr. Everett restored to you to-day?"

Rosamond blushed, and showed by her smiles how much this visit pleased her, and how willing she was to answer the question.

"We count prayers on them, Miss Staunton," and she held them up to the other's curious eyes. "To the Queen of Heaven, who, as the mother of our God, we Catholics all love and honor, but we do not adore her, as many outside of the pale of the church think we do. We simply ask her protection, because of the relation she bears to our Divine Redeemer and because she is the Queen of Heaven."

"I see. It is a pretty thought. Say one of the prayers you make to her, for me; I have never heard one." Rosamond, in some surprise, repeated the Hail Mary, for the hearing of this child of darkness, and at the conclusion, the heiress clasped her hands, exclaiming: "Oh how lovely! Miss Raymond, I wish we had prayers like that in our church, but you see it would not do, because we only pray to the Saviour. The Virgin does not receive any honors from us, and do you not think, now, that it is a peculiar teaching of your church, that she should?"

"The mother of God is holy and Immaculate, Miss Staunton, and being so, she is our model in all virtues. Because she is the mother of God, we are always honoring her. A child loves its father, but by asking its mother to plead for some favor it may want from him, it knows it will get it all the more readily. So it is with us Catholics, and very often through the intercession of

our Heavenly Mother with her Divine Son, we obtain any amount of favors, spiritual and temporal.

This was all new to the Presbyterian enlightenment of the Judge's daughter, and, just now, novelty. As, yet she saw only its poetry.

She would have questioned the gentle exponent of this Catholic practice still further, but the sound of carriage wheels outside and the anticipation of attending a musicale with her lover, later on in the evening, at Colonel Compeigne's, prevented. Rising up, she thanked Miss Raymond, and playfully asked her to say a prayer for her intention to the Virgin. Rosamond, wondering much, prayed for this soul to be led into the light.

When Beatrice descended to the hall, she found her mother and father just entering, and both parents seemed quiet and disturbed over something.

"What is the matter, papa?" she cried, her first thought being for her father, "Has mamma been lecturing you?"

"Yes, ma chere," said her mother, promptly, "but I do not think he likes it, and it is on your account. Perhaps it will be well for you to go with papa to his study, and he will tell you what I already know."

"No, we shall go to the library," Beatrice replied, while Sampson, the footman, helped his master to remove his fur coat and heavy boots. "It is a pleasanter place to hold a consultation than in an upstairs room, eh, papa?"

"So you say, daughter, and I expect you are right," and catching his daughter's arm, while his wife still wrapped up in her costly furs, swept grandly up the marble steps, the white-haired Judge entered the library, and the two seated themselves.

"Has Bruce been here this afternoon?" he asked by way of preface to future utterances.

"Yes, papa, he came to know if I was going to Compeigne's to-night. Did you wish to see him?"

"Some other time will do. But I must begin with the real business that has been troubling mamma and myself, too; it is this: Does my Beatrice think she could sacrifice her Bruce's presence for a couple of weeks in distant Virginia, in the interests of her father?"

"Is it to investigate the new search that you spoke to him about some time ago, for Millicent, papa?"

"Yes, darling; and I thought now would be a good time, because later on, near your wedding day, I could not presume to take him away from you. Even as it is, mamma thinks it is a cruel wrong."

"Is that why she lectured you, and was looking so displeased when you came in from your drive? She should not have thought like that, for, though I shall miss Bruce greatly the weeks he may be away, I am so happy to think I can give such help to my Judge, and the expectation of Bruce's prompt return will keep me from becoming lonesome. Can I do any more for you, papa?" and her lovely Southern face shone with dutiful love.

"No, darling, and you have done too much. But you must speak of your willingness to do as I have asked of you to mamma now, so that she can no more accuse me of cruelty."

Mrs. Staunton was greatly opposed in truth to this Southern trip of her daughter's lover, especially to its nature, because, possessing the knowledge of certain things which she did, and that with no small feeling of triumph, she knew, despite the brilliant lawyer's cleverness and determination, he would not find the clue he wanted there. Not likely her husband would demand that he should continue it here in New York. "It was all cruelty," she had said to her husband, "to deprive Beatrice of her fiancé for such a space of time, and he was only going on a wild hare chase." But her scolding was harmless, and when her daughter told her that night of her willingness to let her lover go, to please her father, the lady had to be quite satisfied, or try to appear so.

XXV.

"Mamma, what is the matter with Miss Raymond these several days past, that she is so quiet, and why is she staying in so much?" queried Miss Staunton, looking up from her embroidery, several mornings after the events narrated in our last chapter.

"That is partly my fault, her remaining in, Beatrice," Mrs. Staunton replied

carelessly. "My head has been so bad this week, and it seems to me my companion is the only one whose administrations can in any way help me. That stupid Anna makes me nervous when she is about my person. Really, I must try to find another maid."

"I might have come to your assistance, for really it is a shame to have kept Miss Raymond so confined; why, she has actually grown pale."

"That is not my affair, dear. However, I have been selfish in keeping her in, on her days out, but she may take to-day, if she chooses"—a permission which the lady carried in the afternoon to her companion, and which the young girl gladly availed herself of. As yet she had had no chance, since her last encounter with Cyrus Dorane, to go home to the Square to find a confidant in her mother.

When she did reach the old familiar place, she was as a new being, and before long she had poured into her mother's ears all that she wanted to tell. Mrs. Raymond was not surprised. Ever since her lovely daughter had spoken of Mr. Dorane's friendly advances to her, she expected such a result, and pressing the golden head to her breast, she applauded her for her firm refusal and answer to a man that was in no way suited to her. She warned her if he still pursued her, to hold her own against him, in precisely the same manner.

"You see, mother," she said, while a deep blush dyed her cheeks, "I met him twice on Tuesday. When I was coming home to you, and when I was going back to Staunton House. The first time he walked as far as St. Mary's with me, and I couldn't be rude to him, and it was the second time, oh—well, you know what happened, mother," and she nestled shyly to her parent's side.

Yes, dearie, and it was a pity it came to pass, but you could not help it; but tell mother, is there any other whom my sunbeam loves? I know, though you are so pure and good, that you are not destined for a religious life, therefore, I do not refrain from asking you a question on what, sometime, must come into your life in the world?"

For a second Rosamond did not reply, for before her mental view there arose a

tall, kingly figure and face, that more than once she had likened to one of the dead knights of chivalry, whose picture hung in one part of the Staunton art gallery. But what was this man to her? Was he not the promised of another, and why should she, the poor paid companion, presume to think of him? Was she not guilty of a wrong?

She looked up into her mother's face, and answered elusively, "I love only God and you, mother, and with you, I am contented," then she stood up to go, and Mrs. Raymond was once more left alone.

"It is all in a life-time," she said, looking abstractedly out over the surrounding house-tops. "Things always go contra, but you are blessed, Millicent Kingsley, in having a child so strong in faith and purpose. How everything has changed in the home of my youth. Mrs. Reeves is dead, and a new set of servants fill the old places of the faithful ones I knew and trusted, and father is happy in a second wife and daughter, and my child finds her living with him."

A light tap sounded on her room door, and it was Mrs. Curran come up to enjoy a chat with her, but the little woman, finding her tenant rather silent and preoccupied, was somewhat frustrated in her desire of being agreeable, so she did not remain long, and perhaps Mrs. Raymond was not altogether sorry.

Rosamond took the car back to Staunton House, and when she got out, she looked neither to the right nor the left, for fear Mr. Dorane might be hovering round. He had not been near the mansion of her mistress, nor had she seen him, since the day she had refused to listen to his declaration of love. She went straight up the cedar walk, and into the house. She felt herself grow dizzy, when passing the Japanese sitting-room, and chancing to glance in at the open door, she saw her mistress ensconced in a comfortable tete-a-tete chair with Mr. Dorane seated near her, and both of them were buried in a low, earnest conversation.

The suave and smiling Cyrus had brought his troubles to his sympathetic hostess of so many occasions, giving her the whole facts of his unsuccessful wooing of her fair companion, and begging

her in his blind eagerness to do something to help him out.

"The idea of a girl refusing you so point blank, Cyrus," the lady had said, indignantly, "and the honor of becoming your wife. Miss Raymond must be mad, or, perhaps, she is coquettish, and is waiting to be asked again."

"I wish I could believe that," Mr. Dorane had replied in his silken voice, "I should not have troubled you, my dear Mrs. Staunton, with my perturbed state of feelings. Miss Raymond is a very determined young lady, as I have learned in the three or four months I have known her, and I fear she says what she means. But you can help me to approach her again, for I am bound to win her." Very strong terms for Mr. Dorane to use, but just then he meant them. Mrs. Staunton had just been going to reply, when the ring of the front door bell, and Sampson's "Jes' in time for dinnah, Miss Raymon'," arrested her attention. Quickly arising she opened the door of her Japanese room, in order that they might get a full glimpse of her companion, as she passed up the stairs.

When Rosamond, with a disturbed heart, had passed from her admirer's sight, and that of her mistress, Mrs. Staunton closed the door again and sought her chair beside her young friend.

"Faint heart never won fair lady," she said, in her most engaging manner, "and you can hope yet, my dear Cyrus; leave it in my hands, and I will promise not to fail you." She was rewarded by a deep look of gratitude from the small-featured face, and narrow black eyes, but she could not prevail on him to remain to dinner. Under present conditions, it was just as well that he did not. Mrs. Staunton rang for her companion, and Rosamond came down to her a little flushed in the cheeks, but otherwise looking better than she had been for the last few days. Not a mention did the wily lady make of Cyrus Dorane to the young girl, except to casually remark that her young friend was feeling badly, over the near departure of his parents and sisters to Italy, and she was consoling him. It was a pretty fib, well clothed in nice language, and given with such sincerity of voice that simple, trusting

Rosamond believed her. She felt really sorry for Mr. Dorane, and to think that he was so attached to his parents and sisters. He had some good points after all.

"Am I intruding, or is there room for one more in this inviting square," said a pleasantly modulated feminine voice, and pretty Mrs. Aiden from C—, closely followed by Miss Staunton, advanced into the room.

"Why Clara, how do you do," was Mrs. Staunton's greeting, as she shook the young widow's hand. "I thought you safe in C—, but I am real glad to see you. You will remain a while with us, of course?"

"No, I thank you. I have just come in for a couple of days. I met Cyrus Dorane and bowed to him from my carriage window as I came along. My! but what has changed him so? He looks worn out, Madeline, as if he was being deprived of his nightly sleep." Mrs. Staunton glanced at her companion, and saw the confused blush that overspread the delicate face, but her visitor and daughter, having no conception of the truth, noticed nothing, so she said, and with some relief to Rosamond: "I expect he does not like the family's going abroad to live, and he will never go himself. Poor Cyrus was always such a nice boy." Before the bell rang for dinner, she had repeated this sentence twice, intending it more for her companion's ears than any one else's, but it was lost upon Rosamond, and she never showed in her expressive features that she heard it at all.

Mr. Dorane had gone from Staunton House full of hope, voting the Judge's wife the most clever and kind-hearted of ladies, for the way she had taken up what had seemed to him, before his visit to her, a hopeless case, and her promise of future aid, in securing to him the prize he coveted. That she had a personal interest at heart was not in his mind, and his despicable vanity was flattered at her readiness to do him good service.

XXVI.

"So you are off to-night to the South, Everett? Well, I wish you lots of good luck in this new enterprise. If you suc-

ceed, it will mean a great deal to you, and, Great Christopher, you will succeed!"

Frank Heathcote clapped his hands, and then held one that was as hard and chubby as a school boy's, out to his partner, as that gentleman scanned a train schedule to see what hour the next special would go out.

"Don't shout until you are out of the woods," is an old adage, but a very true one, Heathcote. I might not be so successful this time, as you would imagine, though I am most desirous of pleasing Judge Staunton. As for what I shall make out of it, that does not amount to shucks. It is not for any interests of my own, I assure you, that I would make such a trip, at this season of the year, but it is made to satisfy the longing of an old man's noble affectionate heart."

"His daughter is following in his footsteps then, for that. She has proved it, now, by her generosity, in letting you go. Plenty young ladies would object to it.

"Miss Staunton is not like other young ladies, and her father's happiness is first with her, before all others, and her own, too, if such is to be gained in her knowing Bruce Everett. Nine o'clock the special goes out, and it is four o'clock now. Must start for Staunton House right away, or I will be accused of tardiness. I shall not come back here again Heathcote, but I will see you before nine to-night."

"Yes, I'll be at the station. I suppose you would not be anxious to see Cy. Dorane there. Might bring him along for company, you know."

A slight sneer showed itself about the lawyer's finely cut lips. "I guess Cy. would not be over solicitous to come himself. There was a grand rupture between us over a trifling thing, too, a couple of weeks ago, and judging by Dorane's revengeful and hurt cast of features, when we occasionally meet, he has not recovered himself. I feel badly; you know how much! Oh, no, Frank; come yourself to-night, and leave our friend to his card and wine." And laughing good-humoredly, Everett ordered his horse, and in due time arrived at Staunton House.

Beatrice had not felt lonesome until the minute came that he could stay with her no longer, then her heart sank, and the white hand, resting in his, trembled. Somehow, the heiress felt that through this parting possibly a change was coming into her happy, unclouded existence. She could not define it, but it might have been that the little scene that she had witnessed in the library, some days ago, with her lover and her mother's golden-haired companion, as its principal actors, had much to do with it.

She said good-bye to him in the drawing room, but her mother and father, the latter in high spirits over his future son-in-law's speedy departure in his dearest interest at heart, accompanied him to the door, while upstairs against her window pane was pressed, a fair, spirituelle face, whose blue eyes watched the carriage roll away.

"Why were you not down to see Mr. Everett go?" Mrs. Staunton asked her companion, when they were retiring that night.

"I had a headache, Mrs. Staunton," Rosamond replied, "and I was resting. I only got up in time to see Sampson drive Mr. Everett away.

"Miss Raymond, I am coming in. I want to speak to you very particularly, before we start for town," Mrs. Staunton said, a couple of mornings after, as knocking at her companion's sitting-room door, she pushed it in. "No, I shall not sit. Anna is waiting to dress me, but what I want to say to you is this. There is to be a ball at Staunton House in two weeks' time, in honor, and as a farewell to my friends, the Compeignes and the Doranes, and I wish you to be present. No, no, I shall take no refusal, and you shall choose your dress to-day," and leaving her companion to think what she might, the lady returned to her dressing room. Soon after her daughter, attired in fur coat and black plumed velvet hat, joined her.

"I regret so much, mamma," the heiress said, "that Bruce will not be home

to participate in our ball."

"He might be, darling. He said he hoped to be through with his investigation in two weeks, but I have sent him an invitation anyway, so even if he arrives that night he will show his brilliant presence to us for a little while. When do you expect to hear from him?"

"He promised to write as soon as he reached Virginia, mother. I should receive his letter very soon now."

Next morning, while they were at breakfast, and the mail was brought in by the smiling Sampson, there were two addressed envelopes, which Judge Staunton immediately seized, and handing one to his daughter, kept the other himself. Opening it he found the few brief words: "I have no clue yet, but hope to in a few days. Yours, Everett."

"And that is as good as saying he has found one," the Judge said, passing the concise letter to his wife, at which that lady felt more like frowning than smiling upon. She took a glance of peculiar interest at her companion sipping her coffee, right beside her; then she looked towards her daughter, as Beatrice with a happy face, began to open her lover's letter.

"We will excuse you from table, darling," she said "if you would prefer to read what Bruce has said all to yourself." The heiress, smiling and blushing, stole away to her father's study, a place she often visited, and with eager hands she opened the precious missive that had come so far to her.

It was written in a fine, bold hand, and in his graceful, polished way, but still, though it contained many loving messages, there was a warmth lacking to it, off the absence of which only she could see and feel. It chilled her cruelly, but brave heart that she was, she spoke only of what was nice about it to her mother and father, and the rest she kept.

Another week passed, and the Judge was again in receipt of a letter from Virginia, and this time it held much for him.

To be continued.

"To Suffer or to Die."

Translated from the French by a Religious of the Presentation Order.

"Aut pati aut mori—to suffer or to die!" It was Saint Teresa's word, wounded to the heart with one of those mystical, incurable wounds; incurable upon earth; which find no relief but in the heroic follies of the Cross. "To suffer or to die!" But why? Why that thirst for suffering which cannot be exchanged, but for the thirst of death? And how comes it that the Saints, when they are deprived of it, have no other consolation than the consolation of the tomb?

First, because suffering is the most assured token of the love that God has for a soul.

The Creator loves His creature He loves it so well that for it He has bowed the Heavens and come down; He loves it so well that for it He has given His life. "Greater love than this no man has than to give his life for his friend."

Among creatures so much loved there are those that God distinguishes in a special manner, and to whom He communicates Himself intimately. in this life. In this celestial communication between God who bends down towards a soul, and that soul to whom He has given wings to rise towards Him, there is nothing that ought to surprise us, since every soul, whoever it may be, has been loved even unto death; but upon this earth such sweet and tender relations between the Creator and the creature can only exist as exceptions; if it were otherwise all the order of the present life should be reversed. This order was founded upon faith, and not upon experimental knowledge of Divine things. It is necessary then that God should make a choice and that, casting His eyes upon the earth, He there discovers souls for whom He shall have His preferences. What are the motives of the Divine choice? What is the foundation of the Divine preference? That is the mystery. To penetrate so touching a mystery, it is necessary to be in the secret of God, and to plunge into the soundless depths of His tenderness and His mercy. But what we know is that

when God meets one of these souls, He commences by making it suffer. He loves that soul and He loves it with a jealous love, and as He does all things as God, He loves with a Divine jealousy, that is to say with a jealousy that has something infinite, and that makes the suffering of that soul. Let us see Teresa: She asked nothing of the world, but innocent pleasures and sweet affections. In all there was nothing but what was pure; but the Divine jealousy pursued her; God made her bear reproaches so penetrating that she was obliged to decide to obey Him. He led her by degrees to a universal detachment. She fled to Carmel. But the world followed her even to her cell, and occupied her mind still. The Divine jealousy did not cease to follow her; during eighteen years the God who loved her and who willed to be loved by her, tried her in every way; in her body, by sickness; in her soul, by sorrowful feelings of being forsaken, and long dryness. He forced her also to break the last thread that attached her to creatures and to herself. But that is not all. God is jealous of His own gifts. And then commenced incomprehensible trials! The well beloved Master appeared to Teresa, but each time that he appeared, she was obliged, under obedience, to take holy water and throw it on the vision, to break what she had been told was a deceit of the angel of darkness, appearing as an angel of light, and Teresa did it, and when the glorious apparition looked at her with a long look of love, when her whole heart said to the Lord: "Come! Come!" she took the holy water; she threw it upon the sweet image, and she said: "Be gone!" Thus God detached her from his own gifts, and after having detached her from herself by inexpressible sufferings, He detached her still more from herself by sufferings a thousand times more sorrowful, and left her in a fearful doubt, between obedience and humility, which said to her: "You deceive yourself," and the warm certainty of her pure and tender soul which said to her: "It is truly Himself!"

And it was only when this was accomplished, when Teresa, after the agony, could have said: "It is finished," it was only then that God recompensed His servant, and He came to her with joys of which she with all her genius and all her heart was powerless to describe the incomprehensible sweetness. Suffering souls, behold your first consolation: "Aut pati, aut mori,—to suffer or to die." Since suffering comes from God, it is a token of His love. God strikes you in that which you hold most dear; He asks you the sacrifice of that which is nearest to your heart. Why? What does He will from you with all those multiplied strokes? He wishes to have your soul; He wishes to have it purified; He wishes it entirely. The cause of all your sufferings is the Divine jealousy; you wish to give to creatures the heart which was made for God; you wish at least to divide between the creature and Creator, and God will not have this division. And if you resist,—and, alas! who does not resist, at some time—God will follow you, will strike you, will crush you; He will crush in the depth of your heart all that is most tender and delicate. When all shall be destroyed, then the light will shine and the face of Jesus will appear to you all covered with blood, but shining with the love He has for you. Who can doubt but that it appeared thus to Teresa, and that she did not find in the contemplation of it the key of the mystical palace, into which she wished to bring all faithful and generous souls. Aut pati, aut mori,—to suffer or to die! Again, why? Because suffering is the most assured token of the love God has for a soul, but also the most fruitful source of the love that a soul has for God. According as a soul purifies itself, is detached, that she finds herself in the universal desolation and abnegation the holy poverty to which the Divine jealousy wished to reduce her, in the measure that soul is loved, the soul in turn loves more and more. Whosoever will have a celestial love, must be resigned to celestial rigours. Celestial love is not a thing that can be purchased at a low price. What says one of our poets: "Thou knowest Lord if lightning and

tempests are not necessary to the pearl in the depth of the sea."

Who knows? In the physical order doubtless we are ignorant; but in the moral order, the thing is certain. Yes, tempests of the heart are necessary; long and painful sorrows, desolation, weakness, mortal obscurity in which all appeared lost. Yes, lightning and tempests are necessary to form in the heart that precious pearl, that divine pearl, that only true pearl,—divine love!

Aut pati, aut mori!—To suffer or to die! Why, again? Because it is in suffering and by it that we do the divine work best, that souls are transformed and saved.

The immolation of Jesus upon His Cross has been the salvation of the world, and all souls that wish to have a part in the work of Jesus must have part in His sacrifice. Teresa understood well; she wished that her daughters should be victims and apostles, victims before being apostles; she was the first to immolate herself and to pray upon that cross, upon which she loved so much to nail herself. She offered to God her tears, her ardent desires, her penances, her secret sufferings, for the conversion of pagans, of heretics, and of sinners. And who can tell the fruit of such a holocaust? Who knows how much the prayers and sufferings of a St. Teresa weigh in the balance of the divine mercy? Her daughters still continue her work, they immolate themselves, and, by their immolation save souls, who perhaps will never in this life, know to what unknown devotion they owe their conversion and their salvation. A young man passed through the streets of one of our great cities at an advanced hour of the night; he returned from his pleasure, either frivolous or sinful; he entered his solitary chamber. Suddenly, without his knowing why, memories of a far-off past returned to him; memories of forgotten prayers which his mother had taught him; memories of a pure and pious childhood; memory of his first communion. His heart softened; tears fell from his eyes; the evil of his life appeared to him; he fell upon his knees, and his eyes sought the image of the Holy Virgin or that of God crucified. He found perfume remaining in the vase,

—the faith of his first years. Who has worked this miracle? He knew not, but while he returned carelessly through the streets of that great city, there was in a cell in a Carmelite convent a poor daughter of St. Teresa, who suffered, who prayed, who wept, and these tears, these prayers, these sufferings, rose towards Heaven on the wings of love, and have descended upon those of grace, and have fallen in a shower of light upon that soul then converted.

To suffer or to die! If I cease to suffer, I might almost believe that God has ceased to love me!

To suffer or to die! If I cease to suffer, I might believe that I myself cease to love God, or at least to increase in His love!

To suffer or to die! As it is in suffering that souls are saved and that prayer is never so fruitful as when it comes from a heart broken by sorrow!

"To suffer or to die!" All are not called by God to say such a generous word; there would be, perhaps, some rashness in asking suffering or death, without being drawn thereto by secret attractions of grace; but all, at least, when suffering comes, they can receive it as a heavenly visitant, which brings the most tender token of the love of God for their souls, the surest means of returning God's love and the divine secret, of giving to their prayers, purified in tears, an all-powerful fecundity.

The Sanctuary Lamp.

In the chapel dimly burning,
With its softly flickering light,
Hangs the lamp of the Sanctuary
Before the altar day and night.

Like a censor swinging always
In the courts of Heaven above,
Fit companion of the Tabernacle
Where dwells the God of love.

Humble resting place on earth
Yet He deigns to live therein,
Where the sorrow-laden pilgrim
Can bring his grief and woes to Him.

And the little lamp keeps burning,
To guide the pilgrim home,
Seems to say: "Come you burthened,
The living God awaits thee here!"

Knows he's coming to God's altar
Sees the friendly light afar,
And the weary pilgrim rises
On wings of Fate, and Hope's lone star.

Gentle guard of silent worship
Casting shadows on the floor,
Little lamp so true and faithful
Burn thou on forever more.

Nocturne.

I.

O'er the lone city, night winds are sighing,
Quickly, O, quickly, the hours are dying;
Bright glows the angel-star,
Through Heaven's azure bar,
While o'er the past afar,
Glad thoughts are flying.

II.

In the white star-light, shadows are creeping,
In the green meadows, daisies are sleeping,
Laden with precious tears.
Thy face dear, sweet, appears
Through the sepulchral years,
Safe in love's keeping.

III.

Face of my childhood, tender and beaming!
See, now the pure smiles gently are streaming,
From its blue sunny eye,
Bright as the opal sky!
O, what a picture! I
Saw in my dreaming.

John Penryn's Renunciation.

FRANCIS W. GREY.

II.

That these two, of whom I have told you, should meet from time to time was only to be expected, seeing how they loved each other. They went to the same church, as I said, and were doubtless, the cause of many distractions, he to her, and she to him. But Ellen, as a favorite with the Vicar's wife, taught the infant's class in the Sunday school, a task for which she certainly had a vocation, as she has shown since, so that when the Vicar took his Sunday school children and teachers to Hampton Court, for their annual "treat," it was only natural, as one may say, that John and Ellen should wander off into Bushey Park together. If the Vicar saw them go, he did not worry about either of them, but, good man, he was, most probably, far too much occupied in organizing the sports of his beloved choir boys who adored him, as he well deserved.

At all events they wandered off together, as was "only natural," and perfectly innocent. It was a day on which it was good to be alive, when all nature seemed to be in harmony with their hearts. Then as they both came from that fair west country, about which I said so much—perhaps too much—at the beginning of this story; they fell to talking about the places they both knew and loved, which was a fairly safe topic of conversation.

"Did you ever see Edinborough Abbey?" he asked after a silence which was certainly less safe—if love be danger—than their previous talk.

"Once," he answered, 'a friend of mine and I went there from Battleminster Mission House to a Corpus Christi Procession,'—a remark that showed that the "act of schism," still remained unforgotten. Perhaps—who knows—unrepented as well, however sincerely he may have tried to persuade himself to the belief that it was a "sin."

"Do the Romanists have Corpus Christi processions?" she enquired, quite simply. Coming as she did, from East-bury Saint Simons, she was "a well in-

structed Catholic," but she honestly believed as her question showed, that "devotion to the Blessed Sacrament, as evidenced in such processions, was peculiar to "the church in these provinces." It was "our branch of the Church Catholic," when John and I were at Battleminster, but our friends have travelled a long way since then, though it is not so very many years ago.

Whereupon, there ensued a change of confidences in respect of another common interest, stronger, even, than their Wessex patriotism, namely, the religion which was so much to both of them, the life of life to each. Else, had it been far otherwise with her, at least, by vow; with both, maybe, in days that were nearer than they dreamed. In truth, they dreamed of nothing but happiness, together, a life spent in work for God's poor and for God's Church—as it was to them. How far, in what way, their dream came true, you shall know if you will follow me to the end.

In the meantime, a few hours of such intimacy brought them, by those convergent paths I spoke of, nearer to one another than weeks of ordinary intercourse could have done; so near, in fact, that the paths—his love and hers, that is—may be fairly said to have converged. If so, could they ever be held to have diverged again, in reality, however widely they may have seemed to do so? Certain it is that ere they joined the others, he had asked her: "May I call you Ellen?" and she answered—almost, he fancied, with a shudder—"Not that, not that!" from which he guessed that the name reminded her of her unhappy married life.

"What shall I call you then, little one?" he asked, gently, glad to think that she would wish to banish past associations from her memory, and begin, as it were, a new life with this new, surely this first, real love of his and hers.

"Call me little one, won't you?" she whispered, not meeting his gaze, but letting her eyes rest on the grass on which they two were walking.

"Little one, Parvula," he returned, more gently than ever, and so he called her to the end. "Pray for Parvula," he said to me, when I saw him last, and, now that he is with his Lord, I feel sure he prays for her still. It was a fitting name for her; so fitting that even the Reverend Mother at the Convent of the Retreat in Bruges, speaks of her as "*la petite soeur Helene*," which is her version of it. For it is among the English and Irish orphans there—rescued from London slums—that Parvula exercises her vocation. It was the Vicar's wife who remained her friend to the end, that suggested this to her, and the priest who received her gladly arranged matters for her. That her charges worship her, I need not tell you. And Parvula's daughter will, I doubt not, follow in her mother's steps.

This, again, is anticipating the course of my story. The weeks and months went by, uneventfully enough, for a while Ellen, more wise than her lover, made a confidant—and accomplice—of the vicar's wife, who quite approved, and won her husband's approval, without any difficulty at all. Moreover, Mrs. Vicar, who knew the girl's character, and how worthy she was of her coming happiness, suddenly discovered that she needed a companion in the vicarage, and asked Ellen to supply the need. So that John, who lived at the vicarage, saw his darling every day and all day long, when in the house, which was not so much or so often as, doubtless, they were both sorely tempted to wish.

But, at the end of the summer, an outbreak of cholera occurred in a peculiarly filthy slum, and John, who worked as the Vicar knew he would do, ended by catching it, and was ordered a sea voyage. He begged to be married before starting, and to take Parvula with him—so they had all grown to call her—but the Vicar was inexorable, and he had to go alone, much to his distress and Parvula's. Afterwards, they had cause to thank God, as you shall see.

It was the doctor who had named Australia; the Vicar, who knew that the late Bishop of Woolloomooloo was working as a "Roman priest" in the suburbs of Melbourne, would have preferred some other port as safer under the

circumstances, for John would, of course, visit his brother. Away from "Catholic" influences—for Australian churchmen are sadly Protestant—what might not happen?

Now, I should not like to say that Father Henry Penryn set out—as we say—to convert his brother, but the two certainly talked a great deal on what is called controversy, in a very uncontroversial spirit, and the priest certainly prayed, as well he might, that God would reward his brother's good faith, with the gift of true faith. But, humanly speaking, it was John's love that made him a Catholic in the end. You will remember my saying—as excuse for a love-story—that a higher love—the love of God—underlay and over-ruled John's love for the girl he would fain have made his wife. That divine love had, hitherto, underlain the human, had made it pure, innocent and unselfish. Now, the higher was about to over-rule the lower, and bring it to such consummation, such perfection—ending, I may not call it, knowing what I know—as only God can bring about, and only in His elect. That is, the earthly love, *ignitum vehementer*, as the Psalmist says, set on fire exceedingly at the heart of God, was to be absorbed therein; was to be, henceforth, solely love to Him, and to her, in Him and for Him—to quote Thomas a' Kempis—in a sense and to a degree, unattainable and unimaginable till then. It was to be, *purgatum septuplum*, purified sevenfold, in the furnace of affliction, that it might be precious in the sight of the Most High. Truly, *Sacrificium Deo spiritus contribulatus*, a troubled spirit that turns to Him—"ad Dominum cum tribularer clamavi, when I was in trouble, I cried unto the Lord"—is a sacrifice well pleasing to God.

How the trouble came you shall hear. Father Henry, returning one day from the hospital, said, half-jestingly, half-seriously: "I wish you were a priest, even if only an Anglican one."

"Why?" asked John, looking up from the Summa of Saint Thomas, which he was studying with a sense of forbidden pleasure, to be sure, yet, also, as if a new world of thought had been revealed to him. Why had he never come across

anything like this before, deep, sound and pious as many Anglican divines undoubtedly were, the early XVII century ones, especially? "Because there is a 'case' in the accident ward," returned the priest, "who doesn't seem likely to recover, and who badly needs, by his own account, to go to confession, or to 'open his grief,' as we used to say, at the very least. 'They told me he was a Catholic, but I found, on questioning him, that he was one of yours, and even in extremis, as he seems to be, he won't be 'guilty of schism,' as he says, by confessing to me. I admire his consistency, but I am sorry for him, I must say.'"

"Will none of our men hear his confession?" enquired John, with a serious earnestness that befitted the occasion.

"Your men, my dear fellow," replied his brother, "are Protestants to a man, in your sense, to say nothing of mine, with the exception of Duncombe of All Saints, St. Kilda, who happens to be in England. So that our would-be penitent must confess to me or to you."

"To me! How could he?" John was honestly shocked.

"Well, you see," was the reply, "from my point of view, it is a choice between a layman and a priest, and since a priest he won't have, he may as well unburden himself to a layman who is in sympathy with him, as you would be, failing our good friend, Duncombe. You must forgive plain speech, even if it hurts your feelings, but truth is always wholesome, if not always palatable."

"Then you really think—" began John, but his brother did not allow him to finish.

"My dear fellow," he said, kindly, "I don't think, I know, that 'your men'—to use your own expression—have no orders, in our sense of the word, nor in the Greek 'orthodox' sense, for that matter, or I shouldn't be where I am; but that," he added, "is too long and too serious a question to discuss at present. 'This man, Henshaw'—John started at the name, with a sense of coming trouble, "as under the shadow a cross," he said later—"is probably dying, and you must urge him to make an act of contrition, at the very least. If he makes a clean breast of it, at the same time, I shall have hopes for him; not other-

wise. 'With the mouth confession is made unto salvation,' you know."

And John went, knowing as he told me afterwards, to what it was he was going; a premonitory consciousness not so uncommon as we might think, particularly with those who live close to God. He surely gives them some such foretaste of the cross He is about to lay on them. Sometimes, that is, not always. John declares he knew what was coming, and I believe he did. Of course you may say, if you will, that the name "Henshaw" which Father Henry had mentioned, was enough to account for this presentment. Possibly, yet, even so, it does not alter my view—or his—of God's dealing with him in this matter. He would say—as I do—that the "mere mention" of the name in question was God's hint—may I use the word?—of what he had to expect.

I do not say that the full truth, when he learnt it from Henshaw's lips, did not come to him with a shock that seemed to pierce his very soul to the quick. He knew—as he said—the cross that he was about to take up, but it bore him down to the very dust, none the less. But love conquered, as love will; the love of Christ swallowed up the human passion, absorbed, transformed and new-created it. He loved Christ more, not Parvula less. In truth he loved her more, I really believe, after he knew all, than he had done theretofore, if that were possible, but it was a love in which there was no taint of passion or desire of possession, no hope of fruition in this life; he loved her as we love the dear ones who have passed within the veil. She was dead to him, and he knew it. But he did not love her less, only differently. The divine love that underlay the lower love had begun to over-rule it, and would finish by making it one with itself. There could be no end to this love, since it had been made part of Love Infinite.

But Henshaw did not die, nor, I think, did dear old John ever think he would; happiness was not, he felt sure, to come to Parvula and to himself, by such a simple road as that; he would have shrunk from wishing for it as from deadly sin. So he wrote a letter to his love, no longer his in the old way,

though more than ever his in the way to which the old one had been meant, all along, to lead him, and her as well. I have the copy, which he kept, but it seems to me too sacred—I use the word with all deliberation—to quote from. If I have drawn anything like a true picture of him, you will not find it hard to guess how and what sort of a letter he would write.

But, at the end, he told his love, that he was about to become a Catholic. I said that it was, humanly speaking, his love that made him one, but it was his love after it had become absorbed in his love to God. So that it was more than “humanly speaking,” it is the simple truth. It was not merely disappointed, hopeless love that led him to the Fold of Christ, our Lord; it was love transformed, new-made by God Himself, whereby He brought His chosen servant to his desired haven. That he should implore Parvula to study the matter for herself, was only what one would expect him to do, that he should pray for her, was only the natural outcome of his love. In fact, had he not always done so?

That he should have chosen the Brown Scapular of Mount Carmel, rather than the black, one of St. Benedict, was due, I fancy—under God, of course—to the fact that a holy Belgian Carmelite from Bruges, was his room-mate on the return voyage to Europe. That is how, when I was at Bruges, some years ago, I found that the celebrant at High Mass on the feast of St. Joseph, was none other than my old friend, John Penryn, whom I had not seen or heard of since the announcement which reached me in Canada, that his brother, Father Henry, had received him into the church. What our meeting was like and how we talked, you may imagine, but I cannot tell you here.

I saw him once more, last year, in Bruges, but it was on his death bed. His love, the Prior told me, with tears in his eyes, for they all loved him, had worn him out, “*An a brule le coeur*,” he said, and I really believe it was so. He told me what he had learned from his old Vicar, who, still an Anglican, had visited him the year previous, and was still most cordial and friendly, that Par-

vula was a nun—or sister, I am not sure which—at the Convent of the Retreat in Bruges, but that she did not know how near they had been to each other, for months. “Don’t tell her,” he whispered faintly, and added, with the smile we all knew so well, “We have been nearer still—in God’s Heart,” which I feel certain, was literally true.

He lies at rest, in the Carmelite cemetery, with “*Frater Johannes*” and the date, on the headstone, followed by those three letters which mean so much, R.I.P. And Parvula, as I told you, is in charge of the little London orphans at the Convent of the Retreat, who love her as she deserves. Her husband never attempted to claim her; if he had, I am sure the Vicar would have intervened, and proved desertion, so that she would have been safe from him, in any case. She does not know, to this day, whether John is alive or dead, nor does she seek to. Still less that he and she were so near each other for months. She knows they are nearer still—as they always have been and always will be in this life or the other—in the loving Heart of that Lord who loves them, whom they love, and who has given to their love for each other such a consummation. Not an end, for since they are His, and He theirs, and their love one with His to them, and theirs to Him, it will and can have no end, in time or in Eternity.

Francis W. Grey,
Bath., England.

Feast of S. John ante Port: Lat: 1903.

Rebuke with soft words and hard arguments.

Rank and riches are chains of gold, but still chains.

Position honors no man; the man should shed glory upon the position.

Perfection consists in uniting oneself to God; and the surest means of being united to God is by His Communion.—*St. Liguori*.

How can we wish to be a Christian without desiring to unite ourselves with him who is the author and finisher of our faith.—*Mgr. del la Boullerie*.

Stories of Travel.

By Very Rev. Aloysius M. Blakey, C.P., Vicar General of Nicopolis, Bulgaria.

I.

Everything here below comes to an end! And so it turned out with my visit to "home and native land." Three years of happy toil in divers parts of the United States,—meeting on all sides with good will and encouragement in my task of seeking aid for the poor mission confided to our care in Bulgaria,—and behold me once more en route for a country which is now the theatre of revolution and bloodshed, a boiling cauldron whose seething contents may at any moment overflow, deluging both the Orient and the Occident with all the horrors of internecine strife! A last fond farewell to those "near and dear" (whom I had left just nine years before on a similar voyage) and our good ship the "*Liguria*," of the Italian line, steamed out of pier 64, West 34th street, and we were soon in the "Narrows" and well out of New York's majestic harbor. The weather was such as boded anything but well for a favorable trip across the Atlantic,—high winds and driving rain having prevailed during the night previous to our departure, which took place at 11.30 on April 14th, and lasting for some twenty-four hours thereafter. Copies of New York papers brought on board, ere we weighed anchor, telling of destruction wrought in the city and at more distant points by hurricanes and floods, and prognosticating disasters at sea, cast no slight gloom over the passengers; whilst tales of shipwreck by different members of our party—some of whom had undergone fear-inspiring experiences of that nature—created a feeling among us that was far from reassuring. We had before our minds, moreover, the recollection of cherished friends as they stood on the end of the pier to catch a last glimpse of us, exposed the while to the pelting rain and chilling blasts, their apprehension stamped visibly upon their countenances, yet striving to look cheerful for our sakes. Who, I ask, under circumstances like these, would not feel uncomfortable, to put it lightly, at the possibilities before him?

All of the first day and night the ship pitched and rolled dreadfully. We distinctly heard the timbers creaking under the severe strain to which they were being subjected. The waves splashed up even over the upper deck and crashed against the sides of the staunch old vessel with seeming determination to crush her. Added to these ominous portents was the wretched malaise known as seasickness, which prostrated nearly everyone on board. I may confess, without vanity, however, that I with a few other "good sailors," escaped the indescribable horrors of this distressing malady. Still, though I did not miss the call to meals even once, I passed through what the French aptly term *un mal quart d'heure*, on one occasion.

About the third day a change for the better set in. The winds ceased partially, and the sea grew reasonably calm. A somewhat cheerful spirit began to prevail. Many were still *hors du combat*, it is true, but even for them the worst was over, and we, who had been spared a notable participation in their woes, tried to cheer them by telling them how well we felt, and how greatly we were enjoying the trip, etc. Yet, strange to say (?!), they were ungrateful enough to resent our good offices; and one even went so far as to say that he would willingly suffer another dose of his misery, if thereby he could enjoy the pleasure of seeing us similarly afflicted. Others again wished they could but navigate sufficiently to throw us overboard, etc. Thus was our well-meant sympathy required!

It would be trespassing on your patience to enter into the minutiae of our voyage, particularly as there will be so much to be told of sight-seeing on land after its termination. Still, it may not prove uninteresting to some who read these "stories" to learn that we had the privilege of celebrating the holy sacrifice of the mass, while crossing the ocean. The steamship company, "*Navigazione Generale Italiana Florio e Rubatino*," (which has some hundred and twenty vessels plying between different ports),

makes ample provision for this sacred purpose. One of the officials is charged to see to it that every requirement for Mass is constantly on hand. A large and commodious portable altar is erected every morning in the saloon of the second cabin; neat vestments "of the color of the day" are set out; chalice missal, altar cards, wax candles, wine and altar breads—all of the best—are at the disposition of priests wishing to avail themselves of the opportunity thus afforded them to exercise their sacred functions. Before sailing from New York we obtained the necessary faculties from his Grace Mgr. Farley, hereunto; and after the first three days of our voyage, not a morning passed without several Masses being offered up.

In all, we were seven priests, viz., Very Rev. John Baptist Baudinelli, C. P., Visitor General of the Passionist Communities in the United States (returning to Rome, where he resides); the Rev. Fathers Daniel D. and Henry T. Regan, O.S.A.,—the former, pastor of St. Augustine's Church, Philadelphia, and the latter pastor of St. James' Church, Carthage, N.Y.; Very Rev. Athanasius Butelli, O.F.M., Provincial of the Italian province of the Minor Conventuals in the United States, residing at St. Anthony of Paduas' Church, New York; Rev. Francis J. Van Antwerp, pastor of the Church of our Lady of the Rosary, Detroit, Mich., and the Rev. Joseph Hallssey, pastor of Church of the Sacred Heart, Hudson, Michigan.

These, including my unworthy self, I christened the "Seven Gifts of the Holy Ghost. By a unanimous vote, we elected "Father John" our captain and gave him the seat of honor at our table. He appointed Rev. Daniel Regan, his first lieutenant, the latter being the biggest man among us, turning the scales at 260 pounds. I sat on the right of F. John, as "Understanding" (he being "Wisdom"); next followed F.H.T. Regan, F. Daniel Regan (brothers), F. Hallssey, F. Van Antwerp and F. Athanasius, as "Counsel, Fortitude, Knowledge, Piety and Fear of the Lord," respectively. There were also seven physicians on board—the "Seven Wise Men of Greece"—and had there been as many lawyers, I think I would have dubbed them the

"Seven Capital Sins." Fortunately, for the peace of the company, however, there was not so much as one, and, consequently, there was no litigation to disturb our equilibrium. (The sea acted the part of the lawyers in this respect!)

On the first Sunday of our voyage, April 19th, two public Masses were celebrated; the first at 7.30, by Father John, for the steerage passengers, and the second at 10.30, for the cabin passengers. The latter fell to my lot, and my congregation was composed of Catholics, (the captain and officers of the ship, except those actually on the "watch," assisting), Jews and Protestants, among the latter a Ritualist minister—the Rev. H.J. Meigs, of Philadelphia—who edified all present by his reverential attitude, remaining in a kneeling posture and in devout recollection throughout the services. After the "Communion," I preached from the gospel of the days (St. John, chapter 22nd) viz.: on our Saviour's manifestation of Himself to the Disciples after His Resurrection. Father John did likewise after the gospel of his Mass. On the second Sunday the services were held at about the same hours, Father Van Antwerp officiating and preaching at the second Mass, and Father John at the first. The non-Catholics expressed themselves as favorably impressed on both Sundays. Indeed, the priests were great favorites with them, and the invitations to call on them on our return to the U. S. were both numerous and cordial. The two weeks spent on board were pleasant in the extreme. Favorable weather prevailed for the most part, after the first three days. Games of "shuffle-board, etc." were common during the day, and in the evening music, both vocal and instrumental—the ladies on board favoring their fellow-passengers with occasional selections—helped to while away the time most agreeably. No one could have been more gentlemanly and entertaining than our worthy captain, Chevaliere Francesco Ausaldo, who made himself all to all. Several times he invited all hands on the Bridge—particularly when land was sighted, such as the Azores, the coasts of Portugal, etc., etc., giving us free use of the ship's telescopes, and explaining all points of interest. In

these courtesies he was vied with by other officers of the ship. What impresses every traveler at sea is the fact that days sometimes pass without seeing a single vessel, and the thought comes naturally: What would become of us in case of disaster—fire or shipwreck, for instance? The captain told us that in event of our being obliged to abandon the steamer, we would take to the lifeboats, and steer for the nearest course of incoming or outgoing vessels. We saw the working of the "boats"—how both fresh water and "hard tack" for several days' consumption were stored in them, and we breathed a silent prayer that we might be spared availing ourselves of so perilous a means of rescue. We passed Gibraltar in the night-time, but did not stop there. On coming from Naples to New York three years before, I landed on this famous rock, and I saw the sights it affords to those who visit it. Our present voyage was, I may say, without incident. Of course, we saw the usual sea porpoises (dolphins), etc., and early on the morning of April 28th, the feast of our holy founder (of the Passionists), we steamed into the "Bay of Naples," said to be the most picturesque harbor in the world. Certainly it has many claims to this distinction, both because of its natural beauty and its historic associations. Yet, the "Golden Horn," of Constantinople, which I had every opportunity of inspecting on occasion of my four different visits to that world-renowned city, is, to my mind, its superior in several respects. The harbors of San Francisco and of Rio de Janeiro, too, dispute the honors with "Il Golfo di Napoli." Quite a sight met our view as we cast anchor. Side by side lay fourteen British men-of-war,—dark, slate-colored monsters—forming part of the convoy which escorted the royal yacht that bore King Edward VII to Italy just a couple of days prior to our arrival at Naples. They could have entered the lists with Mount Vesuvius, (which was likewise in full view), and have rivalled it in laying waste the territory for miles around. Their mission on this occasion, however, was one of peace.

As we could not disembark before eleven a.m., Father John and I said

Mass on board in honor of St. Paul of the Cross, whose sons in religion we are. About the hour just mentioned, we descended the ship's ladder and took seats in the small rowboats that were waiting to convey us ashore. We found the Italian customs officials courteous and lenient to a degree that surprised us. We declared the few dutiable articles we had, set them out ourselves for inspection, and the "Doganieri" took our word that we had nothing more of that nature,—not opening any of the trunks and numerous valises of our party (seven, as already stated), but marking them with the customary sign indicative of their having been duly examined. Thus we were spared much trouble and annoyance, to say nothing of the delay to which persons coming from foreign ports are often subjected.

As our time in Naples was limited, we made the best of it. Our entire party (i.e., the "Seven Gifts") put up at the Hotel de Geneve, and, after a brief rest, set out "to do the town." As I had spent a week in Naples three years previous, I had a pretty good idea of the city. On this occasion, however, we visited the ancient Benedictine monastery, known as "San Martino," which (like countless other religious establishments throughout the country) has been sequestered by the anti-Christian rulers of "United Italy." This monastery is situated on a very high eminence which dominates the entire city, and from whose summits a ravishing view of the "Bay" and the surrounding country is obtained. It abounds in magnificent works of art, painting and statuary, rich wood carvings and mosaics,—the fruit of generations (I might say centuries) of patient toil on the part of the Fathers and Brothers to whom it belonged. Richly illuminated missals and choir books, marvellous frescoes of great antiquity, and by some of Italy's greatest masters; admirable specimens of "Majolica work" are to be seen everywhere throughout this wondrous cloister. But now it is a national monument (which means that the State has appropriated it,—stolen, would be a better word), and it has been converted into a museum, where visitors on the payment of "rena lire," i.e., twenty cents in our money,

can feast their eyes upon triumphs of art wrought by the spiritual children of St. Benedict during ages past. I must not omit to say that when the suppression of monasteries and convents took place, after the unification of Italy, Religious, in many instances, were indiscriminously told to "get out," and to take nothing with them but their immediate clothing, a miserable pittance being assigned to them by the robber government, in lieu of all their rightful belongings—hardly enough to keep them alive. This was the case with the monks of San Martino. Even the consecrated vessels, to wit, chalices, ciboriums, ostensoriums and the vestments used for the celebration of Mass, etc.—many of them of richest material and exquisite make—were "confiscated," and are now sacrilegiously exposed to public view in glass show-cases. There is not a city in Italy where similar acts of vandalism and desecration have not been perpetrated—and perpetuated. And how numerous have these suppressions been! Under Napoleon the First, towards the beginning of the last century; under Victor Emmanuel—"Il Re galantuomo"—in whose time the Kingdom of Naples (and, later, the Papal States) were aggregated to the Kingdom of Savoy; and, finally, upon the entrance of this "Robber King," and his Garibaldian supporters into the City of the Popes, through the "Breach of Porta Pia."

I shall have more to say on this subject later on. For the present, let us return to our sight-seeing. Whoever has beheld Pompei and Herculaneum, as has been my fortune both times I visited Naples, can form an idea of the treasures of ancient art contained in the "National Museum" of that city, whither the most valuable objects—comprising a wide range of matter—have been transported from the excavations made until now in those monumental ruins. This institution I visited in company of the Rev. Fathers Regan and Hallissey, and we were simply overwhelmed, not only by the multiplicity of bronze and marble statuary, household utensils, objects of vertu and bric-a-brac—for the ancients had even this modern (?) fad,—etc., etc., but also by the exquisite taste and consummate knowledge of art everywhere

displayed. We felt (as was the case when we walked through the resurrected streets of deserted Pompei) that we were living in the past. It was impossible to give even a faint idea here of the chef d'oeuvres which abound in lavish profusion in the "National Museum"; but several hours spent within its walls would more than suffice to convince even the most skeptical that the art of our times is but a dim shadow of that evolved by the masters of two thousand odd years ago. It was with regret, however, that I found in the galleries of paintings in the museum many sacred subjects stolen from San Martino's and other churches.

Our next excursion was to the justly celebrated "Aquarium" (said to be the finest in the world). Here almost every known representative of the finny tribe—excepting, as a matter, of course, the larger species—is to be found. The arrangement of the glass-faced tanks along the walls is at once perfect and strikingly unique. I must confess, in this connection, that the aquariums I saw at the World's Fair in Chicago, and at the Pan-American Exposition of Buffalo did not afford me as much pleasure or instruction as this one. (Let the grand coming exhibition at St. Louis take notice). An attendant was at hand to wake the fish, etc., if dormant, and, so to speak, to put them through their evolutions, as also to explain interesting data, when asked for information. Samples of luxurious sea vegetation, corals, crustaceous substances, etc., of multifarious descriptions, and many wonderful minutiae from the ocean's depths were most artistically, and withal, naturally arranged in the respective tanks, giving a lively idea of the world beneath the waters. The Aquarium is situated in the "Piazza Vittoria," (a park bordering on the Mediterranean), which, in itself is a "thing of beauty and a joy forever."

My companions visited several noted churches, and among them the "Duomo" (Cathedral), where the head of St. Januarius, the protector and patron saint of Naples, together with vials containing a portion of his blood, are preserved with greatest care and veneration. But as I had seen these sacred edifices when in the "City of the Gulf" (Citta del

Golfo) in May, three years ago, I did not accompany them. On the occasion just referred to, I witnessed the stupendous miracle of the "Liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius," and kissed the reliquary in which it is contained, some six times during the eight days including and following the first Sunday in the "Month of Mary," assisting on one of these at the solemn pontifical Mass, celebrated by the Cardinal Archbishop of Naples in the magnificent chapel of the Saint.

But the, in many respects, most memorable event of my sojourn in Naples this time was the ascent of Mount Vesuvius. I had read various descriptions of this feat, but I learned from personal experience that "seeing is believing." In company of my indefatigable co-voyagers, the Revs. Regan and Hallissey, I went by train from Naples to Pompei, on Thursday, April 30th. I had traversed the winding mazes of the latter city in May, 1900, but I found that fresh excavations and discoveries on an extensive scale had been made since that date. When we had seen all there was to be seen, we wended our way to "Cook's Hotel," where we dined, and then took a carriage for the volcano. This vehicle conveyed us by a serpentine road up the side of the mountain, (4000 feet elevation) to the "station," from which the Incline Plane starts. This, in turn, brought us to the point whence the rest of the ascent must be made on foot or in a species of palanquin, carried on the shoulders of brawny mountaineers. Those who do not like so seemingly risky a means of transportation can take hold of a rope or strap fastened around the waist of the guide, (without whom no one is allowed to proceed, after leaving the car of the "Incline"). I chose this method of locomotion, as did also Father H.F. Regan. But after about half an hour's extremely difficult and fatiguing plodding through ashes and cinders ankle deep, (our shoes being, by this time, full of both) I grew so tired (though by no means exhausted) that I thought it wise to accede to the suggestion of my two guides, viz.: to let them carry me upon their shoulders the rest of the way. This then they did with great deftness, each

putting one arm around the other's neck, and I placing myself upon the human platform thus made. This rendered further progress easy (for me !)

"Father Dan," as we loved to call the dear fellow, whose heart is as big as himself, ensconced himself in the palanquin or sedan chair. But Father Hallissey, whose ambition surpasses his physical endurance, resolutely refused all aid, and bravely struck out for himself. The effort came near costing him very dear; for when we got part way up the almost perpendicular, one hundred and fifty yards intervening between the last station of the "Incline" and the summit of Vesuvius, he began to give out and had to be helped forward by a couple of guides in spite of himself. Arrived at the top and within some thirty feet of the crater, he was completely outdone, and sank to the ground in a dead faint—caught as he was falling in the strong arms of "Father Dan." The guides applied such restoratives as were available under the circumstances; but it was quite a while before the poor man came too, and we were all greatly alarmed. Altogether, we were half an hour within the distance just mentioned of the blazing crater (which was vomiting forth smoke and lave every few moments) instead of the ten minutes we would otherwise have remained in such dangerous proximity to the "Mons parturiens." When our patient finally began to show signs of returning vitality, I ran to the edge of the crater, with one of the guides and gazed down into its yawning depths, at a moment of comparative calm; but all on a sudden the guide pulled me away, bidding me run for my life, and hardly had we gotten back to where my companions were grouped about our still prostrate friend, when another eruption took place, hurling large stones and clouds of smoke high into the air; but, fortunately, none of us was struck. This was the third eruption during our half hour's stay on the mountain-top, and we were unanimous in the desire to get away as soon as possible. So, several of the guides picked up Father Hallissey and carried him tenderly down the precipitous slope; but, once more he swooned away, and they were obliged to lay him on the hot ashes and rub his breast

and limbs, as they had done before, and bathe his face with the "Lachrima Christi" wine, pressed from grapes grown on the sides of the volcano (but very far from the summit), a supply of which they carried with them. Again he revived, and the farther we proceeded on the down grade—the air becoming constantly more suited to human respiration—the better he grew. We were all most thankful to God that matters turned out thus, and our satisfaction even showed itself in amiably twitting him for his ambition to "go it alone," and in reiterated, but good-natured, "I told you so's." The gladdest man amongst us, however, was himself, and he piously registered a vow never to climb any mountain, whatsoever, again. We had taken five hours to reach the crater, i.e., from Pompei; but once out of the car of the "Inclined Planes" on the descent, we let our Jehu trace down the balance of the road at a vertiginous speed, so eager were we to return to our comfortable quarters at the Hotel Geneve. We had left it at seven in the morning, and we got back to it at eight p.m.—having gone nowhere but to Pompei and Mount Vesuvius. I must not omit stating that one of our guides after the third eruption, pressed pennies into molten lava, and gave them to us, thus environed as souvenirs. We were told that the volcano had been unusually active for some twenty days, and that at times within that period, the ascent was considered too perilous to be attempted. Surely, it was bad enough as it was. At least so thought my companions and I.

Father John and I made some very delightful social calls on friends of his, notably Count Carlo Chiranda, whose elegant residence fronts on the superb "Piazza Vittoria," mentioned in connection with the celebrated Aquarium. We dined, by invitation, with this gentleman and his interesting family, comprising his wife, a son and a daughter, and we enjoyed that delicate and cordial hospitality for which noblemen of the count's type are justly renowned. We also paid a visit to our Passionist brethren near Naples in the afternoon of the festival of St. Paul of the Cross, and were present at solemn vespers with

them in his honor. What a pleasure it was to meet these, our dear Fathers and Brothers on so happy an occasion! I had made their acquaintance when setting out from Naples for New York in 1900, and was delighted to renew it. Our appearance among them in our civilian's attire was a revelation to them; for Religious in Italy never use this garb, but always go about in the habit of their Order, even in the cities, or when making long journeys. The community referred to have recently acquired a quaint old monastery of three hundred years' standing, and a pretty little church built in picturesque style of the Middle Ages. Both are situated on a high hill abutting on the private road leading to the royal summer palace of Victor Emmanuel the Second. It is a most attractive, but withal a most solitary spot, eminently favorable to the exercise of prayer and meditation. On the day following our call, two of the Fathers returned our visit at the hotel, coming in their coarse, black tunics, and with sandalled feet. Imagine such an apparition in an American city!

On the first of May, at 8 a.m., Father John, Father Hallissey and myself left Naples for Rome, where we arrived about one o'clock in the afternoon. The Fathers Regan remained behind for further sight-seeing. Father Van Antwerp had preceded us to the Eternal City on an errand which I shall state in my next contribution. Until then, farewell!

(To be continued.)

Honesty controls many friends.

Books without the knowledge of life are useless; for what should books teach but the art of living?

Scenes, circumstances, conditions, events, actions, environments of days gone by, can never be reproduced. In the future it will be the same. Each generation has its day, each nation, each man. History never repeats itself. Its revolutions are always evolutions of new combinations, new forces, new transactions, new results. You can never do again what you did, and, in a every important sense, you can never undo what you have done.

Saint Albert of Messina.

Of the Order of Carmelites.

By the COUNTESS DE BEAUREPAIRE DE LOUVAGNY

Translated from the French by Miss S. X. BLAKELY.

CHAPTER XV.

St. Albert Avenges His Desecrated Tomb

After a glorious reign of one and forty years in the year 1387, King Frederic died. He had peacefully terminated a life spent in struggles for the independence of Sicily. The island, at least for the time, remained separated from the kingdom of Naples.

Two conditions, however, had been imposed on Frederic I. He was to marry Eleanor, third daughter of Charles II., king of Naples, and to assume the title, "King of Trinacra." This name was formerly given to Sicily on account of its triangular form, and the three capes which terminated each of its three angles. These conditions had been filled from the year 1302, and some years of tranquil prosperity had Sicily enjoyed.

But in the history of nations we find such seasons to be all too brief and fleeting.

The reign of Peter II., who succeeded his father, was a proof of this. Happily it lasted only five years. This short space was sufficient to inspire his subjects with as much hatred for Peter as they had had love for his father. Most unfortunately he vested with full authority the Palizzi family, illustrious and noble, but of an insatiably ambitious spirit. This family was the soul of a powerful faction against which was ranged the race of Clermont, with its adherents. The Clermonts, children of Robert, sixth son of St. Louis, had also numerous adherents. Both contended for the confidence of the king, and this confidence was to be only a prelude to the authority to be enjoyed by the happy favorite. The struggle between the rival factions was not confined to words. Weapons were brought in play. Then to the hatred borne to Peter II. evinced itself in frequent revolts. War began to devastate Sicily and to spread conster-

nation throughout the provinces. And now it was civil war,—a thousand times more terrible than the invasion of a foreign foe. A licentious soldiery went through the country putting everything to waste; they did not even spare the churches. The tombs of the Saints did not meet with any more respect from this infuriated mob. As the rebellion continued to spread, Messina, of course, came within its disastrous path, and the sepulchre of St. Albert was, in a measure, deserted. No one dared to go thither, and render to the venerated remains the defence so justly due them.

One day the sanctuary—she scene of so many benefits to mankind—was invaded by a numerous band of soldiers, who had evidently cast aside all sentiments of respect and thrown every feeling of restraint to the winds. Their object was to desecrate the sacred place by using it as a stable, as an arsenal. They did, indeed, dispose their arms and ammunition as best suited them; then scattered straw upon the floor and led their horses into the nave. God could not permit such a sacrilege. All the horses fell dead.

Instead of entering into themselves, the enraged soldiers fell upon the tomb of the Saint, for their passion forbade them to act like reasonable beings. To open the sarcophagus they went for fresh horses, and placed them in position to pull away the stones; one at the right, the other at the left. They urged them on with loud cries and oft-repeated blows. With one great effort the poor creatures moved. Suddenly the stones parted and the sepulchre opened! Whilst the unfortunate animals also fell dead. Behold a prodigy! The Saint became visible, kneeling in his coffin and apparently asking God to avenge the injury which had been perpetrated. And, truly the Divine Majesty did not wait long to punish the authors of such an outrage.

Terrified, they took refuge in flight, but that did not prevent the justice of God from overtaking them. All were attacked with a fatal illness, to which they succumbed in a very short time. And from that moment no one ventured to attempt any such impious manifestation.

It was admitted that the Lord protected the tomb of His servant. It was henceforth respected by all parties.

For some reason, after several months, the religious of this monastery, fearing new attacks, resolved to change their place of residence. They reverentially raised the precious remains of the Saint and established themselves more in the centre of Messina. Meanwhile, the war continuing, they reasoned that before very long the body would not be secure against outrage. They dared not, however, propose a new translation, for the whole population would have arisen to oppose it. They took counsel, and decided to retain at Messina only a portion of the same.

As to the other—and better—portion they took it to Trapani, and presented it to the monastery at that place. It was there exposed to the veneration of the faithful. In this way the two monasteries had the happiness of possessing the relics of their patron. This was only justice! For, if Albert had passed the greater part of his life at Messina, it was at Trapani that he first opened his eyes to the light. It was there he made his religious profession. Thanks to the above decision, the devotion of the Messinians was not left without their beloved object, and the people still placed all their hopes in the protection of the Saint. As always the latter demonstrated every day the efficacy of the prayers addressed to God in his name.

Not far distant from the new residence of the Carmelites, there was an establishment belonging to a Genoese family. For some reason not known to the authorities already cited, they called it, "The Lodge." Shortly after the fathers moved thither it took fire, and was soon a burning mass. Into the flames, when they were most fiercely raging, a child, called Antinelli, fell. In the fall she was heard to invoke the protection of St. Albert, through the mediation of the Queen of Heaven. To the amazement of

the spectators, Antinelli remained safe and unharmed in her dangerous position, and was found tranquilly awaiting until they came to release her. When they rescued her, she declared that she had not suffered from contact with the flames, and that God had protected her through the merits of his servant, St. Albert.

Antinelli became very much attached to the Carmelites, and as she grew up she remained their faithful friend. During her whole life she was one of their most generous benefactors.

As may be seen, if the Saint cured those who had faith in his powerful intervention, if he rescued from the flames an innocent child, he knew well how to punish those who, in the person of his devoted servant, outraged and insulted the majesty of God.

CHAPTER XVI.

Saint Albert Curses King Frederic II.—
He Ransoms Prisoners. — He
Saves a Vessel from Shipwreck.

The disastrous reign of Peter II ended in the year 1342. Louis, his son, succeeded to the throne. He was too young however, to assume the responsibility of royal power. In his name the Duke de Randazzo, his uncle and tutor, governed wisely and well until 1348; when he died. Howsoever, it happened that this reign was disturbed by the Palazzi, who now vanquished and exiled, then called back, and victorious, were not completely subdued until Frederic II came into power. Louis died in 1355, leaving the crown to his young brother, who, later on, was surnamed "The Simple." The reign of this sovereign gave promise of being a troubled one, and it was so, in truth. Civil war and the invasion of a foreign foe wrought desolation in the land. Such was the sad state of affairs until the year 1372, when Frederic concluded a treaty of peace with Jeanne Queen of Naples.

During this long period he lost and regained Messina and Palermo, by turns.

In the year of grace, 1364, the young king, whose cares and fatigues had already been multiplied, fell seriously ill.

From the very beginning of the malady, the physicians evinced great anxiety

then as it seemed to fasten itself upon the patient with death-like grasp, with one accord they pronounced the case to be hopeless. The patient was, indeed, at the very gates of death. Every moment they thought would be his last. As his nearest relatives stood around his bed, they suddenly had a heaven-sent inspiration. They addressed themselves to the Queen of Carmel and to St. Albert, and in the name of the prince, made the following vow: If the Saint, if the Blessed Mother of the Saviour would obtain his restoration to health, he would, for three years, wear the Carmelite habit. Then they summoned the religious of the Carmelite monastery, at Messina.

The monks immediately responded to the appeal, and brought with them the relics of the Saint. They laid them upon the dying prince, and then made him drink some drops of water in which, for a few moments, a portion of these precious relics had been steeped.

As soon as the prince had tasted the water, he felt better; his anguish ceased; he awoke to consciousness. The next day, assisted by his infirmarians, he was able to sit up and to take a little nourishment. Soon he was in condition to walk. Finally, his health was restored, and he returned to his ordinary duties. He ratified the vow made in his name and assumed the religious habit. He always had maintained the greatest devotion to St. Albert, for he knew how his grandfather had loved the Saint. They had also told him of the engagement made by Frederic I, to go to the canonization of the venerable Carmelite Father.

Meanwhile the various circumstances of his life, the catastrophes of a war, sometimes victorious, and again inimical had postponed the coronation of the king. The time had arrived when the people claimed the fulfillment of this wished-for gratification. But the time during which Frederic was to wear the holy habit, was not yet accomplished.

In consideration of the importance of the affair, the dispensation was obtained, and upon the eve of his coronation Frederic laid aside the tunic and mantle of Carmel for the cuirass and sword of the chevalier.

The anonymous author noted by Vincent Barbe, wherein we find related the preceding facts, adds: "The prodigies,—the recital of which would elicit the greatest admiration, are numerous. I cite the following from among a thousand."

And he continues: "In the same year, some pirates of Africa, with certain Saracen vessels, captured a galley which came from Trapani. They towed it along to the port of Tunis, which was their rendezvous. Scarcely landed, the sailors were loaded with chains, thrown into prison, and subjected to the most frightful tortures. They were forced to remain thus for a long time. They felt unable to endure it longer; but to whom should they have recourse? No human aid could reach them. With one accord they implored the protection of St. Albert, in the following prayer:

"We know, O great Saint! that thou art the faithful servant of God and of the most Blessed Virgin, His Mother. Deign then to extend to us the powerful influence of thy patronage. Come! and by thy merits deliver us from our captivity." The fervent recitations of this prayer went on daily for two weeks. Several times a day it was borne heavenward to the Saint. Not content with the abstinence which the cruelty of their tormentors imposed upon them, they took upon themselves a more rigid fast. They denied themselves even the greater part of the wretched food given to them. Already enfeebled by the privations of every kind so long endured, they certainly could not have maintained such a rigorous course for any great length of time.

One day, nature gave way, and they said they would soon be forced to discontinue it. One morning, before day-dawn, they beheld St. Albert come into their prison cell. The narrow place was illuminated with so dazzling a light, that their eyes, accustomed as they were to semi-darkness, were almost blinded by its glory.

The Saint encouraged them. Then he spoke some words of reproof: "Why did you appeal to me so ungenerally for a while, only to lose your fervor so soon?" The poor prisoners hung down their heads at this reproach; then, taking

courage from the radiant vision, they replied : "We invoke you, O blessed Saint, and we venerate you. We implore you to aid us, without delay, and to set us free lest our despair should impel us to take that which would expose us to everlasting perdition." "Have confidence" replied Albert. "Calm your fears, and henceforth, let your faith be stronger. God has seen your works and approved of them. It is He who sent me to you. Follow me." At these words the prisoners saw the doors of their dungeon open of themselves. At the same time their chains fell off, and they were no longer harassed by their weight. They arose, and without hesitation, followed the miraculous light which indicated the path they should take. They thus reached that door of the prison which opened upon the harbor. This door was open, and they passed out without difficulty. At that moment the light which had guided them vanished. But God would not abandon them ! At some little distance they found a boat, equipped with oars and supplied with provisions. They embarked without losing an instant, and were soon upon the high sea. They had a happy passage. Arrived at Trapani, the men went barefoot from the ferry to the Monastery of Carmel. Tears of joy and gratitude bedewed their emaciated cheeks, evidences of the trials they had endured.

Their families and friends participated in their sentiments of gratitude. They made an offering to our Lord of the Carque, given them by the miraculous intervention of St. Albert. They also offered a portion of their patrimony, and never ceased to address to heaven their fervent protestation of thanks.

We cannot refrain here from pausing some instants to admire the munificence of the goodness of God. If, in all the miracles of St. Albert, we find cause for salutary reflection, not one tends so greatly as the preceding one to inspire us with serious thoughts, with firm resolutions. Do we not see there in the irrefutable proof of the efficacy of prayer, of the necessity of perseverance in our supplications ? "Why did you give up so quickly ?" asked the Saint. Do not those words contain a lesson for the majority of mankind ? There are

many, even amongst those who fulfill their duties as Christians, who are surprised that their petitions are not granted the moment they have formulated their request. And perhaps they are sent heavenward from frivolous or indifferent hearts ! How far removed are those tepid ones from the ardor with which those poor prisoners prayed ! For fifteen days they never ceased repeating their invocations, and yet the Saint reproaches them with having grown weary ! And what a lesson we might learn from the generosity of those unfortunates ! Already exhausted by their sufferings, they make additional sacrifices to obtain, through the intercession of St. Albert, the protection of heaven ! They were almost famished, and yet they willingly inflicted upon themselves a more cruel hunger ! Their strength was exhausted, their frames emaciated ! What matter ! They persevered until life was ready to merge into death. What a sublime example for those laggard Christians who imagine they will climb the loftiest heights, but who stop discouraged, at the first turn of the route.

But the divine goodness is incomprehensible. God wished to try His creatures. He wished to give them an occasion to prove their real merit. He did not wish this proof to be beyond the strength He had given them. The poor prisoners were, owing to the frailty of human nature, about to give up. But their prayers, their courage, gained for them the celestial indulgence.

Our Lord would not permit this little defection of His servants to deliver them over the spirit of darkness. He sent to them the blessed one whom they had invoked, and who, after delivering them, sent them safely to their homes and their country.

They lived only to render thanks to God for His goodness, and to teach us the lesson that in those days of faith, ingratitude towards Divine Providence was very rare. When such a vice was manifested, it was then, as well as to-day, severely punished. With this difference, however ; then such punishment was recognized as coming from the hand of God, and a generous atonement for the fault was the result. To-day, in the

face of evidence, when illness afflicts one, or disaster overwhelms him, such recognition is refused, and the penalty is 'declained against, as an injustice, or, in other words, "fate, or destiny." Far from repenting or doing penance, the present style is to "lay the blame" upon our Lord, instead of condemning oneself. Behold the difference between the two epochs of time !

But to return to the manuscript from which these narrations are cited.

Shortly after the return of the prisoners to Trapani, a vessel set sail from that port to go towards the port of Ostia, which is situated at the mouth of the Tiber. The sailors in charge were all gamblers and blasphemers.

Howsoever it happened, two Carmelite fathers had been obliged to engage passage upon this vessel, where Satan seemed to reign supreme. Without paying the slightest respect to the presence of the monks, they had passed the greater part of the day in gambling, meanwhile making the aid hideous with their abominable blasphemies. One afternoon they seemed more eager for gain than usual,—more enraged at losing than ordinary. Insults came readily to their lips ; these led to oaths—blows followed oaths.

Suddenly the heavens were overcast, a violent wind arose, a storm burst forth with indescribable fury. The waters of the sea became a surging mass. Sometimes the heavy vessel was borne to the top of a foam-crested wave, sometimes it was plunged into a deep valley, or ocean cave. The ship was well constructed. Yet it cracked as if ready to part. The masts swayed, and with weird, mournful whistling, seemed ready to be torn asunder.

Then the two priests, trusting in St. Albert, knelt and invoked aloud, their holy and venerated protector. The sailors looked on, amazed. The most wicked amongst them were ready to hurl their gibes and sneers at the kneeling monks. Meanwhile, the tempest redoubled its efforts. The dark gloom assumed a deeper shade, and enveloped the vessel in obscurity. The sails were torn asunder, the rudder broke, and the ship, deviating from its course, went rushing on to dangerous points where it would

have been certainly dashed to pieces. Terror seized upon the hapless mariners. Many of them yielded to the impulse of divine grace. These knelt and prayed with the Carmelite fathers. Some even joined promises to their fervent supplications. The monks took the deepest interest in them, encouraged them to hope and did not fail to aid them with salutary words of advice. In the face of dangers the most unbelieving are conquered. They all, without exception, went to confession.

But the tempest brew more violent every moment, the peril more imminent, the sea surged and rose, the elements seemed to conspire in one furious attack, to destroy the dismantled vessel. Certainly it could not avoid the rocks ! Shipwreck seemed imminent. The masts could no longer withstand the storm but with a loud noise were precipitated into the sea. In that supreme moment terror rose to the highest point ; the entire crew broke forth in cries and sobs. Prayer grew more supplicatory than ever. Suddenly, like an angel, a man sent by God, became visible to the eyes of the trembling creatures. He was surrounded by a luminous halo, and seemed to be bore upon a cloud of dazzling whiteness. He spoke with great sweetness to the poor creatures, so guilty but a little while ago, so penitent, so fervent now ! "The devil," said he, "destroys in blasphemers the life of grace. But God restores unto them that life." The poor men prostrated themselves before the apparition. They implored him to obtain pardon and deliverance for them. St. Albert—for it was he—encouraged them to hope ; then he ascended towards heaven. The sailors followed him with awe-stricken gaze. At the moment of the Saint's disappearance, they ascertained, on the opposite side Satan, who fled, uttering demoniac yells.

Suddenly, the wind ceased, the surging waves grew calm, and the placid waters bore them happily towards port. A gentle breeze sprang up and accelerated their progress.

After a happy voyage, from that day on, they arrived at the mouth of the Amo, and soon reached the quay of Lissa. Their first care was to make known their wonderful escape from death, and

to give public thanks to God and to His holy messenger of mercy.

CHAPTER XVII.

St. Albert Cures a Poor Little Child.—

He Cures the Son of the Count de Peralta.—He Effects Several Other Miraculous Cures.

In the year of the Incarnation, 1375, at Palermo, a poor mother was overwhelmed with grief at the suffering endured by her child from a very severe attack of dropsy. Her extreme poverty would not admit her to bestow upon it the attention which she otherwise would have given. She was almost ready to despair. The malady growing worse, she begged money enough to purchase medicine, which, however, had no effect, whatsoever. The child did not improve. The desolate mother then thought of seeking aid from St. Albert. She went to the Church, where, before an image of the Saint, a little lamp perpetually burned. She knelt and, whilst the tears were not slow to come, in tones scarce audible for sobs, she prayed thus: "Oh! great Saint! I know well that thou art infinitely loved by our Lord. I know that He honors thee with an intimate affection. He has deigned to operate great miracles,—wonderful prodigies—in favor of those who invoked thee to secure thy protection, and who promised thee the tribute of their veneration. I wish also to supplicate thee. Deign to cast thy eyes upon a despairing mother. Oh! bend thy ear to my prayer, and cure my beloved child." After this invocation, the poor woman took a small portion of the oil from the lamp which kept watch and ward before the Saint, bearing to him the loving thoughts, the fervent homage of his numerous and devoted clients, and left the Church for her home.

Arrived thither, she moistened a piece of cotton in the oil, and anointed the poor little sufferer with it. As soon as it had been applied the latter felt very much relieved, and fell into a peaceful slumber. When he awoke, the swelling had disappeared, the water had vanished and the malignant humor entirely departed. This cure was soon widely circulated through the city.

The great ones of the community gave

him in the person of His servitor; the thanks to God, and rendered glory unto people gave testimony of their joy. Many visits to the chapel were the result of this miracle.

In the same year a cure of a similar nature was effected at Sciacca. This time the subject was a child of noble birth, as if to prove that the mighty and the lowly, provided they are disposed for prayer and sacrifice, possess the same privileges with the Saint.

The young Nicholas, son of the Count de Peralta, fell dangerously ill. He suffered greatly. The most skilful physicians of the island had been employed; they had exhausted all the resources of their art, but no satisfactory result had been obtained. It became their sad duty to announce to the grief-stricken parents that their beloved son was almost at the gates of death.

Still they ordered new remedies, but the intensity of the pain never ceased. The youth suffered even more. The sorrowing parents wept constantly. They deplored their helplessness. They not only could not keep death from their child, but they even could not diminish his pain, which had increased to an insupportable degree. This father, this mother, had reached the climax of their desolation. Not one moment's repose could they take. Their days and nights passed in cruel apprehension. An attack more severe even than the preceding ones threatened to be the last. It was hours in duration. During the night when the crisis seemed to be at hand, a religious whose reputation for sanctity was very great, and who knew the family, had a singular dream. He saw a Carmelite monk go to the apartment of the young invalid, take him in his arms, and embrace him. The boy seemed overwhelmed with joy at the visit.

In the morning the recollection of the dream came vividly to his mind. He was fond of Nicholas, he had prayed for him, and thus it was that he was inspired with hope. He hastened to the castle, and related to the countess his dream, of whose celestial origin he had no doubt. She asked him what he supposed to be its signification. The monk replied that he interpreted it thus:

If her son could not be cured by human skill, he certainly could through the merits of St. Albert. "And," he added, "that should not surprise you, for he receives honor and veneration from every member of your family, and you all acknowledge him to be a wonder-worker. The countess accepted the interpretation of the dream. She promised the Saint to fast on the even of the anniversary of his death, to solemnly observe his feast day, and to have his statue fashioned, by a skilful artist, in silver, with drapings of purest gold. This should be placed upon an altar dedicated to the Saint. In honor of their venerated protector, she would distribute clothing to the poor, and, finally, she would, for a certain time, have her son wear the habit of Mount Carmel.

Then the monk brought the relics of the Saint, placed them in a glass of water, and after having thrice recited the Pater and Ave Maria, he gave a drink of the liquid to the young invalid.

Scarcely had the boy taken it than he felt an extraordinary warmth steal over him, and not a vestige of the pain remained. The next day witnessed the beginning of the fulfillment of all that the countess had promised, and immediately the sick child arose from his bed. He was saved! His noble parents hastened to comply with their engagements. Here is another fact, which, like the preceding is taken from the anonymous author previously cited by Vincent Barbe, and later by ourselves.

In the year of grace, 1385, at Catania, a child who was also called Nicholas, was tormented grievously. He suffered from a painful hernia. Upon the day when the feast of St. Albert was celebrated, he assisted at the exercises with great devotion and fervor. Afterwards he presented himself at the monastery and obtained an interview with the prior. His appearance sufficiently betrayed his suffering, and the father was moved with compassion for him. "What troubles you?" he enquired, "and what do you desire of me?" The child requested permission to tell the cause of his affliction. "Do so," was the rejoinder.

The child then removed his clothing. Several of the monks who were present were astonished at the grave nature of

the malady. The prior was most kind and considerate to the little sufferer. He led him to a tiny oratory, where there was a picture of St. Albert. There he bade him kneel and implore the saint to cure him. In return for this he was to promise to consecrate himself to the service of God in religion. The child obeyed and thrice renewed his prayer, to which he added three Paters and three Aves.

Then he drank of the water, blessed and enriched with the relics of the saint, and rose up entirely cured! He never left the monastery, and after the time of his probation, was solemnly received into the Order of Carmel.

It is recorded that he lived in great holiness until the day of his death.

Catania witnessed another miracle in that very year. A noble dame, whose family was of the highest rank, had for a dreary length of time been afflicted with a cancer of the breast. It was of the most malignant type. Living indeed, but almost devoured by worms!

She had undergone many painful operations to no avail. None had been successful, and the evil only grew worse. The Feast of St. Albert arrived, and despite her sufferings, she wished to assist at the solemn ceremonies which were to mark the day. She therefore went to Church.

The Priest chosen to deliver the panegyric of the saint related a great number of miracles wrought through his wonderful power.

His discourse inspired the noble lady with the idea of asking relief at his hands, for the happy termination of which desire she made the following promise:—

"If God," said she, "will deign to heal this hideous wound, I will offer to the saint a silver statue, I will present ornaments of the purest gold for his altar, and I will celebrate his next feast day with the utmost devotion and fervor."

Then she took away with her a small portion of the water blessed with the relics of the saint.

She bathed the wound with it, and those horrible larvae, of themselves, fell from it, and contrary to all hope, she recovered her health.

Here the author adds this reflection : "There are many incidents of the above nature which might well have a place in this abridgement, but I have selected these as being the most fitting to increase in the hearts of his clients a devotion to the venerated St. Albert.

Meanwhile, to accede to the pious desires of those who intended seeking their cure at his hands, I will, with pleasure, explain how the greater number have been benefitted :

"Take a vase of water and place there in a relic of St. Albert, then repeat, with the attendants, and the patient, if the latter be able to speak, three times the Lord's Prayer, and the Angelical salutation. The priest will afterwards recite the prayer, will make the sign of the Cross over the water, and give it to the sick person to drink. Whilst the latter is taking the water the priest says the following prayer : "O, God, Our Lord, deign to bear a salutary help to this affliction that those who venerate the memory of Thy blessed confessor St. Albert may obtain through his merits deliverance from their ills, through Jesus Christ, Our Lord. Amen.

The Scapular.

The devotion of the scapular is one that is very dear to the Catholics and justly so. The little squares of coarse brown cloth that we wear serve for a double purpose. It is intended to honor the Blessed Mother under the title of Our Lady. The confraternity of the livery and marks us as her devoted servants. To it are attached many spiritual favors and the special protection of Our Lady. The confraternity of the Brown Scapular takes its origin from St. Simon Stock, an English Carmelite monk, to whom it pleased our Blessed Lady to reveal this devotion. Since that time popes and bishops, kings and princes, have esteemed this simple livery of Mary above that of royal ermine, and millions of the lowly children of the Church have found sweet comfort and consolation in being numbered among the servants of Mount Carmel.

To gain the indulgence of the Brown Scapular it is not absolutely necessary

to say any particular prayer in its honor, though it is a common and laudable custom to do so. It should, however, be worn with the consciousness of its purpose, to honor the Blessed Mother of God, and not for mere careless habit. A daily prayer will be a helpful reminder to this end. To receive the indulgences attached to the wearing of the scapular, one must be regularly enrolled by a priest and his name inscribed on a register kept for that purpose. Once enrolled, it is not necessary to have future scapulars blessed. Should the one we have, become worn out, or broken, or lost, we have to but get another and put it on. This we should do without fail, and never, day or night, be without it.

The particular grace we ask for is the grace of a happy death. Some there are who look who look for temporal favors rather than spiritual ones from the wearing of the scapular, and it is a common superstition that one cannot be drowned while wearing it. This is a mistake. The scapular is not a life-preserver, but a grace-preserver, if worn with the proper disposition. That it may some times please our Blessed Lady to reward simple confidence in her all-powerful aid and to save the life of her client is not at all impossible, but we have no promise of hers to that effect. We knew a brave sailor lad, whose skin was black but whose soul was white, a devout son of Mary, who leaped into the sea in a hurricane to save another washed overboard. When rescued his scapular hung over his sailor jacket, and one of the crew, taking a hold of it, asked what it was. "Never mind," said the other, "that's what saved my life." Perhaps it was. But not long after the poor fellow was blown up with the battleship Maine. The scapular did not save his life then. Perhaps it was because Mary, this time, would save his soul instead.

One of the uses of the Scapular is to identify our Catholic dead. In any Christian community a body with such a mark of faith upon it will surely have a Christian burial, a last resting place in consecrated ground.—Selected.—An Exchange.

Editorial Notes.

Very Rev. Pius R. Mayer, who was elected General of the whole Carmelite Order last October, is at present paying an official visit to this country. During the week, beginning June 21, he gave a retreat to the priests of the arch diocese of Toronto. He is at present residing in the Monastery at Niagara Falls, and will remain here till the end of the Provincial Chapter, which began June the 29th, and which is being held at present in the Hospice of Mount Carmel, overlooking the great cataract of Niagara. On his way here, the Rev. F. General visited the houses in New York City and Englewood, N. J. After the Chapter he will visit the remaining houses in Chicago, Ill.; in Leavenworth and Scipio, Kas.; in Tucker, Miss.; in Pittsburg and New Baltimore, Pa. After that he will either visit the houses of the Order in Brazil or return directly to Rome, where he has taken up his permanent residence.

* * * *

The Feast of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, which we celebrate this month, is not only a special Feast for the Carmelites, strictly speaking, but also for all the wearers of the Brown Scapular. It was on this day that Our Blessed Lady appeared to St. Simon Stock and gave him the scapular as a pledge of her love and confraternity. Just as soldiers experience a feeling of pride when wearing the uniform of their sovereign, and people of the world consider it a privilege to wear the badges of great societies, so we should be only too eager to clothe ourselves with the livery of Our Blessed Mother, and never lay it aside.

* * * *

On July the 16th, a special train for the pilgrims will leave Buffalo at 7.30 a.m., stopping at Black Rock in coming and going, and will leave the Hospice again in the evening at 6 o'clock. The services at the Hospice on the Feast of Our Lady as usual will be very solemn and imposing.

* * * *

A short time ago, in a certain town of Massachusetts, the foreman of a mar-

ble quarry decided not to let his men work in the quarry on a holy day of obligation. That same day several large pieces of marble lying on the top of the pit, the support giving away, fell back into the pit. There is no doubt that if the men had been at work, very few would have escaped with their lives. However, this may be, it is certain that these men will be exact for the future in the observance of the holy days.

* * * *

Very few of the men that ever lived have heard the notice of their death as often as the Holy Father. Only recently again the word came back to Rome that he was dead.

* * * *

Many Americans seem to be shocked at the recent crimes committed in Russia by a infuriated populace, but as far as we can learn it was done without the knowledge, and the Government has taken measures since to prevent similar occurrences in the future. But what about similar or even worse atrocities committed, not only by the Americans, but by Americans in the service of the Government and wearing its uniform.

* * * *

His Grace, the Archbishop of Toronto, with the priests of the Archdiocese, made a retreat at the Hospice from June the 22nd to the 27th. The retreat was conducted by Very Rev. Father Pius R. Mayer, the General of the Carmelite Order.

* * * *

The Hospice is now open for guests. For families who wish to spend a short time far from the din and cares of the city, we can recommend no better place than the Hospice. Here the young people and children are safe from the corruption which is so rampant in many summer resorts, and every one is made to feel quite at home, all seem to form one large family. Then there is so much beautiful scenery in the vicinity, the great cataract and its magnificent surroundings, and many opportunities for short excursions to the neighboring cities and country.

We are sending out a circular this month to some of our subscribers who are in arrears, and we hope that all who receive them will kindly attend to it at once. The printer, and the others who are engaged in the work on the Review, look for their payment every month, and with so many subscribers in arrears, you can easily understand that it is sometimes difficult for us to meet all payments.

* * * *

One of the notable events in the history of St. Michael's College, Toronto, Ont., was the celebration of the Silver Jubilee of Very Rev. Father J. R. Teefy, C. S. B. The jubilarian was honored by the presence of His Grace Archbishop O'Connor, and a great number of priests, many of whom were alumni of this famous institution of learning. The Rev. jubilist has a well-known reputation as an educator, and much of the success attained by this famous college is due to his untiring zeal and efforts. We unite with his many friends in wishing him many years in his great educational career.

* * * *

A worthy successor has been appointed to Archbishop Quigley, as bishop of Buffalo, in the person of Father Colton, from New York. We wish to congratulate the prelate on the high honor conferred upon him, and we also wish him success in the arduous and difficult labors incumbent on a pastor of Christ's flock. May he lead and guide his people on their path through life to the eternal mansions in Heaven.

* * * *

On the missions which our Fathers have given all over the land, the devotion of the people to the Holy Scapular of Mt. Carmel is most edifying. The devotion is so simple yet so expressive of the Catholic's love for their Heavenly Mother, and so solid and true since our Blessed Lady herself, with her own hands gave the Scapular to her children promising all protection in life and death to all those who wear the Holy Scapular.

* * * *

On July 16th, the Feast of the Holy Scapular, all can gain a Plenary Indul-

gence for themselves or for the departed souls, every time they visit a Carmelite Church and pray for the intentions of our Holy Father. The thousands of persons who visited our Church at the Hospice last year show how this devotion is increasing in the hearts of the children of Mary.

* * * *

The Novena in preparation for the Feast of the Holy Scapular of Our Lady of Mount Carmel will begin July the seventh.

* * * *

The annual pilgrimage to the Shrine of Our Blessed Lady at Niagara Falls will take place this year on Thursday, July 16th.

* * * *

All who wear the Scapular should be sure that their Scapulars are made of wool and brown in color. The strings of the Scapular may be of any color or substance.

Our Lady's Own.

Scapular names have been received at: Niagara Falls: From St. Cecilia's Church, Glassport, Pa.; St. Mary's Church, Hollidaysburg, Pa.; University of Notre Dame, Notre Dame, Ind.; Somerset, O.; Harbour Bouche, N.S.; Holy Rosary Chapel, Deer Park, Ont.; College of the Holy Cross, Worcester, Mass.; Chrysler, Ont.; St. Peter's Church, Mt. Clemens, Mich.; St. Paul, Minn.; St. Peter's Church, Fort Wayne, Ind.; St. Peter's Church, diocese of London, Ont.; Walkerville, Ont.; Saginaw, Mich.; St. Patrick's Church, Caledonia, Ont.; Sydney Mines, N.S.; St. Patrick's Church, Oshkosh, Wis.

At Pittsburg: from St. Richard's Church, Pittsburg, Pa.; St. Paul's, Pocahtontas, Ark.; St. Edward's, Hackville, Wis.; St. Joseph's, Verona, Pa.; St. Augustine's, Pittsburg, Pa.; R.C. Church, Linton, Ind.; Holy Cross, Marine City, Mich.; Stillwater, O.F.; Latrobe, Pa.

At New Baltimore: from St. Louis University, Mo.; St. Mary's Church, Scranton, Pa.

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There are none so blind as they who won't see.—Swift.

Letters of Thanksgiving.

Dears Sirs :

I ask you to publish the following favor. My husband has stopped drinking after fourteen years. We prayed to our Blessed Mother, and our request has been granted at last.

Truly yours,

A member of St. Peter's congregation.
Stanley, Ky.

* * * *

Dear Fathers :

Please find enclosed an offering for Mass, which I promised Our Lady of Mt. Carmel in thanksgiving for a favor recently granted. Please publish this in the Review.

Respectfully,

M.J.L.,

Pittsburg, Pa.

* * * *

Rev. Dear Fathers :

I, a reader of your Review, promised to have a Mass said in honor of St. Joseph and the Bl. Virgin for a favor obtained. Please publish it in the Review.

I remain yours faithfully,

Paterson, N. J.

* * * *

St. Louis, Mo., May 14, 1903.

Dear Father :

Enclosed please find an offering for two Masses; one in honor and thanksgiving to the Sweet Infant of Prague and Our Lady of Mt. Carmel for my recovery from a serious illness. The second in honor and thanksgiving to St. Joseph for the souls in Purgatory for favors granted. Will you kindly publish this in your next issue.

M.L.

* * * *

Brantford.

Rev. Fathers :

I had a severe cold and promised the Infant of Prague if I was relieved to have it published. Please publish it.

Mrs. J. J.

—•••—

Two things are against all possibility—to enjoy more of this world's goods than was from the beginning decreed, and to die before thine appointed time.

Obituary.

Kindly pray for the soul of Mrs. T.F. Manning, who died on March 12th last, fortified with the Holy Rites of the Church and clothed in the Scapular of our Blessed Lady.

Book Review.

"Compendium Juris Regularium," by P. Augustinus Bachofen, S. T. D., published by Benziger Bros., New York. Price, \$2.50 net.

After a detailed examination of this work, we are glad to be able to compliment the compiler. It is a most practical summary of the whole body of canonical rights and obligations of regulars. It contains the latest decrees of the Holy See. All the different kinds of religious bodies, of men and women, are explained, and their rights and duties specified with due regard to the peculiar conditions of our country.

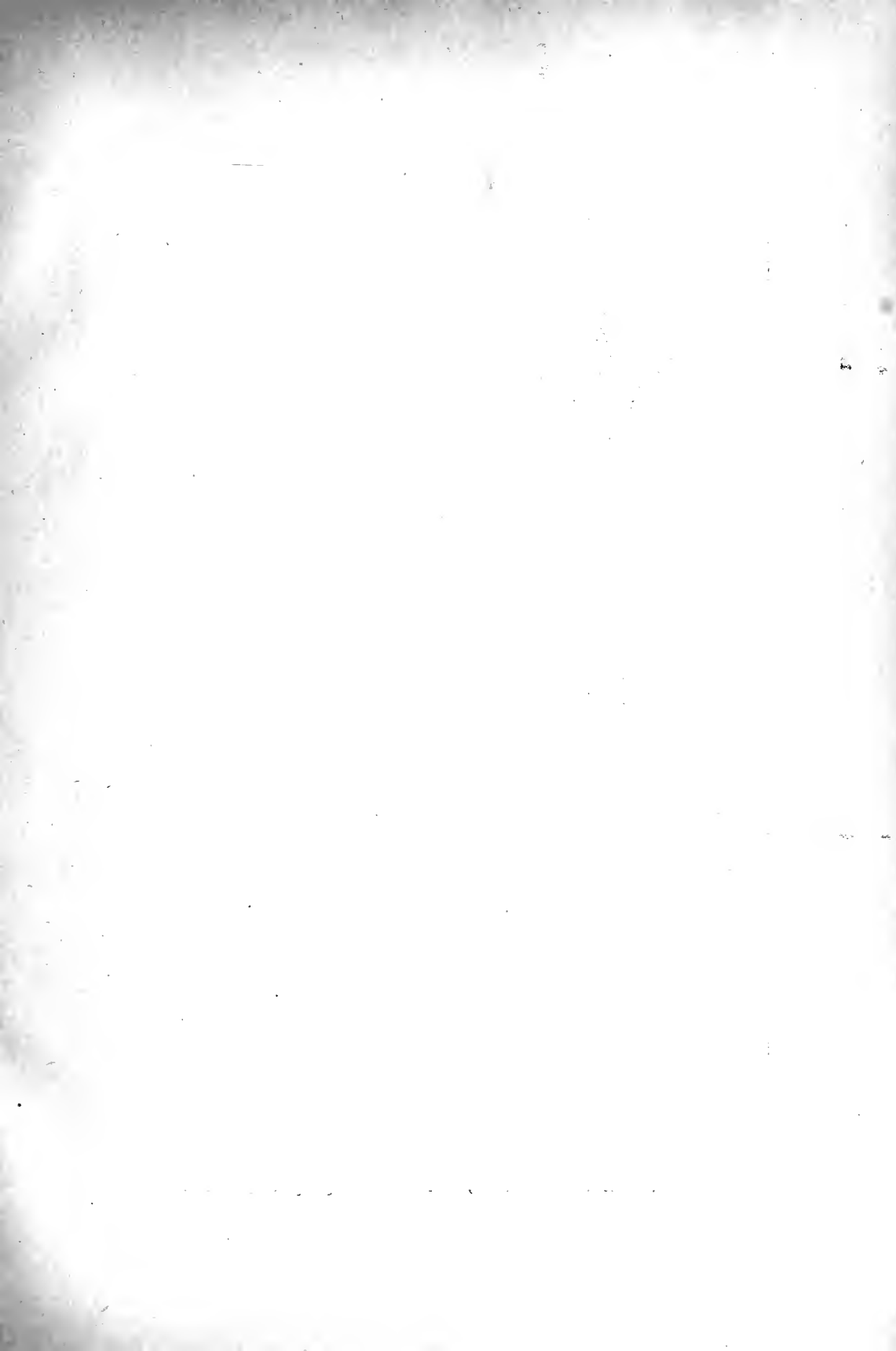
This is done in as condensed a form as compatible with a full treatment of the subject, and without omitting anything real important. We know of no other work on the subject which we can so heartily recommend to the study of all American religious bodies, and to those whose duty, or whose wish it may be to become well acquainted with the rights and duties of the religious orders, congregations and associations in America.

—•••—

Man cannot reflect the Creator unless he puts himself in contact with him. Fools that we are ! If we wish a mirror to reflect the sun, do we turn it toward the earth ?

Unworldliness is this—to hold things from God in the perpetual conviction that they will not last ; to have the world and not let the world have us ; to be the world's masters and not the world's slaves.

One great object of an education is to develop practical power, to add to one's ability to cope with men and things, to become more efficient, and to be better fitted to grapple with the practical problems of life.—"Success."





Pope Leo xiii.

Born March 2nd, 1816 ; died July 26, 1903.



In Memoriam.

The great Pontiff, whose life spanned a century, like a rainbow of peace, whose cradle stood in the first decade of the 19th century, and whose tomb is now ready in the first decade of the 20th, expired peacefully in the Lord on Monday, July the 20th.

The great light in the firmament of this world, *lumen in caelo*, has been extinguished in order to diffuse its brilliancy in the realms of the Blessed. How nobly this lion faced the inevitable ending. All the virtues of his refined and saintly character displayed themselves in this last of all his victories, the triumph of his mind and soul over the slowly dying flesh.

"Precious in the sight of God is the death of His saints." The death of Pope Leo XIII. was precious also in the sight of an awestricken world. It is rarely given to an indifferent and scoffing world to witness such a death bed. Never before in the history of mankind have so many persons contemplated day by day the last moments of a saint. Pope Leo had gained the love and admiration of the universe by his gentle character, his heroic virtues and his superhuman wisdom. He has now given his last lesson by teaching men how to die. The spectacle of his christian death bed may, with the grace of God, do more for the conversion of men than even his holy life and his inspired encyclicals. His love for Our Lady of Mt. Carmel sweetened his last sufferings. His illness began on the opening day of the novena, and his saintly death followed within the octave of the feast. The members of the confraternity of the scapular, upon whose prayers he relied, will not forget these remarkable facts, and the Blessed

Mother, whom he especially worshipped under the invocation of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel, will surely have received his pure soul into her heavenly court.

With calmness and tranquil confidence in Christ's promises, we await the action of the Holy Spirit in the selection of Leo's successor. According to the well known prophecy of Malachy, the new Pope is symbolized by "*Ignis ardens*," a blazing fire. Each Pope has his particular mission, besides being the head of the Church. Pius IX., as "*Crux de Cruce*," suffered for the Church, and consoled the struggling soldiers of the cross. Leo XIII., "*lumen in coelo*," enlightened the world and "let his light shine before men," until nations, as well as individuals, glorified God, who is wonderful in His saints. Now the coming "*Ignis ardens*" may be destined to set this world on fire with love of God and His Christ, the only Savior of human society. Christ, in speaking of His own mission, said: "I am come to bring fire upon this earth and what do I desire, but that it be kindled."

LEO XIII

With mind ennobled by the love of right,
In a discordant, irreligious age,
Amidst fierce foes aroused by impious rage,
Serene and tranquil as the stars of night,
Upholding peace, rebuking lawless might,
He stood his ground; philosopher and sage,
He flashed the torch of Truth upon life's stage,
And palsied Error by its radiant light.
His ardent spirit touched the topmost sky;
High-souled, he grandly scorned the base and low,
And sought the durable, the good, the pure,
The perfect work inspired from on high.
With Time's unceasing march his fame will grow,
Because he nobly wrought what shall endure.

Alfred Alexis.

The Lost Inheritance

DOLOROSA KLINE.

"My dear Judge," it ran, "I have traversed the most of the State, and learned nothing of your daughter's whereabouts or that she is living here; but this much I have learned, and I regret my painful duty of informing you. I have gone so far as to visit a cemetery here, and this is what I have found: A plain white tombstone above four graves, and the inscription is simply this,—'To the memory of George Edwin Kingsley and his three sons, George, Oswald C. Staunton and Edwin, aged twelve, ten and three years.'" So that leaves me to trust your daughter is still living, a widow, somewhere. I am going on to South Virginia, and will probably be home around the eighteenth, and, I trust, with a more definite knowledge of events."

"My poor Millicent," the Judge exclaimed, placing the letter away in his desk, "deprived of husband and children, and perhaps she herself is no longer in the flesh." Then he wrote a grateful reply to the lawyer, and carried what he had just heard to his wife and daughter and his wife's companion.

Beatrice was very interested, her mother only mildly so, and Rosamond's sweet face, though she did not catch the full import of the Judge's words, showed by its sympathetic expression, that she knew he was in some trouble, and she was sorry for him.

Mrs. Staunton was just then concerned about her approaching ball, and her regrets at parting with such valued friends, in whose honor it was being given. "I am glad Cyrus is going to remain with us," she said to her daughter, while she took a sly look at her companion's face, "we will be sure of one of the family, anyhow."

"What is the matter with Cyrus, mamma; he has clearly been keeping away from us lately. Have we offended him in any way?"

The entrance of Bella Compeign, who had called to take Miss Staunton for a drive, saved Mrs. Staunton from making a reply, and saved also any further confusion for her companion.

Cyrus Dorane had, following the lady's

advice, been keeping himself well out of Miss Raymond's way for the present, and waiting with nervous fortaste of bliss the night of her coming ball, when he would be near the object of his affections, and could again approach her, as he was determined with doing, and make another offer of his love. And another thing, his enemy was not likely to be there, as his business would not probably be finished down in the South by that time. So he would not be under those cynical eyes, but he could spend a perfectly comfortable night.

Few young girls there are who do not look forward to their first ball with unmixed delight, but Rosamond Raymond dreaded her's. Had it been that one certain one was not to be included among the guests, she would have enjoyed thinking on it, but the knowledge that Cyrus Dorane was to be there spoiled it all. She was inclined to believe that it was a plot of her mistress to bring Dorane to her again. She did not say so to her mother when she told her parent of the great ball to which she was bidden, and learned some little lessons which the one-time queen of beauty, in the city's social whirl, was well qualified to give her daughter, as to how she should act and carry herself in the gay assemblage, the like of which was only to be found gathered together beneath the roof of Staunton House.

XXVII.

The eventful night at last arrived, and such a galaxy of wealth, fashion and beauty had responded to the proud hostess' invitations that her eyes shone with delight, as carriage after carriage rolled up to her door, and each gay belle and beau stopped at their entrance to pay their respects to her, and the guests of the night. Very stately she looked in her long-trained dress of black velvet, relieved by silver spangles thrown carelessly over it, and bows of silver passementerie catching up a scarf of the same that covered her otherwise bare neck and shoulders. Her daughter, who assisted with admirable grace in receiving their guests, was attired in a decol-

lete costume of soft white silk strapped with white jewelled passementerie. In place of any jewels in her hair, she wore a spray of blush roses, that made a becoming setting to her raven locks and olive tinted complexion. And last, but not least, to the envious eyes of many of her own sex, and to the admiring ones of the opposite sex, her beautiful companion. No expensive raiment had Rosamond donned, but a simple, loosely-fitting gown of white muslin, with a generous profusion of lace at her slender throat and waist, and one single red rose that Judge Staunton had culled from a favorite branch of his in the conservatoryland which he had presented his wife's companion with in the early part of the evening, gleamed through the golden meshes of her hair. It made her every whit as pleasing a picture to the eyes as the heiress did, and as Colonel Compeigne remarked to a younger gentleman, "Miss Raymond is the most stunning sensation of the assembly, barring, of course, Miss Staunton."

Rosamond, from the time she entered the long ball room, was almost dazzled by the brilliant lights of chandeliers and numerous candles somewhat subdued by pink shades, and the magnificently gowned ladies and elegantly attired gentlemen, who never seemed to cease coming. But it was not pleasure for her, for amongst them was the man who was so repugnant to her.

With his mother and sisters, he had been with the first to arrive, and when the strains of a waltz were heard from the music room, where, amongst banks of flowers, the musicians were arranged, he came and requested the pleasure of having it with her. She knew from the glance of her mistress, to whom she had unconsciously looked to for guidance in the matter, that she must accede to Mr. Dorane's request.

She was not an accomplished waltzer, but she danced well, and even if she did not move so lightly and gracefully as some others present, what cared Cyrus Dorane, so long as he could have her so near to him. Beatrice, dancing with Jack Lorimer, saw the two and smiled, and wished she could enjoy herself as much as her mother's companion seemed to be doing. Her lover's absence, on

such a night as this was depressing to her, and, after all, did he not constitute her pleasure? It was unfortunate that he was not here now, and had she been selfish she might have had him, for one word from her and her father would not have urged him to go to the South. But she had done the noblest part, and it was really, only the question of a few days until his return, and what was this one to all of them?

"Shall we go out to the conservatory?" Mr Dorane suggested to his fair partner, when the waltz was finished; "we might find a cool spot out there, Miss Raymond."

"I am not warm, thank you, Mr. Dorane," she replied, with coldness in face and voice, "but do not allow me to deter you from going."

"I was thinking only of you," he said, and his face was near to her's, concealed as they both were from all curious eyes, behind a pair of tall palms. "At least, allow me to bring you an ice," and in a minute he was off to the refreshment room, and back with one to her, which she took, and merely tasted for politeness sake.

For the next few dances she was claimed by other partners, and at their finish she gladly made her unnoticed escape, as she thought, to a far end of the conservatory, to have a space of rest from the gaiety and heat of the ball-room.

Numbers promenaded apast her floral retreat, from which she could see them without being seen, and their light chatter had no interest or meaning for her. Cyrus Dorane's conduct annoyed her. It was as if there had never been anything of an unusual nature between them, and everywhere, or in whatever dance she moved, his small glittering eyes were fixed on her with an expression in them that she failed to make out. And just now she caught them as their owner came around by one of the pillars, and she knew he was searching her. Quick as a flash, when he approached her hiding place, she retreated still further back, and when he stopped before it, she came out by the other end and fled back into the dance hall. But at the supper hour, fortune, who smiled on Mr. Dorane at times, deputed him to be her escort into the broad hall, where a delightful feast

was spread. Mrs. Staunton was highly pleased to see her plot working so smoothly, and she was firmly convinced that before much more of the evening was spent, there would be a true understanding between the two young people. Alas! for her castles in the air.

When the supper was ended, and couple following couple were returning to the dance hall, Mr. Dorane by sheer force, caught Rosamond's hands and drew her off into the corridor that led into the former place.

"Since you will not, of yourself, give me a chance to say to you again, what is uppermost, and has been in my mind, since you dismissed me weeks ago," he said, almost fiercely, "and which has principally brought me here to-night, I shall take it myself. Rosamond, I say to you again, I love you. I cannot live without you, and I want to hear from those sweet lips that my love is reciprocated."

She turned pale, and her limbs beneath her trembled, but she was firm, as she cried hotly:

"After what I have said to you, Mr.

Dorane, by what right have you dared to draw me here,—perhaps to cause me to lose my good name? Open the door, and allow me to go where I should be."

"No one knows we are here and you need not be afraid of being censured. I am waiting for your answer, Rosamond. Give me the word I am demanding of you."

"Never," she cried. "I do not love you. Let me pass or I shall call for help."

He adopted a new turn of tactics, for Mr. Dorane was a coward, and he was afraid, especially of a woman's tears, so he loosened his hold of the door knob, and began to plead with her.

"Forgive me for being so harsh with you, but you are driving me to it by your indifference. Give me a word of hope, or you will send me to the depths of despair."

"I am sorry if it must be that then, Mr. Dorane, but you have had my answer long ago, and this is my final: It is impossible for me ever to be your wife. It is an honor I must decline."

A fierce light gleamed in his eyes, and abruptly he turned from her.

"Very well, Rosamond Raymond, I am going to Satan, (he was there already, as Bruce Everett would have said) "and it is through your fault. My life is ruined through you, but the one who has poisoned your mind against me," he was thinking of the incident of the beads and that when Bruce Everett had carried them to her, he had opened up on him and spoiled his second chance of hoping to win the fair girl, "is going to suffer, both for this and other offences to Cyrus Dorane. I'll go now, and except my love overcomes me again, I will not trouble you. Good bye," and opening the door he walked away. Soon after he got into his carriage, leaving word to his mother and sisters that he had been seized with indisposition, and was compelled to go home.

Rosamond calmly went out by another door, though with much inward agitation—and who would have not been upset by what she had just gone through. It was no wonder the gentle girl wished she was home in the gentle attic with her mother to-night, instead of in Staunton House.

She would have liked to have gone up to her own room now, but she feared her mistress might be angry at such turn, so she went back into the ball-room, making brave efforts to seem as bright as before. And she did enjoy a mazurka with Jack Lorimer, while her mistress looked on elated with her pretty companion's success, and with a most burning desire to know if Cyrus Dorane had yet learned his fate.

Great was her astonishment to find that her young friend had gone home, and her indignation, too, for she knew what the sudden indisposition had been. Her companion had refused him again! His mother and sisters were at a loss to know what could have made him ill, but good breeding prevented any excitement on their parts, and they remained until nearly the end, when, with the Compeignes, they, too, took their leave. When the last carriage had driven home and quiet was restored in the stately mansion, its mistress retired, but not to sleep, like her daughter and companion did, but to think of Cyrus Dorane, and Rosamond's perfidious conduct to him. To no small degree she was angry with

the former, that he had asked her advice at all, and then gained nothing by it, and still more so with the latter, that she should be working so against her but the end of it the clever lady did not foresee.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Two weeks had passed after Mrs. Staunton's ball, and the Doranes, excepting Mr. Cyrus, and Colonel Compeigne and his daughters had taken their departure to Italy, when Bruce Everett returned from the South. But his mission had been unsuccessful, save the clue he had found in the cemetery, and of which he had written to the Judge. Judge Staunton was disappointed, but he yet had hopes, because he knew Everett would still, when his time permitted carry on the search, and must in the end succeed, as he always did, once his brilliant mind and energy were given to a project. His Millicent would be restored to him, and her lost inheritance.

Beatrice was rejoiced to have her lover back, and as she walked with him now in amongst the flowers of the conservatory, she said —

"Bruce, time dragged miserably for me while you were away, and if I had not been receiving your letters I do not know what I should have done."

"And I might say the same," he replied, stooping and touching her hands lightly with his lips, but she fancied his action was forced. "It was joy to me when the train steamed into our own home station last night," and—

He stopped, because a slender dark robed figure, just then crept noiselessly apast the open door, but not until Beatrice Staunton had seen her lover's eyes follow it and rest on the golden head of her mother's companion with a strange light in them, that made the heiress sick at heart. But she said nothing, neither did he, but continued the sentence he had broken off on.

Rosamond was hastening to obey a sudden summons she had gotten in the library, where she had been reading, to go to her mistress' boudoir, and when she entered the apartment, the lady bade her close the door tightly.

"I am going to speak plainly to you, Miss Raymond," she said, when the

young girl was seated, "and you must not be offended, but I think you have done a most foolish thing in refusing to be Cyrus Dorane's wife. I see by your face that you are surprised that I know he has asked you, but a little bird has whispered it all to me, and I regret your want of wisdom in refusing such an offer, that many young ladies, I know, would jump at."

The fair face flushed, and the small mouth grew hard.

"Mr. Dorane will never be but a stranger to me, Mrs. Staunton, and I have been advised how to act with him."

"By Mr. Madden, the priest, I suppose," and there was a slight sneer in her musical voice.

"Father Madden knows nothing about it, Mrs. Staunton. It is mother, in whom I confide everything, and she has told me what to do."

"Why do you object to Mr. Dorane? Have you ever heard aught against his character?"

"No, but I do not like him, and besides his life and mine are run on two opposite plans. He should win his wife from the ranks equal to his own."

"You speak very sensibly and gravely for a girl your age, but that is nonsense. You have beauty and accomplishments, and that is all a man wants in a wife nowadays."

But Rosamond shook her head. She could not be influenced, and her mistress was angry, though she feigned not to be and bade the young girl bring a book, and read to her. So Rosamond lost more favor with her mistress.

Cyrus Dorane was playing a great role by plunging into all manner of wild excesses since his family's leaving the city, and his intimates began to wonder where it was to end. His had never been a worthily spent life, but since the finale with Rosamond Raymond, it was doubly worse, and he was as surely going to destruction, as Bruce Everett had long ago predicted he would.

"Miss Raymond must have settled Dorane finely," the lawyer's young partner remarked to him one day, some few weeks after Everett's arrival home from Virginia, "or, is it the old folks going away that has upset him and is causing him to make such a fool of himself?"

"Dorane has not that much sentiment in him, Heathcote," was the dry response, "as to mind his family's leaving him, except, perhaps he is missing the money his governor used to allow him. Certainly his bank business will not yield enough to cater to his gambling and spendthrift proclivities. But probably, as you say, Miss Raymond's coldness is affecting him."

"Has Dorane proposed to Mrs. Staunton's companion, and been spurned by her?"

The lawyer's brow flashed at the thought but merely shrugging his shoulder, he made no reply to the young man, but went into the inner office. It was then, only then, that he knew in what regard he was holding this fair girl, for whom his old enemy was a rival, as it were.

He loved her! He had loved her the day they had first met on crowded Broadway. He had loved her, when a second time, he was at the mercy of his runaway steed, he had seen the lovely eyes fill with sympathy for him, and he had loved her when he first saw her in Staunton House, and he had not known it until now. Then, as if in painful protestation there arose before him the beautiful glowing face of the woman to whom his love was plighted, and whom in a few short months he was to call by the sacred name of wife. His hands knotted, and he cursed his own violation of the noble trust he held.

"You are a wretch, Bruce Everett," he muttered, "worse, ten times worse, than Cyrus Dorane. Are you such an ingrate as to fling aside the love of the noblest woman that has ever been your lot to know, and to think for even one minute of any other?"

Death itself would be preferable, and he must fight against this temptation. Now was the time to begin to nip future entanglement in the bud. But, ah! Would he be capable of it?

To-night he was to go to Staunton House for dinner, so sending to a fashionable nursery, he ordered a bouquet of jasmine and immortelles, and they preceded him to Staunton House as a valentine to her, who wore his ring.

In due time he arrived out himself, and all smiling, she met him at the

drawing room entrance, the flowers in her hands.

"St. Valentine was forgotten by me, until his present came to remind me that this was his day. You see they look so nice that I dislike to set them away, but I shall put them where they will be sure to coax the admiration they merit," and stepping lightly to the centre table of inlaid cedar wood, she placed them in a slender onyx vase.

Her voice and manner were warm enough, but the words smote her lover's ears, as being distantly cold and not uttered with the same enthusiasm that one time marked a reception of any gift, especially flowers, from him. The valley was widened between them, and neither could exactly account for it. It had been growing so for the last four or five months.

"Next year I am to have my valentine," he said, as she returned to his side, "and that will be you, my own. I am to claim you in June, and I have a ravishing programme drawn up. First the Rivera and Paris with all its passing delights, then Rome. Oh, yes! We will tour the world, as never a wedded two yet have," but even as he spoke a slight shadow fell athwart the window pane, and the figure of her, who was alluring him from his allegiance to the enchantress at his side, entered the hall and passed up the broad stairs.

"Miss Raymond has been for a walk," Beatrice said softly, "and she and mama are going out now and dine with Hilton Carton's mother. So Bruce, as we have no other guests coming, you and I and papa will entertain each other."

"You have not said what you think of our going to the Rivera and Paris," he remarked, trying to show her that it was in her he was only interested, and not in that other.

"It will be delightful, Bruce."

"And you will like to visit Rome too, heart's dearest?"

"Yes, Bruce, and anywhere else you wish to go."

When dinner was over Beatrice left her father and lover to their wine and cigars.

"Where do you intend that your honeymoon is to be spent, Bruce?" the judge asked.

"Well, I thought of the Rivera, Paris and Rome, and Beatrice seems to consider these places agreeable, judge."

"Fine! I took my honeymoon at the Rivera when I married Beatrice's mother. For how long is yours to extend?"

"Probably six months, or even longer, as we do not wish to hurry in any one place. But remember, judge, in making those plans, I am not forgetting you, and the trust you have imposed on me, to find your daughter Millicent."

"I am not exorbitant, Bruce, and during these next months of preparation for your marriage to my beautiful Beatrice, let nothing, not even this, as dear as it is to me, interfere with them. If Millicent is to be found, she will be found, and you can begin again the search after you have been fairly launched on one of the most beautiful periods of a man's life. His union with a noble and good woman, and that is what I hope my daughter Beatrice is."

"Her equal is not to be known anywhere, judge," he said warmly enough, but the old gentleman imagined it was wanting in enthusiasm. When later on in the evening, his wife and her companion came in, and he saw, what he construed into a look of pleasure, light up the handsome face of the man who was so soon to be his daughter's husband, he had many a fear and doubt.

Beatrice insisted that Miss Raymond should play for them, and the young girl began, "Cleansing Fires," and at the words, "And the gold shall return more precious from every spot and stain, for gold must be tried by fire as a heart must be tried by pain." A momentary paleness flickered across the heiress' face, which was noticed only by her father.

Was her heart not being tried by pain, and instead of requited love, was she not receiving unrequited love from the one in whom her whole soul was centered? Or, was it only to be for a little time, and then the cleansing fires of her own unswerving affection would win back her erring knight errant. The white finger of hope pointed that way, and until the song was ended, she was able to listen with a more peaceful mind than her lover opposite her.

Not once, since Rosamond had seated herself at the piano, and her sweet voice raised in song, did Bruce Everett trust himself to look towards her. He felt it would have been fatal to himself, because that look would have told to those who sat with him of the guilty and hopeless love that was enkindled in his heart for this young stranger, the paid companion of his promised wife's mother. Instead, he glanced a couple of times towards his betrothed, but she did not seem to see him, she was listening intently to the song, and when he went home again he condemned, in the bitterest tones, his wretched perfidy.

A speedy marriage seemed his only alternative and safe-guard for the happiness of the woman he had won, but that could scarcely be arranged now since the month and plans had been already set upon.

It was not his fault that this had come to him. He had fought against the fateful fascination, he was still fighting it, and he had wished that for Beatrice Staunton's sake, he had never met Rosamond Raymond.

Then as he remembered Cyrus Dorane's aspirations in this last direction, he set his teeth hard, and his stern face grew sterner.

He would see her die first, or rather that she would fly the country than to give her pure love to this profligate, but something told him that on that score he could rest easy, for it had long been known in club room and parlor that Mrs. Staunton's companion gave, and was not giving the least encouragement to his enemy.

But what satisfaction that was to him, he hardly knew, except that the treasure fate denied him the other would not get, and that was gratifying.

He could not sit down, but humming over the words of the song that he had heard that evening, with the face of the singer haunting him, he walked several times the length of his elegant apartments in the Waldorf, where since his family's departure to Italy, Mr. Dorane was also residing. Then he went down to the reading room, to gain which, he was obliged to pass the billiard and card parlor, where many a fortune was lost and won.

The first person his eyes fell on was Cyrus Dorane, the centre of a group of players.

The man's face struck Everett, by the new expression the lawyer had noticed for the first time as being in it. It was thinner, older, and the mouth that had once been weak and yielding seemed to have grown firm and hard, but over it all, were the signs of an ever increasing dissipation, and desperation as if he had been the victim of some great disappointment, which was driving him quickly to ruin.

When he caught sight of Everett his eyes were sullen, and dogged, but he laughed uproariously, as he won a stake and drew forth a roll of money and placed it on the table. The money attracted Everett's attention, as crossing the polished floor, he appeared to be carelessly watching the game.

No one asked him to join, because they knew gambling was entirely against his principles, and, in which, if it were to gain a kingdom, he would never indulge. Dorane scorned to notice him at all, and when he found the keen roving eyes fixed on the notes, he covered them with his handkerchief. Everett went off, but not until he had satisfied himself that the new wagers were notes of the National bank, to which Dorane had no right. This was the life the young banker spent now. No longer did he visit Staunton House, our readers understand why, of course. No longer did he trouble society, and where, before his disappointed hopes in winning Rosamond Raymond, he gambled only at nights, now he did the best part of the day too; and with a revenge in reserve for Bruce Everett, that was worthy indeed of Cyrus Dorane's black heart, though it was to cause an innocent one, against whom he had no spite, to suffer as well.

XXIX.

"Madeline, I do not know why it should be, but I have an apprehension, that a coldness has sprung up between Beatrice and Bruce," said Judge Staunton to his wife one cold day in March, as they sat together in the library.

"What makes you think that, Oswald," she asked, ceasing her work on

her embroidery, and the color flickered in her fine face.

"Well, our Beatrice does not seem to anticipate his visits as she formerly did, and to me, Bruce is more attentive to her than ever, but he is more reserved, more distant. Do you think your companion has anything to do with the change in him?"

"My companion, Oswald! Why, Bruce and Beatrice are to be married in three months. You know very well that we are preparing already for it, and that our daughter's trousseau has been ordered from Paris. What has ever put this into your head that Rosamond Raymond is coming between Bruce and Beatrice—the idea is preposterous."

"Well, it seems to me that Bruce is finding a charm in your pretty companion, and I recall the last time she played for us that 'Cleansing Fires,' of seeing the most peculiar expression on our Beatrice's face. She must have felt something in that song, and it was pain, I know. Can it be, that almost on the eve of her wedding she is having her hopes dashed to the ground."

"Not at all, Oswald," she replied with grave haughtiness. "I find no difference in the attitude towards each other of Bruce or Beatrice. Bruce was always dignified even in his courtship, and it is very proper that before her marriage, Beatrice should exhibit more maidenly reserve. My companion would not be guilty of thinking of, or trying to draw in her beautiful toils, a man already engaged, and I do not deem that Miss Raymond will ever marry, when she would refuse a husband like Cyrus Dorane."

"Indeed! Has Cyrus been smitten?"

"Yes, poor boy, he wanted my companion to marry him, and I tried my best to arrange the match, because I knew it would be good for both, but Miss Raymond is too ungrateful and prejudiced. That is why I do not care for her as much as I did at first, and there is Cyrus literally going to the bad because of this foolish girl."

"My Madeline is kind to everyone," he said caressingly, "and tries to do good for everyone, but she is forgetting that love must be congenial. Your companion, if she cannot find what she desires in our young friend, there is no

blame to her for having refused his devotion. But to return to our daughter. Are you sure that all is running serenely with her. Do you know what she asked me last night when she came to bid me pleasant dreams just like Millicent used to do. She wanted to know if I would mind her ever turning Catholic?"

His wife held up her hands. Clearly, she saw now that her husband's surmises were not all wrong; there was something the matter.

"Another Papist in the family! Surely your first unfilial child was enough. Though I am liberal, I should not wish my child to follow in her footsteps. What did you say to her?"

"Oh, I laughed, and asked her if she contemplated making a change now. But she said, not now, and perhaps never. She was just finding out in case she did. It appears she has been questioning your companion on religious matters, and they have sent her searching."

That evening the lady went into her daughter's boudoir, where the heiress was attiring herself, and Susetta helping her, in a cardinal dress of cashmere, for her lover's visit.

"I thought you were going out, mamma?" she said, dismissing her maid. "Bruce has not come, but it is early, yet."

"I have not asked my companion yet, ma cheri. But I have come to learn if it is true that you are going to turn Catholic?"

"You are premature, mamma. I have not said I am. I just asked papa last night would he mind did I do so. But it was only a question."

"I hope it is, for though I should not prevent you from making a change in your creed, because I love you too much to oppose you in anything, I had rather not you would desert St. Andrew's church, and your lover might object."

The heiress' eyes flashed, and to her mother's astonishment, the beautiful red lips curled slightly.

"My lover I agree with in all things, mamma, but I manage my private affairs independent of him."

She sat beside her and covered the white hand with her own.

"Come, come, Beatrice! Your voice has grown harsh. Beware, and take care

do not grow indifferent to your lover, so soon to be your husband. What has changed you? Has there been a quarrel?"

She averted her face that her mother might not see its pallor, then pride came to her rescue, and turning around again she was smiling.

"No, mamma, last night's theatre party had an ill-effect on me. I am afraid, and I am 'crabeet' as Susetta terms Sampson."

Her mother smiled and left her, but with the same misgiving that was weighing on her husband, and the lady's mind was made up.

She would remove the cause that might possibly affect her child's happiness. When it was removed, if for a while the heart of the man who held her daughter's had broken from its allegiance, it would return. Besides, the thought of the disowned Millicent's child daring to usurp in this way, galled her more than if her husband had found her relationship to him, and installed her and her mother in Staunton House."

Rosamond, all unsuspecting of the darkness that was so near at hand for her, was happily engaged, petting and talking in her bird-like voice, to Neptune her mistress' own spaniel, that nightly made a habit of coming into the young girl's room, sure always of fondling and sweetmeats.

When she was summoned to Mrs. Staunton's boudoir, Neptune followed her, but that being a forbidden place for a canine, as well taught even as Neptune was, Rosamond called for Sampson to lead him away, and the dog went unwillingly.

Mrs. Staunton had thrown off her dinner dress for a dressing gown of pale blue, and she was tapping the floor with her white slippered foot, when her companion appeared.

"Sit down, Miss Raymond," she said in the cold voice that Rosamond had grown accustomed to hearing now, "I have something to say to you."

Rosamond thought it was to be about Cyrus Dorane, of whom she had heard or seen nothing since the night of her mistress' ball, and she sighed as if in weariness of the tiresome subject. For once she was wrong. "I have decided,"

the lady continued in a measured voice, "to dispense with your services. This means that you must seek another situation, and be prepared to leave Staunton House in a month's time."

Poor Rosamond! Every vestige of color fled from the fair, delicate face, and the lady could see the lips tremble, but she was prepared for such, and she showed no surprise.

"What — what — have I done," she stammered, "Mrs. Staunton, that you are giving me a dismissal?"

"Nothing, I assure you, Miss Raymond. You have been unimpeachable in carriage and conduct ever since your coming to Staunton House, and I can give you only the best of names and references, when you leave me. But there are reasons for my taking this step. Reasons that I cannot explain to you."

"And which would explain your late coldness to me, too," her companion thought. But without making any verbal reply, she bowed respectfully to her mistress and went back to her own beautiful room, where, laying her golden head on the white pillow of her bed, she shed bitter tears.

Next afternoon she went home early, and well we can picture her mother's open surprise and sorrow, when, with softly falling tears, Rosamond told her of Mrs. Staunton's decision.

"She spoke nicely to me, mother," she said after a pause, "though coldly. But I could see in her manner that she has something against me, and she won't even tell me why I must go."

Mrs. Raymond drew the slight form and held it close. "My sweet Rosamond, your trial is a heavy one, but you must bear it. Thus it is in this world,—the rich trampling on the poor—but some day all things will be righted, and then each of us will receive our own. How long before you are to leave Staunton House?"

"Mrs. Staunton has given me a month, mother."

A faint tinge of color stole into the mother's pale worn cheek, and the pride of her race asserted itself in the cold, sweet voice with which she said:

"And that month you will not take, Rosamond. You will go back and tell your proud mistress that you can serve

her no longer than to-morrow. If she has reasons for withholding from you why she is dismissing you, I have reasons for objecting to your being dependent on her any longer than is possible. It is not to make resentment in you, oh, no, a—a—S—," she stopped herself on the name. "I mean a woman like myself, professing to be a Catholic, could not teach her daughter that."

"But, mother, it is a month's support gone. What would we do if I did not get another situation right away, and there is your rheumatism all come back to you?"

"We can look up Mr. Holland again, Rosamond. He will be willing and pleased to have my work again, and you will have to go back to your music for the present, and as I have said more than once to you, God is good, and will not let us starve. Wait until it is dark, and I will walk out with you."

"You walk to Granton road, mother, and you are hardly able to stir your foot!"

"The rheumatism! I had forgotten it child. Well, I cannot go with you. I will only have to stay at home, and pray for you."

It was just growing dusky, when Rosamond, pale and fatigued, passed St. Mary's Church, en route to the home that was to be hers no longer. She thought on this sudden termination to her happiness, and sighed wearily. A horseman rode by, and as he doffed his hat to her, she saw him to be Bruce Everett.

He turned back to look after the slender form and his eyes glittered, but he crushed back the feeling that gave vent to the words: "The bonds of one are sweeter, but is it that yours are sweeter, Rosamond Raymond." Then the reproachful face of the woman who wore his ring rose up before him, and in anger at his own weakness, he spurred his horse on quicker to the place whither he was hastening. Rosamond reached Staunton House and her own room, still pale and fatigued, and was immediately called down into her mistress' Japanese Square. Mrs. Staunton was alone, but from the drawing room there came a sound of gay laughter, and the girl knew that a goodly number of young friends

of Miss Staunton were to be guests at dinner. "I am pleased that you have returned early," her mistress said, "as to-morrow I intend that we shall accept an invitation from Mrs. Aiden to spend a few days with her in C——."

"I am sorry, Mrs. Staunton, but after to-morrow I will not be at Staunton House. My mother thinks it as well for me to go now, as in a month's time."

In her own mind the lady was glad, but it was necessary, she thought, to show some remonstrance at this turn.

"That is hardly agreeable to me. I gave you a month before going. However, if your mother chooses to interfere, and take you before then, she is free to do so. You will want to go upstairs after dinner, and make some preparations for to-morrow. Barret will help you to gather your trunk, if you so will."

Rosamond thanked her, but declined her offer of the housekeeper's services, and dinner over, saw the young girl hastily collecting what was her own.

Before the hour of retiring for the night, Mrs. Staunton summoned her daughter to her boudoir.

"Bruce did not come this evening, Beatrice?"

"No, mamma," and the beautiful mouth curled, as of late, it had been doing; "he sent me word this afternoon when he received my invitation, that he did not think he could come, as he was coming out here at the hour, on business he had with Mr. Lorimer."

"Beatrice," she said abruptly, "my companion is leaving to-morrow."

"Miss Raymond going, mamma?" and whether there was surprise or relief in her voice her mother never knew. "For what?"

"I have decided to do without a companion for the present, but I gave Miss Raymond a month to still remain here; but she thinks she will not. So she is going to-morrow."

When to-morrow came, the gentle companion, to the regret of all, even the humblest servant in the house, had gone. But not to the regret of her former mistress.

Bruce Everett, coming out to see his betrothed that afternoon, was told by the heiress, while she watched his face

closely, that her mother's companion had gone.

"Gone," he echoed, but with no acknowledgement in the resonant voice that he regretted her absence, while he searched the dark eyes looking so steadily up into his.

"Are you sorry? You did not come last night, Bruce? and we missed you so!"

"Had I been able, no powers on earth would have kept me, heart's dearest. But business of much moment denied me the pleasure it always is to accede to any request of your's. There's a tremendous shortage in the funds of the National, which has been noticed by the board of directors as having increased since the New Year. Mr. Lorimer, the president, has put it in my hands to find the delinquent, and it was out to Lorimer's I came last night."

"Do you know who the delinquent is, Bruce?"

"I have a suspicion my own, but as yet I must not frame it in words. To tell you who it is would be to give you too great a shock. Ah, how slowly the time passes. Were it in my power to change the Kalends, I should place June next to March, that I might claim my own. It seems so long to wait, as it is," and with a passion she had never before seen in the dark face, he drew her close to him, as if he feared that some fatal hand was coming to separate them. And Beatrice, for a minute thinking that since Rosamond Raymond's bewitching spells could no longer set themselves before him, the old love had returned. She trembled with a new joy. Unhappy Beatrice!

To be continued.

The sunbeam is composed of millions of minute rays. So the home life must be constituted of little tenderness, kind looks, sweet laughter, gentle words, loving counsels; and soon it will be found that kindness will spring up on every side, displacing incompatibility of temper and spirit, want of mutual knowledge, even as we have seen sweet violets and primroses dispelling the gloom of the gray sea rocks.

Blessed Be God.

"May the Holy Name of God be Blessed for ever."—Ps. LXXI.

Translated from the French.

God has created all things for His glory. Infinitely perfect, He owes it to Himself to act as Himself, and to draw all things to Himself. What would be egotism in the creature is sanctity in God, for sanctity is no other thing than the infinite love of God, and if God could for a single instant cease to love Himself above all, to prefer Himself before all; to take Himself for the sovereign object of his affections and of His acts, He could cease to be holy and consequently to be God.

Then all creatures are made to glorify God.

Some creatures are deprived of intelligence and of liberty, they give Him glory by manifesting in some manner, His wisdom, His goodness, His power, His sweetness, His generosity. They are a language—each one says a word which causes Him of whom they speak to be known. They reveal Him to creatures of a superior order, who are capable of knowing, of loving, of serving their Creator freely. The human soul is one of those living lyres, which perceives each fragment of the creation, whether a flower of the valley, or a star that shines in the heavens, touches that lyre and gives it a vibration, which brings it nearer to God. Then awakened by those exterior things, called at the same time by God Himself, who invites the soul to seek and to love Him, that soul also has a mission to glorify Him who has made it, no more in a blind and thoughtless manner, but in the manner of a free and intelligent spirit. In heaven also there are spiritual and living lyres; there are innumerable legions of angels who sing their eternal sanctus. All is in harmony, all is joy and peace; it is the world of peace wonderfully sweet; it is the never ending song of which nothing can trouble the accents of love.

Another world exists—it is not earth, it is not heaven. There they sing, they love, they bless; but it is a song mingled with tears, it is a plaintive and sorrowful love, there are benedictions mingled

with sighs. The praise is more touching because it is more sorrowful; the living lyre gives out muffled sounds which render its chords more penetrating, and its melody more mournful. At the entrance of this world are written two words—"Hope and Resignation." There they suffer but they are purified in suffering; there they wait, but they see heaven opened above their languishing eyes, which shall soon be radiant. There they weep, but already they feel the hand of God pass over their tearful eyes to dry them tenderly; like Heaven, it is the world of charity, but a sorrowful charity which exhales in a tearful song. In the Creation all is then harmony? All is praise and benediction? No! there is a dark world where God is cursed! His Name—name of sweetness, of light and of love; His Name, which is that of boundless goodness, of perfect beauty, of purity without a shadow; His blessed name is blasphemed. No more praise there, no more songs, either joyous or mingled with tears; there, sufferings, despairing cries, but nothing which resembles resignation, of the love which hopes or the joy of love. Broken and discordant lyres which give forth dreadful sounds from the spirits chained forever in woe, there are heard only the cries of eternal hatred and powerless rage; they blaspheme the truth which has judged and condemned them; they blaspheme the beauty whose radiant shining has darkened their eyes; they blaspheme the purity from the white light of which they fly; they blaspheme the justice whose hand lies heavy on them; they blaspheme the clemency of God; they blaspheme the goodness from which they have voluntarily turned away; finally, they blaspheme God, who makes them enter into the universal harmony by the chastisements to which they are constrained to submit, and Who makes even their blasphemies serve in the eternal concert of created things.

The great question for the soul which combats on this earth is this: Shall I

be one of those who sing, or of those who blaspheme?

This question every soul is free to answer in the sense of its eternal happiness or eternal woe; in this world there are those who bless, and those who blaspheme; they can take place in the world of harmony or in that of revolt. Here below there are the germs of all; there is a Heaven commenced, or a Hell commenced. Alas! and do not we see, in fact, thousands of souls commence their Hell here below, entering voluntarily into the society of evil spirits and insulting the Divine Majesty?

It is above all in His most touching manifestation that they outrage that most sweet majesty; it is towards the cross that they send forth their blasphemies; it is towards the face of the Redeemer turned towards them that they send forth their vain clamours; it is His love that they insult, and His tenderness that they turn away from. The name of His Majesty, which is also the name of His Divine goodness, the name of Jesus, name of Saviour, of friend, of brother; this name provokes their fury as formerly that of the Jews, and the more they hear it pronounced with love by others, the more they pronounce it with hatred.

Let us be of those who sing and those who bless!

Let us learn how to say as they say in Heaven: Blessed be God, blessed be His holy name!

Let us say it when we contemplate the works of God in all this admirable world which surrounds us. Let each creature make us bless the Holy Name shadows which give us their freshness, flowers which give us your perfumes, fruits which give us your sweetness, sun which gives us your rays, stars which illuminate our nights, air which we breathe, clear waters which quench our thirst, singings birds, multitudes of creatures that God does not forget, faithful animals that serve man; may all that surrounds us make us, with a tender violence, say: "May the Holy Name of God be forever blessed." Let us say it on seeing those noble and pure creatures that God has gifted with intelligence, with love, and with liberty. How

beautiful when they turn towards Him who made them! How generous they are when the sacred spark hidden in their heart springs up and enkindles in them a celestial fire! Let us go to souls that love, to souls that live the true life, and learn from them to know our Father in Heaven better, and to love him more, to serve Him more faithfully. If the sight of the clear blue sky carries our thoughts naturally towards God, how much more a beautiful soul, purer and more beautiful than the blue sky, living sky where God Himself resides; it draws another soul towards Him Who has created both. "Blessed be God. Blessed be His Holy Name!" Let us say it in our joys as the blessed say it in their ecstasies. There are for all, days of happiness and peace upon earth, where we drink a mingled chalice. There are bright days for us. Springs and shadows in our deserts. Our joys are short,—but we have our joys. Let us say in our joys: "Blessed be God. Blessed be His Holy Name." But let us say it above all in our hours of darkness, in our days of sorrow. Never is that melody sweeter, than when it comes from a heart touched by the hand of suffering, and which is softened by the tears in which it is bathed. It is the divine song of the human lyre. It has hidden chords, which are made to give here below purer sounds, chords from beyond the tomb; but they are not sung except by a soul broken by sorrow: "Blessed be God. Blessed be His Holy Name." It is easy to say them when all smiles; how much more touching and more generous to say them still when the smile is gone from the lips, when the crown has fallen from the forehead, when the perfumes are fled!

We shall say it then always; joyous as they say it in Heaven; sorrowful as they say it in an afflicted world. All things shall excite us to say it. Blasphemy shall put on our lips more loving accents; we shall embrace the cross more closely on the days when it is more outraged; and the more we hear the echo of the hatred and rage of Hell, the more faithfully we shall send towards Heaven the cry of our faith and of our love: "May the name of the Lord be blessed forever."

Saint Albert of Messina.

Of the Order of Carmelites.

By the COUNTESS DE BEAUREPAIRE DE LOUVAGNY

Translated from the French by MISS S. X. BLAKELY.

CHAPTER XVIII.

St. Albert Preserves the Life of a Man
who was Hanged—He Saves from
Despair a Poor Sailor—He cures
a Paralytic, and Restores
Health to a Suffering
Priest.

The preceding facts have, as has been said, gathered from the anonymous author annotated by Vincent Barbe, noted in Théodoric of Aix, in Poluce, and in part, in the manuscript of the Vatican.

The following is related by Théodoric of Aix only. Touching upon the preceding recital, the author clearly indicates that the wonderful event took place towards the end of the year 1385.

However, he narrates it without affixing any date. A noble man of Trapani had been guilty of crimes so heinous that he was adjudged unworthy to die by the sword, but had been condemned to die the death of a common criminal.

He had been hanged in the forests adjacent to the grounds of the Carmelite Monastery where St. Albert had made his profession.

His brother, who lived in another part of the province did not know of the stigma affixed upon the family honor until after the execution of the criminal. He refused to believe that his own brother could be guilty of actions so vile and base. He persuaded himself that the magistrates were deceived and that their verdict had gone very wide of the mark.

In the frenzy of his sorrow he implored heaven to send a miraculous sign from above that his brother might be freed from suspicion and be able to prove his innocence of the crime for which he had suffered. He came, in the silence of the night, to take a last look upon the brother he had loved. He drew near the gibbet, and deeply grieved, he still could not persuade himself

that it was a lifeless form hanging before him. "My beloved brother," he entreated, "In truth and reality have you ceased to live? Answer me, I pray you!" And from the gibbet a voice replied, "I am alive." On hearing these words the brother trembled with joy.

"But," said he, "by what miracle have you been kept alive when it is so long since you have hung thus in space?" The criminal replied: "Before I was led to my punishment I promised the Blessed Virgin Mary, and the Blessed Albert that if they would save me from death I would enter the Carmelite Monastery as a lay brother, and that I would serve them faithfully for the rest of my existence. The Blessed Virgin and the saint sustained my feet and thus preserved me from death." The brother of the condemned man could not sufficiently admire the magnificence of the mercy of God. He went with all speed to the monastery. He narrated what had happened to the prior, then the prior, with all the brethren, went to the gibbet and verified the fact that the criminal was still alive.

Without losing an instant, they informed the judges of the marvelous event. The latter dared not oppose so evident a manifestation of the divine will. The criminal was cut down in the presence of an immense multitude, whom the news of the miracle had attracted thither, then he was handed over to the Carmelites, who conducted him to their monastery.

Shortly afterwards they invested him with the holy habit of their Order.

And yet this man dared to trample under foot the goodness of God, who in preserving his life, had also given him time to repent, and ample opportunity to atone for his sins.

Far from repenting, far from showing gratitude to God for so signal a favor this hardened sinner proved himself to

be utterly thankless. A year and a half passed for him in the monastery, and then the devil began to inspire him with very dangerous thoughts.

Remembering the noble race from which he had sprung, which he should have considered before he became a criminal, he thought he was entitled to certain privileges. He invited some of his former friends to visit him, received them every day, and conversed with them on worldly subjects, and for hours at a time. These personages were, in name, noble, but in heart corrupt and vile.

In their society the unfortunate monk became completely depraved.

Yielding to the instigations of satan, one day he laid aside the habit and resumed his secular garb. Then he talked with his friends, and with them mocked at and ridiculed the monastic life and its holy practices.

Then he took the road which led to his old home. He had just crossed the threshold of the monastery which had sheltered him so hospitably, when a vivid flame was seen coming from heaven.

This flame stopped when it reached him, and entirely consumed him. He was reduced to ashes. Overwhelmed with terror, his companions took flight, and published far and wide the horrible event.

A new proof of the judgment meted out to ungrateful sinners by the Divine Majesty, a new proof of the fate awarded to those who are false to the vows they have assumed.

According to Father Daniel of the Blessed Virgin, it was in the year 1394 that Theodoric d'Aix wrote the above account.

To the preceding narration, we will add that some miracles inserted in the life of St. Albert, edited by Jean Marie de Poluci, towards the close of the fifteenth century. The Rev. Fr. Peter Thomas Sarrasin had read this life before 1627. For in the menology of Carmel, in relation to the acts of the saint, there appears on page 219 :

Jean Marie de Poluci adds what follows :—

"A poor man was so very lame that he was not able even to walk with

crutches. He had heard of the miracles performed by St. Albert. Day by day their fame grew more widely spread, and he was an enthusiastic admirer of all that he heard.

"He caused himself to be carried to the tomb where the venerated remains had been placed, and there prayed from the very depths of his heart. He humbly asked him to make him whole again, then he touched the sepulchre.

"And at that moment by virtue of that touch 'the lame rose,' and walked, without assistance, to the altar with a firm and unfaltering step. He joyfully made his thanksgiving for the favor, and then went to sound the praises of his benefactor—an appropriate acknowledgement to the saint who was deigned to interest himself for us ! In augmenting his glory we sing the praises of the All Powerful God from whom emanate all things."

Here is another fact related by the same author : In the year 1692, Philip, a sailor, a native of Venice, took service with a merchant who was the owner of several vessels. His employer arranged with him as to the remuneration he was to receive, and told him it should be paid to him monthly. However, in a few weeks a financial panic occurred, and the merchant, sharing in the general ruin, could not redeem his promises.

A year passed away, and still not a penny had the poor man received. He returned home to find his aged father, his wife and children reduced to the last stage of misery.

Realizing the impossibility of giving even a morsel of bread to those for whom he had been working, he gave way to utter despair. His despair amounted to madness. He resolved to hang himself, thus terminating an unhappy life by a still more unhappy death !

He procured a rope and proceeded to accomplish his sinister design. He went towards "la place Saint Marc." It was a gloomy night ; not a single star appeared to illuminate the intense darkness. But the night which obscured the soul of the wretched man was blacker still. And yet a glimmer of faith strove to cast a ray of light despite all the trouble in his brain. He clung desperately in his anguish to one thought,

and that was to St. Albert. Would not the blessed one come to aid him in his distress? God took this meritorious effort of faith into consideration. St. Albert had compassion on the desperate creature. The poor sailor was still near his home; he had not yet crossed the square, when a voice sounded in his ear:

"Whither goest thou, Philip?" He paused and looked all around. He could see no one. The name of "Albert" went from his overburdened heart to his lips. Better sentiments began to take precedence in his heart. Hope whispered a cheering thought. "O! good Jesus! O! St. Albert!" he cried, "Come to my aid." Then regretting his guilty intention, he fervently implored the protection of the Saint. Assistance was not slow to arrive. The repentance and submission had preceded it. This is what God requires before he complies with our wishes.

Philip now felt amazed that he could have harbored such thoughts. He was overwhelmed with confusion. He humbly implored God's pardon. Then he stopped. After a few moment's reflection, submissive to the will of God, accepting the trial as coming from Him, he retraced his steps—towards home—praying all the while to St. Albert. When he was about half way across the square he perceived a faint glimmer, which pierced with a light scarcely perceptible the gloom which hung over the earth. In this light, from its very depths, he could discern something weighty, which fell at his feet.

In amazement, mingled with fear, Philip stooped and searched for the object he had seen fall. He soon found it. It was a purse of silk, full of gold. The darkness could not prevent his trying to count it, but not until he reached his dwelling could he see that it contained one thousand golden crowns. It can be imagined with what joy and gratitude the family united in thanking our Lord and St. Albert for the generous aid sent them in their need.

The same author, Jean Marie de Poluci, who, in the year 1396 preached at Venice in the Church of St. George, The Greater, declared several times from the pulpit that he had been an eye-witness of the following fact:—

"A priest, Marin by name, suffered greatly from a burning fever. This fever had withstood the skill of several eminent physicians. The poor priest was in danger of death. And meanwhile he had not as yet completed his mission upon this earth. He knew it! This is wherefore he confided himself to St. Albert. He sent them to ask for some of the water blessed with the relics of St. Albert, but God did not permit that he should be successful in his petition.

When the messenger returned with empty hands, and an account of his disappointment, the priest was not discouraged. In a transport of faith, he bade them bring a glass of unblest water, and then said, 'O! Father! St. Albert! You know that every year I solemnly celebrate your feast day, and your vigil—I entreat you, bless this water yourself.'

Marin drank, with confidence, and a moment afterwards he fell asleep. During his slumber, St. Albert appeared to him, and said: "O! beloved priest, arise and give glory to God." Marin heard this appeal and obeyed. He was cured!

This narration of de Poluci is cited by Sarrasin, who adds these lines:

"Whilst I wrote the various events in the life of St. Albert, I found in the celebrated library of our monastery at Bologna a manuscript reproducing six acts, registered by Master Laurence des Pins, notary public of the Arch-diocese, and citizen of Bologna. These acts are testimonials in honor of St. Albert; tributes to the sanctity of the blessed one.'

We hasten to produce them here.

CHAPTER XIX.

Acts of the Notary of Bologna, Master Laurence des Pins.

First testimonial: Bernardin de Mulites, son of Francis de Mulites, citizen and procurator of Bologna, during the pestilence which devastated Bologna in the year 1523, married Bena, daughter of Count Minius de Scardois. The terrible scourge extended its ravages far and wide; it spared neither the poor nor the rich. Madame Bena was stricken down, and as she had hopes of becoming a mother, her situation was even more serious. In such a case medical skill is of little avail,—a truth which, too soon,

the poor invalid recognized. Abandoned by her physicians as a case beyond aid, Madame Bena had a miscarriage, after which she remained for several hours unconscious and was supposed to be dead.

But Bernardin, who would not believe it, fervently invoked St. Albert. He implored the blessed one to help them, and made a promise in case he would be heard. Then he gave his wife some of the water in which the holy relics had been placed. Scarcely was the promise formulated than the patient felt very much better. Soon she was entirely restored, as well as others of the same family who had been attacked. The promise made by Bernardin entailed upon him to have a picture of St. Albert painted. He was to be represented as the "miracle worker," and the painting was to be placed in the Cathedral of St. Peter at Bologna. He had even pointed out the locality; it was to hang to the left of the old sacristy. Bernardin saw it completed. But the Bishop objected to its being hung in the church. Bernardin insisted; he entreated that he might be permitted to fulfil his promise. In vain, —the bishop would not yield. Then a new miracle was wrought. The following night St. Albert appeared to the Bishop, and the prelate was by him stricken with a raging fever. He yielded then and accorded the desired permission. Nay more, he voluntarily promised to have the solemn office of St. Albert celebrated in his cathedral during the remainder of his life. Finally he drank of the water blessed by the holy relics, and was cured. Here ends the first act of the notary.

Second: In the year 1534, Flora, daughter of the Sire Baptiste de Mezarachi, was taken very ill with fever. She promised that if St. Albert would restore her health she would offer at his shrine a statue of wax. Her prayer was heard. This act as well as the foregoing, may be found entered upon the official registers of the notary. Third: Jacques, son of Jean des Martelles of the parish of Sts. Vital and Agrirol endured excruciating agony from a cancer. It had been pronounced to be incurable.

The horrible effluvia which exhaled from the wound sent everyone flying

from the spot. Even the most devout persons shrank from the offensive exhalation. The poor creature solemnly promised that if he were cured he would have the holy sacrifice of the mass offered up in honor of St. Albert in the Carmelite Church of St. Martin of Bologna.

He was fully restored to health. The public registers of the notary bear testimony to the above.

Fourth: In the year 1549, Novella, daughter of the Sire Francis de Monterenci, wife of the Sire Jerome des Bruhis, was violently attacked by the plague. She made a promise to do something in honor of St. Albert, and was immediately cured. (Taken from the same record.)

Fifth: In 1555, the illustrious doctor ("en droit") Sire Jean des Poetes, citizen of Bologna, was seized with a slow fever, which for a whole year threatened to terminate his life. He promised St. Albert that he would observe his feast and do him honor as long as he lived. He regained his health and gave thanks to God. Taken from the same registry.

Sixth: Jean, son of Jean de Ravenna, master carpenter, affirms under oath, that in the year 1559, his son Sebastian, who had suffered from a lingering illness, died, to the excessive grief of his parents. Two days passed away, after which they prepared to bury the child. Meanwhile they prayed to St. Albert: O! wonderful!

The boy gradually recovered his natural bodily warmth, he breathed, he opened his eyes, he spoke! Marvelous and entirely beyond the natural order of things, he was entirely cured. The grateful parents thanked St. Albert, and Master des Pins had another miracle to record.

CHAPTER XX.

Continuation of Fr. Sarrasin's Narration

After having transcribed the records of the notary des Pins, the Reverend Father Sarrasin continues thus: "I will add, before finishing the life of St. Albert, the following fact which the very illustrious and Right Reverend Laurence Celse, Bishop of Castro, vice-legat of Bologna, related to me. He had been, while at Viterbo, governor of the patrimony and was an eye-witness to it. Two monks from beyond the mountains purloined

from the sacristy of Viterbo a very precious relic of St. Albert.

Even though their theft had its origin in devotion, that did not render it less blamable. No intention, however good, can excuse a criminal action. The monks were very much exercised as to the result of their escapade; they concealed the relic, and took refuge in flight. They walked with all haste for an entire day, following the direction directly opposite the city. What was their surprise to find themselves, that same evening, under the walls of Viterbo! How could they be thus deceived about the route? They had taken the sun's course for a guide, and had not deviated from the line which should lead them towards the north.

Be that as it may, their minds were as yet not attuned to repentance. They reposed in the deep shadow of a little wood, and at the first faint blush of dawn, arose and continued their journey. Persevering in their fault, they went on with more speed than before, consequently when night approached they were overcome with fatigue. How joyfully, then they beheld the turrets and towers of a city stand out in bold relief against the azure sky! They hurried on. It was to find themselves again beneath the walls of Viterbo! They were stupefied, terrified. Words cannot describe their feelings. They were mute! But their repentance was not in existence yet. After a few hours' repose they went on their way for the third time, without attaining a better result. The evening of the third day, they were as before, beneath the ramparts of Viterbo. At last they comprehended that this had happened as a punishment from God, and they were seized with terror at the thought.

They went with all haste to the Arch-Priest of Mont Fralisque, acknowledged their fault, and the subsequent adverse adventure, and they begged him to restore the relic to the Carmelite Monastery at Viterbo. The Arch-Priest consented to do so. The unhappy robbers were this time more fortunate; they could at last take refuge in flight.

On the following morning the Arch-Priest took the relic to the Most Reverend and illustrious Laurence Celse, governor of Patrimony. The latter called

for the Carmelite Fathers, and gave them the relics, evincing the greatest respect and devotion. They had been preserved through Divine intervention."

Upon concluding his narration the Rev Father adds: "I humbly asked the governor for an authentic account of this wonderful occurrence. He granted my request. It is still to be found in our library at Bologna."

And now for this last prodigy which should not be forgotten. "The master Virginius Bentivola de Bologna, my dear father in Jesus Christ, had suffered for a long time from a violent fever, which put him in danger of death. Upon September eleventh, I visited him; my heart was overwhelmed with sorrow. I spoke to him at length upon the merits of St. Albert, and urged him to drink, with his usual devotion, of the water blessed with the relics of the Saint. He willingly consented. I went to the altar and celebrated Mass. Then I blessed the water and carried a portion to the patient. I repeated thrice: "O! the generosity, the power of God! How admirably it shines forth in His Saints!"

In three days a radical cure was effected. In commemoration of this remarkable event, Fra. Dominic Rota, of Bologna, in 1696, pronounced the most eloquent eulogy in a sermon remarkable for its power.

Fr. Sarrasin concludes thus: "There are innumerable miracles still, which I might relate, as being wrought by our great Saint. But there must be a limit, and unwillingly I allow them to be suppressed. The above account has only one end in view, and that is: "To obtain the protection of St. Albert for us in this life, and his assistance for us at the hour of death."

CHAPTER XXI.

Arnold Bostius—The Speculum Carmelitanum—Rev. Fr. Daniel of the Blessed Virgin Mary—Marie Ock.

Arnold Bostius, an author of the Carmelite Order, well-known throughout Belgium, as the Bollandists affirm, relates a very remarkable fact. It is to be found in his book entitled, "Illustrious Men of the Order of the Blessed Vir-

gin Mary of Mount Carmel." Fr. Daniel of the Blessed Virgin in pronouncing the eulogy of St. Albert, and narrating his constantly recurring miracles in his "*Speculum Carmelitanum*" cites this passage from Arnold's book. It occurs in Chapter II of the second part.—

Master Guillaume des Gui, Provincial of Sicily, related to me that in the year of our Lord 1465, St. Albert raised to life a dead person in the city of Agrigente. The mother of the resuscitated one testified to the miracle in presence of the illustrious Prince Anton, Count de Calathamperches, and the noble soldier Jean de Landoline." Here is another fact of which we owe the knowledge to the same Fr. Daniel. It is to be found in the appendix to the life of St. Albert, written by Theodoric d'Aix.

It treats of the restoration to health of Marie Ock, a tertiary of the Carmelite Order, whose life has been published by Rev. Fr. Albert of Saint-Germain. This miracle took place at Liege, January 6th, 1684.

Marie Ock, who was twenty-five years of age, had for three years suffered intolerably in consequence of a cancer in the liver.

The pains were accompanied by black vomiting and great nausea. The poor girl, having no hope of relief from physicians, led a melancholy life. Her days and nights were passed in the most intense misery, which forced from her irrepressible sighs and tears. Marie had the most ardent devotion to the Blessed Virgin. She had a special devotion to St. Albert, who is held in very high esteem at Liege. In the Carmelite Church at that place his feast is celebrated with the most imposing ceremonies.

Since the year 1644, the third Order of Mount Carmel received a large addition to its ranks. Fr. Mathias a Corona prior of the Carmelites, had given all his energies to the accomplishment of this end. Marie Ock had hastened to become a member of the holy band. She was an example of virtue to all the rest.

Having for her aim the imitation of the most holy Virgin, and observing the rule with scrupulous fidelity, Sister Marie Albert rapidly ascended the ladder of perfection. She was a true type of what a Tertian should be. Thus she

obtained, through the merits of St. Albert, innumerable graces and favors,—many more than had been vouchsafed her before. We will speak of what she obtained at the beginning of the year 1644. The illness from which she then suffered was a result of maladies which had afflicted her youth.

In view of the failure to relieve her, of her physicians, Marie Ock determined to make a novena to the Blessed Albert, and during the nine days thereof to drink of the water blessed by contact with his bones.

This was on the sixth of January; she drank about one and a half ounces of the holy water, and immediately felt better. That evening she took solid food without the usual result of vomiting. There was no return of that phase, and on the following night she slept, and was even able to lie upon the side which had always troubled her so much, without feeling inconvenienced in the least. When day dawned, she arose and could perform various avocations. But her parents, the priest and those who took care of her, opposed her thus exerting herself, although she felt equal to it from the first day of the novena. She continued the novena as a tribute of thanksgiving. Her health became perfect, and she declared that she had never felt better. This cure was pronounced to be miraculous by all the wise men of Liege. It was approved by the authority of the Ordinary, in accordance with the rules traced by the Council of Trent. Here follows the text of this approval:

"We have seen the testimony of licensed practitioners, doctors of theology and of others; also the declaration of Marie Ock, a girl of undoubted integrity,—the depositions under oath of various witnesses. These all were in the hands of Sire Jean de Blays, a priest and notary public, placed there in the cause of the miraculous cure operated through the grace of God and the merits of St. Albert upon the body of the said girl. We have seen the opinions of physicians. For this reason we have deemed it proper, nay, even a duty to authorize and approve the said miracle, and to permit it to be proclaimed publicly in the Church, as we proclaim it at present, for the greater honor and glory of God.

God, the all-powerful, who is admirable in his saints. We proclaim it in his honor and to the honor and glory of the Blessed Virgin, His Mother, and of St. Albert."

Given at Liege, under our signature in our claustral house, April III., 1648.

Signed, Jean Chockier,

Vicar General of Liege.

We will add the inscription upon the ex-voto offered by Marie Ock in thanksgiving for her cure. The ex-voto consisted of a marble tablet attached to the wall, near the altar of St. Albert.

Here is the inscription:—

D. O. M.—

To St. Albert, Carmelite, who works miracles, who is the refuge of the sick, and the friend of the dying:

"Marie Ock, miraculously cured of a cancer of an obstinate and incurable nature through the merits of this great saint, as soon as she had taken the water blessed by contact with his bones, has dedicated to his altar this tablet. She offers it as an eternal testimony of honor and gratitude to his memory, 1648."

Eight of the most prominent physicians of this city decided that the cure could not be attributed to natural causes, nor to the efforts of art, but to God, whose power nothing can resist, and to the merits of St. Albert, the Carmelite.

The most eminent theologians also, those of the vicariate as well as the synodical examiners, secular and regular clergy to the number of twenty, convened specially by order of the Very Reverend and illustrious Sire Jean de Chockier de Surlet, vicar general for the spiritual affairs for the young Prince Frederiand, and Bishop of Liege, have investigated the facts with strict and rigorous impartiality. Adoring the infinite power of God, who is admirable in his saints, that have all declared this cure to be a miracle.

They have proclaimed their belief by their own signatures, as can be seen, affixed to the process which has been drawn up with the most minute exactness, and is preserved in this monastery.

This cure happened at Liege, the year of the Incarnation, 1648, and the year 356 since the death of St. Albert, Janu-

ary VI. This favor granted to Marie Ock, through the intercession of St. Albert was not to be the only one. Immediately after the cure Sr. Mary Albert of the Cross felt herself animated by a fervor more intense than before. Again she offered to God her body, her soul, her whole being

It is not astonishing that the demon rushed into the field to combat her holy resolutions. But protected by the Blessed Virgin and St. Albert she conquered the evil spirit and remained victorious over all his diabolical wiles.

She was, later on, favored by a vision in which Our Lord Jesus Christ, bearing his cross, appeared to her. His Blessed Mother and St. Albert appeared to her at the same time.

Obliged under obedience by her direction to record the vision as it occurred, she prayed to her holy patron St. Albert to aid her in the task. The saint appeared to her, gave her his benediction, and guided her hand whilst she wrote. When the narration was finished, with the exception of a small portion, she asked to be permitted to conclude it alone, and knelt to receive the blessing of the saint.

Then again he took her by the hand and said: "You are my dear and well beloved child." Then with a silent blessing, he departed.

But Satan never knows, or will not admit, that he has been positively overcome.

Many times Marie Ock had been subjected to terrible temptations against virtue.

She had always valiantly resisted, but the violent struggles caused her great suffering. We find the following in the annals of Carmel upon the above fact:

"It was the seventh day of August, 1655, feast of the glorious St. Albert. Marie had gone through a combat which well nigh exhausted her powers of endurance. The Blessed Virgin Mary, in all her grand and magnificent beauty, accompanied by St. Albert, appeared to her, re-assured and consoled her. Sr. Marie Albert of the Cross, besides the above, had frequent visits from the Blessed One. One day he said to her: "God wishes to annihilate you through the Cross. You should adore Him in a

manner similar to St. Andrew. Offer yourself to Him as a holocaust. However, he offers you consolations also. You have the privilege of choosing between them." The nun asked which, the Cross or the consolations would be the more pleasing to Our Lord. "Even though you would choose consolations," replied the saint, "you would not, for that, be displeasing to God." "I only desire two things," replied she. "To love and to suffer." Another time, like St. Theresa, she ardently desired to die to enjoy the sight of God. St. Albert directed her to ask of Our Lord Jesus Christ a prolongation of her life. He even taught her in what manner she was to word the request. Here follows the prayer he dictated: "My dear Jesus, I the least of all your servants, pray you in all humility to prolong my life. I offer myself to Your Divine Majesty for the sins of mankind, as an expiation thereof. Also for the relief of souls in Purgatory." Our Lord accepted this offering, and in token that He had done so, she was overwhelmed with sufferings. Jesus, Himself, deigned to give her the name as Sr. Mary Albert of the Cross. One day when Marie received Holy Communion she heard the voice of St. Albert, who spoke thus: "Courage! your Spouse will enter your heart in its crucified state. He will bring naught but thorns and nails, sufferings and bitterness. Courage! Love to suffer more and more every day! Eternity is long enough to enjoy, and you have only this life in which to suffer. If there were no suffering on this earth, it would be utterly useless to live."

Marie responded to the exhortations of the saint by a still more ardent love of the Cross, and a more utter abandonment of self.

CHAPTER XXII.

Father Philip of the Visitation—The Life of the Saint is Written also by Him.

After all the authors cited by us, Father Philip of the Visitation has left us a life of the miracle worker. This life was written in French. It narrates a number of other miracles. He does not give the details, but he says that in Spain, at Saragossa, the saint worked many miracles. He made the blind to see, he cured cases of malignant fever,

when hope of recovery was abandoned. He healed desperate diseases of every kind. The authorities selected fourteen cases from amongst them all, and caused them to be solemnly published in the Carmelite Church on the same day. This public testimony to St. Albert is the most splendid proof of his great power that I could produce.

In other instances the recital of Father Philip is more ample.

The following fact will be a proof of this: "In the year of grace, 1645, there lived at Trapani, in Sicily, a man named Hyppolytus, who was possessed of great riches. Although he made good use of his wealth, and was generous and obliging, his good fortune aroused the envy of the covetous.

One day when he had made some very important collections, a poor man who lived in his vicinity succeeded in entering the house. The visitor had no qualms as to taking all the money and valuables that he could lay his hands on, and fleeing with them to the adjacent forests. When he returned the merchant felt not only consternation, but was justly indignant at so base an act.

However, trusting in the intercession of St. Albert, and above all, in the goodness of God, he promised Our Lord that if he recovered his lost treasures he would have a massive silver statue of the saint executed at once. The next day at the usual hour he mounted his horse to go and attend to his affairs. The animal was gentle, and readily listened to the voice of his master.

But to-day, scarcely had they left the city behind them, it started off in a furious gallop. Its rider put forth his best efforts to stop it. But all in vain. The steed broke the reins and was deaf to all attempts whatsoever. Hyppolytus could scarcely hold it between his robust limbs, the courser passed over the space with the swiftness of an arrow. They had now reached the very heart of the forest. There the horse stopped suddenly at the risk of dismounting his cavalier. He immediately began to dig up the earth with his fore feet. Hyppolytus was astonished. His attention aroused, he followed with interest the action of his horse. In a little while he saw a gold piece then two, then three, then a

great number shining in the clear light of the day. In an instant he had recovered all his wealth without a dubloon missing.

He very munificently fulfilled his promise.

Father Philip has also preserved for us the memory of another fact. At Valenciennes in the year 1671, Madame Anna Frances Fagot attended a celebration at which an immense crowd was present. She discovered that she had lost a valuable gold cross, one of her most treasured possessions. She was very much annoyed at the loss. She went to Father Philip for advice. He bade her commend the affair to St. Albert and, to secure the aid of the Saint to have the holy sacrifice of the mass celebrated in his honor the next day. She assisted at the Mass. En route for home she saw, whilst still engaged in prayer, her dog run towards her, frisking merrily as it came.

He stopped and offered her the cross which it held in its mouth. These examples are still another proof of the greatness of God's mercy to us. Not only does the Lord grant the wishes we formulate for our spiritual good, but he watches over our temporal wants, and does not refuse the realization of our legitimate desires. Do we always know how to thank Him as he deserves to be thanked?

CHAPTER XXIII.

Mary Magdalen de Pazzi.

The life of St. Mary Magdalen de Pazzi was rich in lessons most precious for the soul. In every phase it presented the most edifying aspects. No religious of the Carmelite Order gave a more edifying example of mortification, of obedience, of every virtue than did this holy nun. Her love for God was so intense that it frequently manifested itself in ecstasies of divine adoration. But one thought even made any impression upon her heart. That God, who is all love, is not sufficiently loved.

In fine, she almost attained to the sublime heights of St. Theresa.

But it is not the life of this illustrious Carmelite that we are transcribing now.

It is well, however, to cast a glance upon the childhood and youth of this

cily. This will enable us to understand the predilection with which she was honored by this great saint, and we will only speak of her in connection with what relates to St. Albert.

St. Mary Magdalen descended through her father from the illustrious family of the de Pazzi, inherited a claim to nobility from her mother also, who was a Buondelmonti, a race second to none in the kingdom. There was also a connection with the sovereign house of the Medicis. The young girl was born at Florence, April XI, 1566. She received in baptism the name of Catharine, in honor of St. Catharine of Siemina. From her very infancy she was adorned with the rarest virtues, her love for God revealed itself with wonderful precocity. Her most ardent desire was to receive Holy Communion. Scarcely ten years of age she was admitted to the banquet of divine love. Her purity was so great and her fervor so intense that her confessor permitted her to receive every eight days. She was not slow to anticipate the life of sacrifice, which she proposed to adopt. In the first place, on Holy Thursday, she united herself to Jesus by the vow of virginity. Then she began to subject her to severe penitential exercises. The reward was not slow to come, for at twelve years of age, whilst walking in the garden with her mother, she was ravished with ecstasy. When Catharine was fourteen years old her father was appointed governor of Cortona.

She was placed with the sisters of St. John as a pupil of the academy, but her daily life was rather that of a fervent novice. Much of her time she devoted to the reading of spiritual books. Books of prayer, and lives of the saints. She also swept the apartments, made the beds, and occupied herself with the most humble duties. Upon her return to Florence, her father wished her to marry. She then revealed to him her intention of entering religion, a decision which gave him great pain.

He, however, although reluctantly, gave his consent. At the age of seventeen, to her great joy, she was permitted to join the Carmelite Order at St. Fidrien.

To be continued.

A Month in Acadia.

The next morning after our return from the "apple-land of Acadia," we took the D.A.R. to Kentville, about seven miles distant. The sun was glowing, yet tempered, as if to favor our pleasure. I remember, when a boy, seeing a picture in a geography called "a view of Kentville," and it so impressed me that I have never forgotten it. Well, this is Kentville! And it is a beautiful town full of leafy seclusion. It is an ideal spot, methinks, for the artist and poet: babbling brooks abound, thick set with gnarled trees,

"Where emerald ozers bending softly down, appear to kiss the rivulet they love."

The town is embowered in a couple of narrow valleys, where elm trees appear most plentiful. The banks of the valleys are rather abrupt, and the valleys themselves take some unexpected turns. The Cornwallis river meanders gracefully through the meadows. Here and there little rustic bridges greet the eye, and the stilly streets, with over-arching shade trees, seem the acme of tranquil bliss. Everyone in Kentville ought to be, by nature, a poet or an artist, for his environment is such that the good and the beautiful are ever present to his eye.

Yet, withal, Kentville is a busy town. It is the capital and trading centre of the rich county of Kings. It is the seat of the offices and machine shops of the Dominion Atlantic Railway. The social life of this town is, perhaps, not the least of its charming features, and, to one who has the entre, it makes a journey here an event never to be forgotten.

There is a branch of the D.A.R. that runs down through the Cornwallis valley from Kentville to Kingsport, a distance of fourteen miles. Our party decided that a trip there would not be without interest, so we took the first train. On the journey we passed through the town of Canning,—a typical farming town, surrounded by rich meadows. Through it flows the *Habitant*, once a large river but now a mere stream. Here we disembark, so to speak, in order to drive across to the foot of North Mountain, and the "Look Off." It is but a short

distance, and as the carriage crawls up its steep face a series of enchanting pictures is unfolded to view. The panorama seen from the summit is marvelous, not only for its sublime breadth, but for the variety of its loveliness. From your feet the mountain-side falls away abruptly, a mass of foliage palpitating with colored light. Far down below lies the quaint village of Pereau, wrapped in a mantle of sunshine. Further to the left is the enchanted dale of Whitewaters.

"Up from the wharf at Whitewaters, Where scarce a slim sandpiper stirs, A yellow roadway climbs, that feels Few footsteps and infrequent wheels. It climbs to meet the western sun Upon the heights of Blomidon, Bulwark of piece, whose bastioned form Out-bars the serried hosts of storm."

A little beyond Whitewaters the waves are breaking on the base of Blomidon; and thence the eye ranges far up Cobequid Bay, past "Noel's haunted shores" on the one hand, and the mystic "Five Islands" on the other. In the left of the landscape white sails are fleeing over the bosom of Minas Basin; and bathing all is the soft light of the Acadian sky, deep blue but vaporous.

A drive of about four miles further along the crest brings us out upon the massive brow of Blomidon itself. Here one looks down almost six hundred feet into the unsleeping tide.

Returning to Canning we take the train for Kingsport, three miles further on. This is a breezy shipping town on a tongue of land thrust far out into the Basin. From Kingsport yards are launched some of the largest sailing ships of the world. With its fresh breezes, good bathing, and wide, exhilarating outlook, this town is fast becoming popular as a summer resort.

For the present we will rest in Kingsport, where there are comfortable inns, quiet and homelike, and on the morrow the steamship "Evangeline" will bring us around the base of Blomidon and up to Parrsboro.

John A. Ianigan, M.D.

Rest.

In omnibus requiem quaesivi, etc.—Eccl.
24.

I sought in all things for my rest,
More sweet the word to me
Than rippling wavelets monotone
Of moonlit sapphire sea.
More gladdening than the skylark's
hymn,

...When shades of night are flown;
More soothing than the summer-breeze
That sighs in woodland lone.

And yet, we find not perfect rest

In beauties of this earth,

But only in the love of Him

Who gave our longings birth.

And, listen! Saint Augustine sings

This touching melody:

"Our hearts were formed, O my God!
To rest alone in Thee."

Not then in scenes however fair

Or pleasure, science, art;

Not yet in friendship's sympathy

But in our Jesus' Heart.

Its beauty never fades away,

Its love cannot grow cold;

Things ever ancient and yet new

In this sweet hour unfold.

"Give them, O Lord, eternal rest!"

When loved ones pass away,

Thus mournfully, amidst our tears

With Holy Church we pray.

But let us, as this life flows on,

Beseech our Saviour blest,

Give us at least an earnest, Lord,

Of everlasting rest.

Enfant de Marie.

CRITICISING PRIESTS.

Receives Courteous but Stern Rebuke.

"It is, unfortunately, a failing with some good Catholics," remarked Our Next Door, gazing contemplatively at the glowing coals in the grate—that cost \$12 a ton, by the way—"that they are given to criticism of their priests, although they have the grace not to do so in the presence of those not of the faith. In fact they would resent anything of the kind coming from a Protestant, but when the company is composed exclusively of Catholics, they con-

sider the discussion of imperfections of their spiritual guides as a sort of family affair and privilege. A few evenings ago I was at a little gathering in which a discussion was held regarding the irritable temperament of a reverend gentleman well known to most of the company. One of the party, an ex-officer of the army, took no part in the conversation until one of those who had most forcibly expressed his adverse opinion, turned to him and said:

"Now, colonel, you know Father—. What do you think of him?"

"The colonel paused a moment and then replied: 'I am a Yankee, you know, and will answer your question by asking another. Suppose you were taken mortally ill at midnight during one of those blizzards that we are subject to at this season, and should send for Father—, as you are in his parish; don't you know, as an indisputable fact, that he would instantly leave his warm bed and tramp through the storm and darkness to answer your call, at any risk to his life and health?'"

"Well, yes," admitted the questioner.

"And when he sat by you in that dread hour and gave you such strength and consolation as only a priest of God can give, wouldn't you feel like condoning that little petulance of temper which his mother gave him and which the sore trials of life sometimes bring out? I tell you, boys, the best and truest description of a priest that I ever read was this: 'He is a man who has made a vow to be a saint.' And that covers the ground. In my long and varied life I never met one of them whom I could not admire and reverence."

"This courteous and gentle rebuke effectually silenced the discussion."—The New Century.

The soul which follows in the footsteps of Christ and in poverty and hard work and misfortune bravely meets and nobly endures will find light in unexpected places and joy where fears were looked for. There is a subtle law here, and if we can discover it and be guided by it the clouds will have a silver lining and even our sorrows will prove a blessing.

Editorial Notes.

Not long ago Emperor William of Germany paid a visit to the Holy Father. He surrounded himself with imperial pomp and pageantry, showing all the world how much more important he considered his visit to the Vatican, than that to his allied royal brother at the Quirinal. Newspapers of all shades commented on this singular behavior of a Protestant Emperor, some English papers even blaming him. But the late elections in Germany throw a new light upon his wise conduct. The greatest gains in these elections were made by the Socialists, who send 81 members to the Reichstag, forming the strongest political party outside of the Centrum. This significant increase of Socialism is confined entirely to the Protestant districts of Germany, and to those large cities, in which Catholics form a small minority. Thus the whole kingdom of Saxony, overwhelmingly Protestant, is now in the hands of Social Democracy. Bebel, their leader, proudly refers to Saxony as "the red kingdom." The Emperor, who is an outspoken opponent of the Social Democrats, can only count on the Centrum party, the Catholic party, to uphold him in his earnest wish to protect Germany against the encroachment of Socialism, for the Centrum is the only party that has held its own in spite of the shameful treachery of its former Polish adherents. The Emperor is thus placed before the alternative, not of Protestant or Catholic, but of Socialist or Catholic. His Protestant subjects are rapidly swelling the ranks of the Social Democrats, who have undermined their belief in heaven, and promise them an ideal paradise on earth. No wonder that the Emperor looks for safety to the Rock, against which hell cannot prevail. No wonder that he offers up fervent prayers for the Pope, who has written such luminous encyclicals on the Social questions. No wonder that his clear intelligence and his courageous heart are more and more influenced by that Power, which is the only protection and safeguard against revolutionary errors. He cannot become a Socialist, his Protestantism has failed him, there is only one

means of salvation left, the Kingdom of God on earth, the Catholic Church.

* * * *

On the last of June, the Hospice of Mt. Carmel at Niagara Falls was the scene of an unusual re-union of the Carmelites in America. The fifth Provincial Chapter was held under the presidency of the Superior General of the whole Carmelite Order. Our readers know that an American Carmelite now holds that office, the Most Reverend Pius R. Mayer, the first prior of Niagara Falls, and the first Provincial of the American Province. For the first time in the history of the Order, the successor of St. Simon Stock came across the Atlantic to preside at a Chapter of the American Province. Founded in this country as late as 1865, the Order has now nine priories and several other residences. A year ago St. Cyril's College in Chicago was opened, giving the Carmelites an opportunity to return to their ancient occupation as teachers, a calling which they adorned for so many centuries in Oxford, Cambridge, Paris and Salamanca. Among the resolutions adopted at the Chapter there was one concerning new missionary fields in America, which will prove of the greatest interest to our readers. We are not able to give any particulars yet, but we mention this new work in order to enlist the prayers and co-operation of the friends of Carmel. As the work progresses, we will be glad to report details to our readers.

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Although the internal affairs of the Carmelite Order are not discussed in these pages, our readers have a right to know the external changes in persons and conditions of the Order. The Carmelite Review has been declared the official organ of the Province. Therefore we here gave a list of the new superiors. The new Provincial is the Very Rev. Ambrose Bruder, O. C. C., whose residence will be at the Carmelite Monastery, 1501 Center ave., Pittsburgh, Pa. The following were elected Priors of the various houses: Revs. Albert Wagner, at Pittsburgh, Pa.; Dionysius Best, at Niagara.

Falls, Ont.; T. J. McDonald, at Englewood, N. J.; Albert Murphy, Chicago, Ill.; Alphonse Brandstaetter, at Scipio, Kas.; Sebastian Urnauer, at Leavenworth, Kas.; Ferdinand Vander Staay, at New Baltimore, Pa. The Definitory of the Province is composed of the following four fathers: Revs. Paul Ryan, J. C. Feehan, A. J. Smits and Bernard Fink. The Master of Novices is A. J. Smits, New Baltimore, Pa. A strong staff of missionaries was formed, and the former Provincial, Very Rev. A. J. Kreidt, appointed director of the missions. His residence will remain at Niagara Falls, Canada, to which address all applications for missions and retreats are to be sent.

* * * *

The death of Cardinal Vaughan leaves vacant one of the most important and difficult positions in the Catholic hierarchy. Great men were his predecessors. Cardinal Wiseman, the scholarly linguist, and Cardinal Manning, the staunch convert. History will hardly rank the late Cardinal on the same level. But he, too, fulfilled his mission well. He was a man of affairs, founder of the Foreign Missionary College at Mill Hill, England, and builder of the new Cathedral of Westminster. He came of an ancient Catholic family, which had always been ready to dedicate its means, its blood, and its sons and daughters to the service of the Church. An English Tory, he did not sympathize with the political movements of the Irish people, who, however, generously aided him in his labors for the negro missions. Aggressively and uncompromisingly Catholic, he had little patience with the half-hearted Ritualists, who hovered around the threshold of the Church, afraid to step over it, waiting outside for concessions and recognition of their sham Anglican orders. The grand spectacle of his public and formal profession of faith on the eve of his death, forms a fit closing scene of his active life in the service of God and the Church. The new Cathedral of Westminster will be his monument. We only regret that the monument is not in better taste. To our eye it is a striped monstrosity in an unbecoming situation, and a totally unworthy com-

panion of the great old Catholic Cathedrals of England. We understand the reasons for not erecting a Roman church, with St. Paul's as a neighbor, or a gothic structure, with the beautiful Westminster Abbey as a competitor; but if the Byzantine style seemed to be called for, it would have been better to follow the great Cathedrals of Constantinople and Venice more closely. Red brick, even with horizontal bars of grey stone in regular layers, seems to us an unfit material for such a structure. Tastes differ, in spite of recognized standards, and there are many who call this cathedral the greatest work of the late Cardinal. May he rest in peace!

* * * *

There can be no contradiction between true science and religion. Religion is founded on revealed truth. God is the author of nature as well as of revelation, and cannot contradict Himself. Thus, for the Catholic scholar there is no possibility of scientific error. He can calmly await each new discovery in science as a further confirmation of his position. Of course, there is debatable ground. The scholastic theory of physical science, although accepted by the greater number of Catholic philosophers, did not seem correct to many of our modern Catholic scientists. But the latest discovery of the qualities of matter, as found in the properties of radium, must set them thinking. Taking account of the astonishing experiments made with this new element, the theory has been formulated, that every atom of matter is composed of absolutely identical ions, the difference in atoms being caused only by the different quantity of ions. Can this possibly be, or rather must it not be the *materia prima* of the scholastics? The ion cannot exist except in an atom—just as *materia prima* cannot exist without its substantial form. Thus we find in the old musty volumes of St. Thomas, what will probably be called in the next future, the greatest scientific discovery of the day.

* * * *

In an interview with Archbishop Quigley, published in the *Inter Ocean*, of Chicago, this eminent prelate in his us-

ual clear manner, speaks of the probable successor of the Pope, of the Phillipine question, of the growth of Republicanism in Italy, of Socialism, and the race problem in the South. According to his opinion, Cardinal Gotti is the most prominent candidate for the Papacy. Of him he says: "Cardinal Gotti is a wonderfully equipped man for the place. He is a profound scholar, knows the world well and is large in his sympathies, and of a very kindly nature." Later on he calls Cardinal Gotti "a good man, an able man and well qualified for the high position as head of the Church." His elevation to the Cardinalate came soon after he was made head of the Carmelite Order. It has already been customary to have the head of this Order a Cardinal, and when he was selected for the former position Pope Leo made him a Cardinal." The Archbishop also offers a solution of the race problem, a solution which has often enough been successfully employed by the Church, but which will sound novel to the general American public. He says:

"The race problem? Yes, it can be solved and solved surely. The negro of the South needs the Church and the field. If the system that was in vogue in the Phillipines prior to the war were inaugurated in the South, in one hundred years you would hear no more of the race problem. The friars' plan, as carried out in the Phillipines, would solve it for all time to come. We will say that the Carmelites were given half a dozen counties in Mississippi, the Franciscans another section, the Jesuits another, and so on. Then let the State or the Church purchase, say 1000 acres of land. A monastery would be built. One hundred brothers would, perhaps, be identified with the monastery. These would take charge of the work in the fields and the quarries and so on. Schools would be built and churches reared. The colored people would then be given employment under the brothers. They would live happily, their children would be educated and given a good Christian training. They would marry and rear good families, and all laws would be respected. They would become good citizens, and the race question

would forever be disposed of."

A beautiful dream! The Indians of Mexico and of Canada were treated in this way and became good law-abiding citizens. But in the United States, although the Catholic missionaries had abundantly proved the efficacy of this solution, the Indian missionaries were not only not helped or encouraged by the Government, they were unjustly deprived of a support unstintedly given to anti-Catholic institutions. We have a Carmelite mission among the Choctaw Indians in Mississippi. Our Fathers are on the verge of starvation. The Indians have been ordered to the Indian territory under penalty of losing the small subsidy now granted them. Will the Government be more willing to foster a work among the negroes, which it is now trying to hinder in the Phillipines and among the Indians? The Indians have been nearly exterminated. This is the Anglo-Saxon solution. The numerous lynchings are an indication of the same spirit with regard to the negro, and in the Phillipines the process had been well begun, and may at any moment be continued. Still, as the Archbishop says, the world is getting better, even the American world, even Chicago. Public sentiment is on the side of right and goodness. We hope the great Archbishop is right. He usually is in his views on men and affairs, and he is full of apostolic zeal in openly proclaiming them.

* * *

The expressed love of Our Holy Father on his death bed for Our Lady of Mt. Carmel, seems to have influenced the faithful clients of Our Lady to make unusual demonstration in her honor. The annual pilgrimage on the 16th of July to the shrine of Our Lady at Niagara Falls, was attended by a vast multitude from all the neighboring cities and towns—at least three thousand pilgrims gathered for the celebration of the feast, and the gaining of the great Indulgence granted by the great Pontiff, now at the point of death. Twice the Church was filled by the hundreds who received Holy Communion. The capacious tent was unable to shelter the number of those who assisted at the Solemn High Mass sung at the improvised altar on the grounds. The Rev. Father Bubenheim, pastor of

St. Mary Magdalen Church, Buffalo, was the celebrant, assisted by two seminarians of the Congregation of the Holy Ghost. The beautiful sermon at this Mass, which made a deep impression on all the hearers was delivered by Rev. P. J. Wilson of St. Stephen's Church, Buffalo.

Synopsis of Sermon.

He took for his text those beautiful words: "Behold from henceforth all generations shall call Me blessed."—Luke I-48.

He said in substance: These prophetic words had been fulfilled in the Church throughout all ages, and we are here to-day for the same purpose, uniting the past with the future. Today we commemorate the giving of the scapular to St. Simon Stock.

We wear the scapular, he said, to honor Mary. God honored her first of all by lifting her up above the stream of corruption so that she was free from original sin and gifted with great sanctity the first moment of her existence. She was founded on the holy mountain of God, what other saints attained at the end of their lives after many trials and struggles she possessed in the beginning of her life.

Then he honored her by bestowing on her the greatest dignity of which a creature is capable, making her the mother of the World Incarnate. It is the greatest honor for saints to be called the servants of God, but she was not only a servant, she was His mother; she held Him in her arms, nursed Him, and performed towards Him all the duties of a mother. Moreover, we wear the scapular as a pledge of Mary's protection.

Christ was obedient to her as long as He lived here on the earth. Will He now grant her less that she is enthroned with Him in heaven. It is natural for a good son to love and obey his mother, and the more powerful he is the more he will do for her. Solomon, the wisest of men, placed his mother on a throne at his side, and told her to ask for whatever she wished, and it would be granted. Transfer this scene to heaven. Here is the Son of God on His throne. His mother at His side. He remembers what she did for Him, her suf-

ferings in the stable at Bethlehem; her flight into Egypt; her sufferings at the foot of the cross. Could we imagine for one moment that this all-wise Son would refuse her any request?

Besides, Christ has given her to us as a spiritual mother.

But if she protects all her servants, she will especially protect those who wear the Scapular.

The Scapular was given to St. Simon Stock, a saint of the Carmelite Order, the most ancient order of the Church. It dates its existence back to the Prophet Elias, who, with other holy men, led a secluded life on Mt. Carmel. These holy men and their successors, who well understood the prophecies, honored the future mother of God, and when she did appear on the earth, these holy hermits of Mt. Carmel were with the Apostles among the first to honor her and acknowledge her exalted dignity.

After many centuries, being driven by persecution to seek new homes, some of these holy men came to England, where they founded a monastery. It was here that the holy man Simon, surnamed Stock, joined the Order, in which he led a life most edifying to all, and often besought the Blessed Virgin to give them some sign of her special protection. One day she appeared to him and gave him the scapular, assuring him that whoever wore this scapular when dying would not suffer the eternal flames of hell.

Now we have two impossibilities, Mary cannot be unfaithful to her promises, and on the other hand any one that dies wearing the Scapular cannot be lost. Then he gave a few instances to prove these assertions, and concluded by urging all to wear the Scapular faithfully and gain all the indulgences they could for themselves and their departed friends and relatives.

After the Mass, the pilgrims at the different booths and in the spacious dining room of the Hospice, took their midday meal, and then continued the visits to the Shrine. It was a most edifying sight to witness the evident fervor and devotion with which the thousands thronged the little church. To gain as many indulgences as possible, visit after visit was made, until notice was given of the closing ceremonies under the tent. Rev.

F. X. Neubrand, S.J., addressed the pilgrims in German. In his eloquent sermon he dwelt especially on Mary's qualities as mother. By apt illustrations in touching simplicity of style, he compared our Heavenly Mother with a good mother on earth. He showed how such a mother can help, will help, and must help her children. Then he proved how Our Lady is our mother, by her being the mother of our first-born Brother, as well as by the special legacy of her dying son; how she can help us, how she wishes to help us, and how she must help us; that every sinner has a claim on her from the very fact that he is a sinner, and because she became mother of the Redeemer, only on account of us sinners, who needed a Redeemer. She has invented the Scapular as the greatest help she could offer us; she insures us by this motherly gift against the eternal fires of hell, and insures us eternal life.

After the sermon, the Papal Benediction was given. The Carmelite father, who imparted this blessing, called upon his hearers to remember the dying Pontiff, who from his death-bed sends his blessings and relies upon the prayers of the clients of our Lady of Mt. Carmel to sustain him in his last struggle. The Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was followed by the Te Deum, closing the beautiful day.

Voices from the Heart.

The following lines were suggested by the simple, yet very beautiful poems thus entitled. Perhaps they may be familiar to some of our readers, or at least the name of their gifted writer, Ellen Downing, who wrote under the "Nom de plume," "Mary," may have resounded like one of the Irish melodies, in their hearts and homes.

These "voices" remind us of Longfellow's desire—not for "the grand old masters" whose "mighty thoughts" suggest ideas of "life's endless toil and endeavor," but for the songs of humbler poets, gushing from the heart, and tranquilizing the restless spirit with soothing sweetness. They steal through the aisles of spirit, and like the plaintive "O Salutaris!" of

an evening's benediction, elevate our souls to "Patria."

I.

I listened in the Summer eve
To "Voices from the Heart,"
And longed to twine a wreath of song
With "Mary's" graceful art.
She seemed to live for God alone
Amidst celestial bands,
And hear the golden harps vibrate
In their angelic hands.

II.

How beautiful, though simple,
Each plaintive melody!
How varied these poetic themes,
And bright their imagery!
They gush from out her heart, and still
The restless pulse of care,
And soothe like benedictions calm,
Which follow after prayer.

III.

And on those angel-wings which seemed
Enfolding her with love,
They elevate the wearied soul
To things that are above.
This gifted singer of our land
Is now at peaceful rest,
And yet her heart with music thrills
In Heaven's midst the blest.

IV.

And to all time shall echoes waft
Most soft, and sweet, and low,
Melodious "voices" from the heart
Of "Mary" long ago!
And like a silvery chime of bells
They tell of "peace to men,"
And "glory" to the noblest theme
For heart, and voice, and pen.

Enfant de Marie.

There is a great force hidden in a sweet command.

Difficulty, adversity and suffering are not all evil, but often the best source of strength and virtue. Some men only require a great difficulty set in their way to exhibit the force of their character, and difficulty, once conquered, becomes one of the greatest incentives to their progress. It is not prosperity so much as adversity, not wealth so much as poverty, that stimulates the perseverance of strong and healthy natures.

Wearers of the Brown.

Scapular names have been received at:

Niagara Falls, from Sacred Heart Church, Chicago, Ill.; North Sydney, C. B.; Sacred Heart Novitiate, Los Gatos, Calif.; Holy Trinity Church, Trinidad, Colo.; St. Mary's Church, Atlantic Mine, Mich.; Walkerton, Ont.; University of Notre Dame, Ind.; St. Frances' Church, Randolph, Nebr.; Detroit College, Detroit, Mich.; Chepstow, Ont.; St. Peter's Church, Great Barrington, Mass.; Latrobe, Pa.; St. John's Home, Brooklyn, N.Y.; St. Lawrence's Church, Hamilton, Ont.; St. Mary's Church, London, Ont.; Church of Our Lady, Guelph, Ont.; Amherstburg, Ont.; Dundas, Ont.; St. Mary's Institution for Deaf-mutes, Buffalo, N. Y.; St. Francis Xavier's Church, Carlsruhe, Ont.; Assumption College, Sandwich, Ont.; Church of the Immaculate Conception, Ithaca, N.Y.; St. Bonaventure's College, Allegany, N.Y.; Jasper College, Jasper, Ind.; Victoria, B.C.; Trinity, Nfld.; St. Ignatius' Mission, Mont Crysler, Ont.; Sacred Heart Orphanage, Toronto, Ont.; Trepassey, Nfld.; St. Paul's Church, Reading, Pa.; St. Michael's College, Toronto, Ont.; St. Francis' Church, Louisville, Ky.; St. Augustine's Monastery, Pittsburg, Pa.; Defiance, O.; St. Ann's Church, Bennett, Pa.; Applecreek, Mo.; Cleveland, O.; Paxico, Kas.; St. Ambrose's Church, Henshaw, Ky.; Church of the Sacred Heart, Toronto, Ont.; St. Paul's Church, Toronto, Ont.; Guysboro, N.S.; Church of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, Chicago, Ill.; St. Catharine's Church, St. Catharines, Ont.; Washington, Iowa; St. Peter's Church, Beaver Dam, Wis.; Kenilworth, Ont.; St. Francis' Convent, Dubuque, Iowa; St. Bonaventure's Church, Allegany, N. Y.; St. Michael's Cathedral, Toronto, Ont.; Holy Family Church, Rochester, N. Y.; Toronto, Ont.; St. Peter's Church, Troy N.Y.; St. Canisius' College, Buffalo, N. Y.; St. James' Hospital, Butte, Mont.; St. George's Church, Louisville, Ky.; St. Gertrude's Church, Grantfork, Ill.; O'Neill, Neb.; Cascade, Iowa; St. Joseph's Church, Braddock, Pa.; St. Joseph's Church, Salix, Iowa; Reserve Mines, C. B.; Sacred Heart Church, Uxbridge, Ont.; Trinity, Nfld.; Deemerton, Ont.; Freder-

icton, N.B.; St. Augusta, Minn.; Sprague, Wash.; Church of Our Lady of Lourdes, Toronto, Ont.; Convent of Good Shepherd, Buffalo, N.Y.; Moose Creek, Ont.; Berwick, O.; St. Columba's Church, Buffalo, N.Y.; Fond du Lac, Wis.; Mankato, Minn.; St. Agatha's Church, St. Agatha, Ont.; St. Mary's Church, Dunkirk, N.Y.; Loretto Academy, Niagara Falls, Ont.; Church of Our Lady of Peace, Falls View, Ont.

Holy Trinity Church, Pittsburg, Pa., from St. Mary's of the Winds, Vigo Co., Ind.; St. Vincent de Paul's Church, Mt. Vernon, O.; St. Joseph's Church, Freeport, Ill.; St. Mary's Church, Wytheville, Pa.; St. Joseph's Church, Sharpsburg, Pa.; St. Augustine's Church, Pittsburg, Pa.; St. Martin's College, Lacy P.O., Wash.; St. Joseph's House, Wilkesbarre, Pa.; St. Patrick's Church, Pueblo, Colo.; Holy Trinity Church, Pittsburg, Pa.; Notre Dame de la Visitation, West Bay City, Mich.; Immaculate Conception Church, Louisville, Ky.; Holy Angel's Church, St. Albans, Vt.; Fryburg, Pa.; St. Paul's Church, St. Paul, Mo.; St. Joseph's Church, Peoria, Ill.; St. Mary's Monastery, Herman, Pa.; St. Vincent's Arch-abbey, Beatty, Pa.; St. Bonaventure's Church, Philadelphia, Pa.; St. Francis' Church, Louisville, Ky.; St. Peter's Church, Butler, Pa.; St. Michael's Church S.S., Pittsburg, Pa.; St. Joseph's Church, Martinburg, Pa.; St. Joseph's Church, Scottdale, Pa.; St. Joseph's Priory, Covington, Ky.; St. Ambrose's Church, Allegheny, Pa.; New Colo, Wis.; St. Meinrad's, Ind.; Williamsport, Pa.

New Baltimore, Pa., from St. Peter's Church, Louisville, Ky.; Church of the Holy Ghost, Milwaukee, Wis.; St. Maurice's Church, Napoleon, Ind.; St. Joseph's Church, Wilkesbarre, Pa.; St. Catharine's Church, Du Bois, Pa.; Richfield, Wis.

The man who gives his life for principle has done more for his kind than he who discovers a new metal or names a new gas; for the great motors of the race, are moral not intellectual, and their force lies ready to the use of the poorest and the weakest of us all.—James Russell Lowell.

Book Review.

"The Friendships of Jesus," by the Rev M. J. Ollivier, O.P. Translated from the French by M. C. Keogh. (B. Herder, St. Louis, price \$1.50.)

Our religion is principally a matter of the heart. "Thou shalt love the Lord, thy God, with thy whole heart," is the highest law. Our hearts are human hearts. The Incarnate God, by uniting His Divine love with His Sacred Heart, taught us the true nature of human love and friendship in His own life and example. There can be no stronger appeal to all that is best and noblest in human nature than this human side of the Savior's heart. For that reason sermons on the Passion are so powerful in moving the hearts of men, for in the Passion everything is human as God cannot suffer. An appeal even more powerful is made by this beautiful work of the gifted French Dominican, whose polished style has not lost too much of its charm in the good translation before us. He reverentially opens up to us some of the tenderest feelings of the heart of Jesus for His family, His chosen personal friends, and the friends of His mission.

He dwells rather too much on the history of the family of Bethany, drawing upon legends for his materials, but he succeeds in showing Jesus to be the loftiest model of human love and friendship. A very able preface, by Rev. M. O'Kane, O.P., places the subject of the work on its theological foundation, and proves conclusively the reasons for its opportune publication.

"Back to Rome," by Scrutator. (B. Herder, St. Louis, price \$1.00.)

This controversial work appears in the form of private letters to an Anglican clergyman. The author goes over the old ground, but not as a theologian.

There is no fact emphasized so much in the whole book as this one. In spite of its evident truth, the writer delights in repeating it over and over again. He says he is convinced that in the present conflict between the creeds, and between belief and misbelief, or disbelief, it is not, as many seem to suppose, a question of rheology, but a question of philosophy

and accurate thinking. From this point of view, he develops the Catholic truths for the benefit of his inquiring friend, and succeeds in opening his friend's eyes to the necessity of coming "Back to Rome." There are many interesting pages in this layman's production, especially those on the consciousness of sin, and the necessity of confession; but his style is redundant and he fills about thirty pages in the beginning, before he enters into the subject at all. He quotes a great deal, but very much to the purpose.

To those who are interested in the struggle between truth and error, now being waged with ever increasing success for the Church in England, will find this work, although by an Englishman, and evidently for English readers, very useful in the similar campaign for Catholic truths in our own battleground.

Petitions Asked For.

The following petitions are recommended to the prayers of our readers:

Three conversions; restoration of sight; health for three persons; work for one; that a person may get well without an operation; two special favors.

ONE FAULT.

The Monitor.

There is but one crack in the lantern, and the wind had found it out and blown out the candle. How great a mischief one unguarded point of character may cause us! One spark blew up the magazine and shook the whole country for miles around. One leak sank the vessel and all on board. One wound may kill the body. One sin destroys the soul. It little matters how carefully the rest of the lantern is protected, the one point which is damaged is quite sufficient to admit the wind; and so it little matters how zealous the man may be in a thousand things, if he tolerates one darling sin, Satan will find out the flaw and destroy all of his hopes. The strength of a chain is measured, not by the strongest, but by the weakest link, for if the weakest snaps, what is the use of the rest?

Obituary.

The following lately deceased are earnestly recommended to the pious prayers of our readers :

* * *

Miss Maria Murray, of Buckingham, Quebec. Her main object in this life was charity. She was a generous benefactor of the Hospice and a regular subscriber to the Review. She always showed herself a faithful friend of the poor, and many looked upon her as a second mother.

* * *

Rev. B. O. R. Sheridan, the zealous pastor of St. John's Church, Middletown, Conn. He was a true pastor to his flock, and was held in great esteem by all who knew him. Nothing showed this better than the greater number of eminent personages who were present at the funeral, and the immense throng that tried to gain entrance to view the last remains of their father and sincere friend.

* * *

Mrs. Margaret Ryan, of Toronto, Ont. who died June 28th, 1903.

* * *

Mr. Michael Castello, who died at Toronto June 29th, 1903.

* * *

Miss Charlotte Olivia Hutty, who died May 14th, 1903; Mrs. Maria Nichol, who died May 22nd, 1903; Miss Leo Smyth, who died May 22nd, 1903; Mrs. Mary Foy, who died May 25th, 1903. All of Toronto, Ont.

* * *

John Somers, of Paterson, N.J.

* * *

John Collins, of Detroit, Mich., who died at the ripe age of 88 years, fortified by the last Sacraments of the Church.

* * *

Richard Braniff, of Clarksburg, Ont.

* * *

Sister Julia Voortvart, who died May 9th, 1903, at Leavenworth, Kas.

—•••—

Perseverance performs greater works than strength.

The Beauties of Mary.

I.

I have sought 'midst Nature's beauties
Emblems of our Lady's face;
I have prayed the Master-Artist
To illumine them with grace.
Round this model fair are grouping
With the chisel, canvas, pen,
Sculptors, painters, dreamy poets,
Eloquent and learned men.

II.

Noble are the inspirations,
Luminous their imagery,
Sweet the praise, as music stealing
Softly o'er the sapphire sea!
And the chants in grand cathedrals
Like angelic harp-strings seem,
When these beauties of our Lady
Are the blest, inspired theme.

III.

Then in spirit, soaring upward
O'er this shady "vale of tears,"
Faith reveals her, crowned with-stargems,
Queen of bright, celestial spheres.
O thou beautiful ideal
Of unspotted purity!
Shed on us a faint reflection;
Make our souls more like to thee.

IV.

May thy name in tones melodious,
Murmur gently when we pray!
May thy guidance lead us onward
To the homeland far away!
Show us then, in light of glory,
Beauties of a Face Divine,
And those beauties softly mirrored
Mother of pure love, in thine.
Enfant de Marie.

—•••—

Kind words do not cost much. They never blister the tongue or lips. We never heard of any mental trouble arising from this quarter. Though, they do not cost much, yet they accomplish much. They make other people good-natured. They also produce their own image on men's souls, and a beautiful image it is. We have not yet begun to use kind words in such abundance as they ought to be used.

Letters of Thanksgiving.

A lady wishes to return thanks through the Review for two temporal favors obtained through our Blessed Lady and the Scapular.

* * *

Dear Rev. Fathers :

I promised, while suffering a very serious illness, public thanksgiving to God, if restored to health through the intercession of the Saints to our Lady of Peace. Please accept enclosed offering for a Mass for all the suffering souls in Purgatory.

Mrs. H. D. B.

* * *

Dear Fathers :

Enclosed find amount for which please have a Mass said in honor of our Mother of Perpetual Help, which I promised to send if special favors were received. Thank God my wish was granted. Please publish this in the Carmelite Review.

A Child of Mary.

* * *

Kindly publish a great favor obtained through the intercession of our Blessed Lady, St. Joseph and St. Anthony. I was in great fear over the disappearance of my brother and feared for the worst. Thanks to the Blessed Virgin, St. Joseph and St. Anthony, he was found. I now beg that our Lady, St. Joseph and St. Anthony may help us and him for the best of our souls.

Benevolence is not to be measured by the size of its gifts. More good will may go with a dime than a dollar. The sunny smile, the warm handclasp, and the cheering word should be counted in.

Give me the man who has been tried in the crucible, who has been purified by the fire of misfortune, and comes forth purged from vanity and its train of demands.

God is still with us, and so are the angels of God. With patience and courage we may fit ourselves for their kind services, and so make good use of the roughest places over which we must travel to the rest and reward of the glorious future.

THE REAL BELIEF.

O Faith ! what an idle word thou art upon the tongues of men ! Why will we make God a liar, instead of studying His word ? To love God is not to make life a burden, but to lift our hearts above our burdens. To believe in God is to love Him above all things ; to love Him above all things is simply to relegate other things to their true place and their minor importance, and thus to make ourselves superior to them. If we believe wealth to be the supreme happiness, to be poor should make us unutterably wretched. If we do not so believe, poverty will only make us unhappy to the measure in which we hold wealth essential to happiness. To seek God's kingdom first, is simply to seek things in proper order. It is to view things in the light of God's eternity, and to make our souls, if not our bodies, impervious to the assaults of time.

SILENCE

Catholic Register.

What a strange power there is in silence ! How many resolutions are formed—how many sublime conquests effected during that pause, when the lips are closed and the soul secretly feels the eye of her Maker upon her. When some of these cutting, sharp, blighting words have been spoken, which send the hot, indignant blood to the face and head, if those to whom they are addressed keep silent, look on with awe, for a mighty work is going on within them and the spirit of evil or their guardian angel is very near to them in that hour. During that pause they have made a step toward Hell, and an item has been scored in the book which the Day of Judgment shall see opened. They are the strong ones of the earth, the mighty food for good or evil, those who know how to keep silence when it is a pain or grief to them.

Sorrow is not given to us alone that we may mourn ; it is given us that, having felt, suffered, wept, we may be able to understand love, bless.

RESCUED—A TRUE INCIDENT.

Many years ago, in the north of Ireland, when Catholics were few and despised, there lived a farmer, his wife, and only son. They were Protestants, and poor, and were nearly as much looked down on as their Catholic neighbors. To the great indignation of his parents, the son declared his intention, not only of becoming a Catholic, but moreover of studying for the priesthood. No details have reached us as to the way in which the priceless gift of faith and such noble aspirations were bestowed. Jesus looked on him, like the young man in His Gospel, and liked him. This last resolution met with no opposition, as his father and mother, hoped their son, by entering college, would eventually secure a more honorable position than that of rural life, but, alas! how sadly were they disappointed! He returned after some years, a pervert, and far advanced in consumption, and was refused a shelter—even an interview with his parents.

One of the poor wanderer's cousins, a Protestant girl, had compassion on his state and attended to him with much kindness. As he grew worse, she asked a Catholic girl to assist her, and they sat up together at night with the invalid. He cried out piteously for a priest, to their distress, as the nearest was many miles away, and they had no means of sending so far.

At last the Catholic girl thought of a groom in their landlord's service—(a Catholic and friend of hers)—and went to the house stealthily, succeeded in rousing and persuading him to take one of his master's horses and ride for a priest. It was a daring act, as Catholics were severely dealt with, and he ran the risk of being discovered and punished; but a soul was in question, and God's blessing protected him.

The girl returned, and, with her companion, resumed their anxious watch in that night of May, when, no doubt, the "Refuge of sinners" was pleading the cause of a sinner with her Divine Son, by "omnipotent intercession."

The invalid's room opened off theirs, and they kept the door unclosed between and the windows which looked out on a field open also. While one sat by the

young man's bed, the other watched at the open window for the priest's coming, and as they changed places now and then, a strange and awful impression came over their minds, though nothing was visible. It seemed as if something like a large animal dragging a clanking chain, followed them, and watched their movements. At last, as if enraged, it seemed to spring through the window to the field beyond, still rattling the chain.

The priest had come, and the sweet consolations of religion were all administered, and the prodigal folded in the embrace of that Father who never rejects an "humble and contrite heart."

The "first robe" was again bestowed on that soul so highly favoured, so lovingly called, so sadly unfaithful, and, at last, so happily rescued. The priest rode back, happy, no doubt, beyond words, at having been the instrument of God's wonderful mercy. The subject of our study died in peace. The groom returned and secured the horse, without ever being noticed, and the young girl's anxious vigil was over.

After a time they emigrated, and in "the land of the free" used sometimes, when they met, recall that never-to-be-forgotten night in Ireland during the sweet month of May. We regret that no mention is made of the good Protestant girl being converted, as it seems to us beyond doubt that her kindness was rewarded by the gift of faith, for "Blessed are the merciful," etc., and God is never outdone in generosity.

Enfant de Marie,
St. Clares.

A soul that dwells with virtue is like a perennial spring; for it is pure and limpid, and refreshing and inviting, and serviceable and rich, and innocent and uninjurious.—Epictetus.

The only cure for littleness—little judgments of others, little values of blessings, little whinings over petty trials, and longing for the little occupations—is to be fully taken up with great things.

There has never been a great and beautiful character which has not become so by filling well the ordinary and smaller offices appointed of God.—Horace Bushnell.



Holy Mother and Child.

Carmelite Review

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Notice to Exchanges.

Beginning with the October number the Carmelite Review will be published from our office in Chicago. All exchanges should be forwarded to Carmelite Review, 6413 Washington Ave., Chicago, Ills.

To Our Friends.

We are sure that our subscribers and friends will be pleased to learn that we have decided to considerably enlarge both the scope and the size of the Carmelite Review. Eleven years ago the Review was founded by the Carmelite Fathers to fill a want that had long been felt in Catholic literature. Before that time there had indeed been many Catholic magazines of high standing and of great influence, but there had been no Catholic magazine that aimed especially at influencing and moulding the actual daily lives of the people by showing them the practical influence of religion on life, and in fact the inseparable union that exists between real religion and life. In order that this might be brought out more clearly, and at the same time in order that the traditional Carmelite spirit might be manifested devotion to the Mother of God, the great human model and ideal, was insisted on, her loveable qualities were disclosed, her interest in the welfare of mankind was indicated; a truly practical devotion to her was maintained, and the consequence was that as a human ideal, an ideal that actually lived and suffered was offered, so religion became less difficult to practice, it became identified with real life, and it became easy of attainment.

It need hardly be said that the Review has achieved its purpose. During the past eleven years the number of subscribers has steadily and permanently increased. Our friends are found to-day in nearly every State of the Union, and throughout the greater part of Canada; they are to be found in every walk of life, and all of them by the pecuniary help they have given us, and by the kind interest they have at all times taken in our work, have shown plainly that they appreciate our labors, and that they realize the benefits that have come from their labors.

It is, then, in accordance with the success that we have obtained, and with the assurance of still greater success that the Carmelite Fathers have decided to enter into a wider and more prominent field with the Review. Three years ago a Carmelite College was founded in Chicago, Ills., and as the prospects there and throughout the west are most encouraging, it was decided at the last chapter held at Niagara Falls that the greatest possible good could be accomplished by moving the Review to Chicago. The October number therefore will be issued to all our subscribers from the new Chicago office.

With the change of location will come many improvements. The Review will

be doubled in size. It will be made a people's magazine. Prominent churchmen, labor leaders, and literary men will contribute. It will be the only religious magazine that will aim to express the wishes of the working people. This will be in line with our new Pope and our Carmelite Cardinal Gotti. They belong to the working people. The new Carmelite Review will be the working people's magazine.

The Review will be published from the Carmelite College, 6413 Washington Avenue, Chicago, Ills., and will be edited by the Rev. Eneas B. Goodwin, a professor in the College.

The Lost Inheritance.

DOLOROSA KLINE.

Chapter XXX.

Back to the old life in the attic room, on Bartley Square, back to the prosaic music teaching, had Rosamond Raymond been brought, and that with a patience and sweetness that surprised even her mother. Great had been the astonishment on the Square, when the young girl had re-taken up her residence with her mother and her music again, but with the exception of Mrs. Curran, no one knew why the landlady, after Father Madden, was the only person to whom Rosamond and her mother had confided their latest trouble, they knowing that they would have the little woman's sympathy, with no danger of her tattling abroad.

Mrs. Raymond had a little money saved, enough to keep them floating for the time being, and Rosamond had sufficient in case she would not find pupils immediately, to pay the next few weeks' rent. But full of faith, she set to work to pray to the Queen of Heaven, and her pleading was heard, for very shortly after her dismissal from Staunton house, Mrs. Curran gave her little Charlie, who was proving to be a most apt pupil, and Father Madden secured her two of his nieces. The kind priest was deeply sorry at the sudden change in his young parishioner's fortune, and he prayed for the proud woman who was responsible for it, that no ill feelings had prompted her to send the young girl away from beneath her roof.

So the days passed, and Rosamond, because she had faith and prayed, added to her pupils, and she was to a degree happy. She missed the grandeur to which she had been growing accustomed at Staunton House, its gayety, and easy every day existence. Still she was thankful that she had left it all. But Mrs. Raymond was watching her daughter, and the mother saw how at times, especially towards evening, when the little lamp was lighted and they talked over future plans, a dreamy sadness would steal into the fair delicate face, and the wide starry blue eyes would wander around the room as if in search of something that was appealing constantly to the sensitive imagination within.

"Darling, what is it?" she asked one night in early May, as her daughter sat thus, "tell mother what is weighing on her little girl."

"Nothing, mother. How could there be when I have you. But I was just thinking." And a dark handsome face, whose musical voice had ever sounded in her ears, was photographed in her mind's vision, but the commandment—"Thou shalt not covet"—and she compelled herself to forget.

"Of what, dearie?"

"Many things, mother. Mother, did God intend that this world should be divided unevenly when he made it?"

"That is not for us to ask, my child. God is ruler of destiny and the universe, and He has given to each of us as much

as He has seen it would be good for us to have. Questions like this I remembered you to have asked before, and did I not know of the strong faith you have, I would be alarmed. But you must try to rid yourself of them, and be still more patient. I know you have had trials, and this last one very heavily, and you are cast down. But accept it all, as our Divine Lord does our sins and transgressions, and you will be lifted up above the small compass of this life to the greater, holier attainment of the life hereafter."

How gently and coldly sweet, yet so full of trust in her Creator did the voice fall on the listening girl, and placing her hands on the silver-streaked hair, she cried: "Mother, you are a saint of heaven, and I am not deserving to be your child, but pray for me mother. I am going to confess now in honor of our Blessed Mother."

Once alone, the mother settled back into her chair, with the old resignation in her every feature.

"God keep my child forever," she murmured, "and save her from a wrongful love. I thank Thee, Oh Lord, that Thou has seen so wisely as to lay out that she should leave Staunton House."

Rosamond had reached the end of the Square, her thoughts bent on the sacred place she was approaching, when from the eaves of the corner house, there advanced towards her the figure of a man, and the gathering twilight showed her the pale dissipated face of Cyrus Dorane. A short cry escaped her, and she made hasty steps to the opposite side, but he made no attempt to follow her. But with one look of despair and blighted hopes, he held his hand, on whose little finger she caught the gleam of a diamond ring, out to her, as if in farewell and without a word, turned on his heel and disappeared into the gloom. That was the last time Rosamond Raymond was obliged to rest her pure eyes on Cyrus Dorane. And beside the street post, she went so quickly past without observing it, stood another figure, whose great height was enhanced by the gleams of the fitful gas light above it, and the handsome face was that of Bruce Everett. What had brought him here, he alone knew. Perhaps he found the reason

in the form just gone by. He had seen Cyrus Dorane, and the young man's tragic face and movement as Rosamond had come in sight, and a sinister smile, distorted the lawyer's own clear cut features.

"Ah, my fine Cyrus," he muttered, "The end has come, has it? And there is more of it to come. Enjoy your freedom while you may, but take care and leave Rosamond Raymond alone." Then he watched the girlish form, to see that no harm came to her, and that Cyrus Dorane did not follow her. Then he whipped out his cigar case, and jumping on to the platform of a passing car, was borne back to his Broadway office, to where he had been preceded by Heathcote and old Mr. Lorimer, president of the National bank.

"There should be extra pay, gentlemen," he said with a smile, "for extra work, but I think I have caged your bird all right, Mr. Lorimer, and if I may speak with truth, there will be no fear hereafter of the National losing any of its gold."

"You are pretty certain that you have made no mistake, Mr. Everett?" said Mr. Lorimer, his fine eyes resting in admiration on the keen ones of the other. "I should be mortified if we sent the summons to the wrong person."

"Be at ease, sir," was the cool response. "I have made no mistake. Cyrus Dorane is our man. He is the one who can tell us where twenty thousand dollars of the National's funds have gone to since the New Year began. I am glad his parents are not here to know of his disgrace, though he is too feather-brained to view it in this light. Anything in particular you want to know from me before to-morrow that has brought you here to-night?"

"No, just to be assured that you were on the right track. Having seen some of the notes in his hand at the Waldorf will be one of your strongest evidences against him," The lawyer smiled and produced a copy of the writ for the arrest of Cyrus Dorane, for the embezzlement of moneys under his care in the National Bank."

Mr. Lorimer shook the lawyer's hand in congratulation, and got into his carriage with the remark, "leave what you

will in Bruce Everett's hands, and he cannot fail you." A remark that was true in every sense of the word.

Next day, just as he was preparing to lunch and gamble at the club, the summons that disgraced forever his name, was put into Cyrus Dorane's hands.

"We know it is all a mistake, Mr. Dorane," said the officer who brought it, apologetically, "but you can soon right it."

"To whom am I indebted to this?" Dorane asked, while his face became alive with rage and conscious guilt.

"Mr. Everett, acting attorney for the board of directors of the National, sir."

Home to the Waldorf went Mr. Dorane, and once there he became like a trapped tiger. Up and down he walked in frightful passion, for guilty though he was, he would not to himself acknowledge it.

"I will fight it out," he hissed, "and you, Bruce Everett, you sneaking cad, will suffer. Only for your tongue, if I did help myself to a little change from the National's funds, it would never have been discovered on me. I owe you many revenges, but the one I propose now for this doing of yours, will cover them all. Ha! Ha! You are black, but Cyrus Dorane is blacker. If you have friends, I have friends too." And despatching a message to the home of Hilton Carton, he begged that young man's presence at his apartments. The result was that Hilton promised to furnish the bail, for his friend's trial that was booked to begin within three days.

Chapter XXXI.

"Something beautiful is vanished
And will never come again.

Stoddard.

With the coming of May there had entered into Staunton House a new activity, and preparations were begun in the household towards the great coming event, this was now the discussed subject in every drawing room or boudoir in the city, the marriage of its lovely heiress to the brilliant lawyer Bruce Everett. Grand improvements were being made in the interior of the house, and a new wing was being fitted up for the young pair's exclusive use and occu-

pation when they would have returned from their extended bridal tour, a tour that was never to be realized on this earth. Even presents had begun to arrive from distant friends, and trunks of costly attire, besides the gorgeous wedding trousseau from Paris.

But to the bride elect they brought not the effusive joy her mother had expected such beauties at such a time would, and she received them all gratefully and delightedly, but not happily. She was having all she wanted, but not the man, and that was the undivided love of the man who had held her own devoted affection for years. That he loved her and was anxious, aye, eager for the day on which he could claim her, she did not doubt, but he did not love her as she craved he would and with the ardor she had once seen in the eager glance that had followed a slender form as it had passed the library door. When its golden-haired owner had been removed from her path, she had hoped to regain the estranged heart of her king. But, oh, fitful illusion! It was all a wretched mistake, and she knew that where Raymond Rosamond was, there was the heart of Bruce Everett, and it was honor, with a mere semblance of love, that was keeping him to his vows. Still, she would marry him, and would pray that the love would come after: Within the last few weeks his manner had grown gentler, more tender towards her, and her smallest wish seemed to be a command with him. Then there was a new and wonderful lamp burning on the altar of her life, the lamp of Faith. For, oh, reader! the mustard seed, that Rosamond Raymond had planted by her word, and example during the days she had abode in the home of Beatrice Staunton, had grown up and had borne good fruit. To-day, with the consent of her parents, and promised husband, the heiress to wealth and worldly honors, had been baptized and received into the Catholic Church. Now, as she thought how divinely favored she had been, and thanked her God for it, and prayed that later the same grace would be given to her parents and lover, she heard her mother's voice, and she was brought back to the world and worldly things again.

"Can you imagine anything more hor-

rible, Beatrice," said her mother, coming into her daughter's room. "Cyrus Dorane has been accused of embezzlement, and Hilton Carton has gone bail for him. Poor boy! It is through Rosamond Raymond that he has gone from bad to worse, and prison is to be his roof. His mother and sisters! It is a mercy that they are so far away. Poor Cyrus!" And the lady, putting her Honiton lace handkerchief to her eyes, shed a few silent tears, for, as worldly as she was, she had a depth of feeling that no one suspected, and she was sorry for such an unfortunate end for one whom she had liked.

"Mamma, you shock me! Since when have you known this?"

"Mr. Lorimer has been just in with your papa, and has told him. The arrest was made last night, through your lover, too. There is no cry against Bruce, however, for he has but done his duty, and Mr. Lorimer says he is afraid that there is no mistake, and that Cyrus has been doing what is dishonest at the National. I was as much surprised as when last week you told us that you were to be received into the Catholic Church to-day. There is Bruce now. After he has laid his roses in your palms, I am coming down to hear the real facts of this most deplorable happening."

The heiress set her embroidery aside and went quickly down to the library, and her lover came to meet her.

"Is it true, Bruce?" she asked as he led her to the couch, "that Cyrus Dorane has been unfortunate?"

"It is, dear heart," he replied. "Are you sorry?"

She looked into the stern face and saw a grim smile of triumph cross its noble outlines.

"Yes," she said quietly, "I am for Cyrus himself, and for his name. It was only yesterday mamma received two bright letters from his mother in Italy, telling of Frank's and Hilda's marriage, at one time, to the Counts De Remi and Oressi. And now this has come, but I do hope Mrs. Dorane will not hear of it for many a long day. It would kill her."

"So Miss Staunton labors under the impression that Cyrus Dorane is the victim of Bruce Everett's revenge, and that

he is wrongly accused." And a cold gleam like that of steel shot into the eagle eyes. She twined her fingers through his, and he felt them to tremble.

"Not that, indeed, Bruce, I know you would not be unjust to any man, even an enemy, but 'auld acquaintances' makes me regret Cyrus Dorane's fall."

There was considerable pain in her voice, and he knew his quick words had hurt her, so he hastened to repair them.

"Pardon my icyness, Beatrice. I had forgotten your friendship, for this undeserving Dorane may soon be out of my way forever."

The door opened and Mrs. Staunton came in on her husband's arm. Everett recounted to them the finding of Cyrus Dorane's guilt, his apprehension, and the probable outcome of the trial, at which the judge's wife appeared sad, but shook Everett's hand to show that she blamed him in no way for the stand he was obliged to take against her young friend.

When the two had gone out again, Everett stood up. "My visit has to be short today," he said, "and I will have to go now. I am wanted at the court at five o'clock, but you can expect me at Staunton House early to-morrow evening, when it will be given wholly to you." In after years he knew not what had impelled him, but he stooped and laid a warm caress on the regal head, and he little thought it would be for the last time.

One of the grooms brought his horse to him, and mounting it, he rode away, his betrothed watching him from the window.

At the court house he stopped, and when his fine form and face appeared in the room where the trial of Cyrus Dorane was beginning, all eyes of those present were turned on him with that admiration his noble manhood ever brought him, but there was one pair that fell on him with deadly hate, those of the accused.

The preliminary examination of Cyrus Dorane began. When it was over, it had proved disastrous to the embezzler, and the case was adjourned to come up the next day.

All his friends, save Hilton Carton, had deserted the guilty man now, when he needed them most, and no longer being

able to remain at the Waldorf, he had taken up apartments, while his trial was going on, at a private house.

Thither he went now, the first hour after his release from the court room, gnashing his teeth and in a perfect rage. Some letters that bore an Italian stamp were awaiting him, but without looking at them he tore them up. "Why does mother not keep her letters? How can they help me now?"

For a short while he paced up and down the plain but comfortable room that now served him instead of his former apartments, and a fiendish expression broke over his small-featured face.

"I'll do it! I'll do it!" he cried exultingly, "to-morrow. Ha! Ha! Bruce Everett! you have humiliated Cyrus Dorane, and made him the butt of our refined friends, but before prison bolts are drawn on him, you will suffer. Ha! Ha! to-morrow!" and he sought his rest with the magic word "to-morrow" on his lips. To-morrow came, bringing with it one of the most awful acts that ever lay in man's hands to commit.

It is evening, and our readers will allow us to carry them back to the garden at Staunton House, and to the lake in its rear. The air was warm with the breath of approaching summer, and vibrating with the evening songs of nesting birds, when Beatrice threw a scarf about her shoulders, and wandered out to sit and dwell on many things by the waters of this lake, whose depths she had often tried to fathom, and had ever failed. "I am taking a walk, mamma," she had said, looking into her mother's boudoir, where that lady and pretty Mrs. Aiden were sitting by the open window. "And when Bruce comes you can send him to the upper end of the lake to me."

"Yes," her mother replied, "have you a wrap, as there is a slight chill in the air, and near the lake it will be cool?"

"Yer, mother." She drew the pink scarf closer around her, and with a fond smile and a backward look that her mother and friend remembered for many a day after, she tripped down the marble stairs. Why did not some compassionate angel guide her footsteps elsewhere, or softly have warned the mother to withhold her child from going to meet

her death, whose cruel sting was so soon to fall on her?

The lake, to which we have made but little illusion, was long and very deep, and enclosed on either side by small ornamental trees and shrubs, but it was open at either end, and its green embankment resembled a velvet carpet in its well-kept smoothness. Just now its waters were blue and placid, as if in unison with the general calm that lay in the rest of nature around it. As Beatrice seated herself on a stone bench, she saw her own image below her, and the smile that parted her lips was thrown back to her.

"Beatrice Staunton" she said dreamily, "you are a changed girl, or else the world is changed. Or is it the Faith whose beauties you were so long denied, is working in you, and you are seeing that the vanities of earth are fleeting? What was it that Father Macdonald said to me this morning? 'There is nothing true but Heaven,' and there is not." Then she became pensive and thoughtful of the man, who ere long was to claim her his own forever, but shaking her head and covering her face with her hands, only the night birds and the soft breeze that had sprung up and was stirring the trees heard the cry: "Bruce, Bruce, it can never be. We are not intended for each other. To-night we part forever, and I will pray that you may be happy." She was thinking of his last evening's visit to her, how short it had been, and how sharply he had spoken to her, when she had mentioned the unfortunate Cyrus Dorane, in a pitying manner. But this, though it had pained her, had not made her angry, nor was it the cause of her present decision. It was because she knew, as she had never known before, that her womanliness would be gone from her if she entered into the holy contract of marriage with one whom she knew had not the proper dispositions towards her, for long ago his heart had gone out to another. Would she not be acting against the teachings of her new found Faith did she enter on such a contract? Strong and noble heart, had it been the very eve of that marriage day she would have taken the decision she now adopted.

Busy thus, with these thoughts, she

heard not the even, cat-like tread of an advancing enemy upon her retreat. She saw not a man's pale distorted face, shades of night, nor knew not of the bent to one side in the swiftly gathering gleaming pistol in the murderous hand. Nearer and nearer crept Cyrus Dorane, but when he saw the position of his victim, over the placid waters, he dropped the pistol with a click. A nearer move, and the act was done. The future bride of the man who was his enemy, with one quick push, was plunged into a watery bed, spared at least from having her blood shed. And the murderer, his face ghastly white with the brand of Cain stamped on it and his sin-stained soul, grasping the weapon that had been useless in his hand, fled over the fields and woods, not knowing whither he went.

Ten minutes later there rushed into throbbing Broadway (now settled into the quiet of the night, except for a few shops and offices that still remained open for the finishing up of the day's business), Sampson, the reliable and worthy footman from Staunton House. His ebony face, for once devoid of its habitual smile, was working convulsively, and he tore past Frank Heathcote, standing outside the door of the firm's office, like a mad man, and into the inner room, where Bruce Everett was putting on hat and gloves to come away.

"What's the matter, Sampson?" he enquired. "Has——"

The negro put out his black hand to stop any superfluous questions.

"For de Lawd's sake, dun say nufin', Mistah Bruce, but come out to Staunton House. Terrible thing am happened. Young mistress am drowned in de lake. Oh! Fadah Jacob, help us. Nobody knows how it dun comed; de mistress am not knowin' it yet, but de mastah am nigh out ob his wits."

"Great God!" burst from Everett's paling lips, and Heathcote came hurrying in to know what was the matter, but his partner could not speak, and the negro tried to tell the best way he could of the awful cloud that had fallen over Staunton House.

Quickly the lawyer's horse was brought him, and followed by Heathcote and

Sampson in a closed carriage, he galloped out to the house of affliction, and people often said afterwards that never had there been a wilder ride. He urged his trusty steed on with lash and spur, until it would seem that he had no control of the rein, and at the gate he sprang off, his strong limbs for once in his life trembling beneath him.

XXXII.

Inside all was confusion. Servants hurried about, and kind friends from the neighboring mansions had come in, for the news of the awful accident to the heiress had spread quickly.

It appears that the gardener, Johnson, just at dark had gone to the upper end of the lake for some tools he had left there during the day, and there found his beautiful young mistress just disappearing for the last time beneath the waters. He had raised an alarm, but not until he had first drawn the dead body, as he thought, out. The Judge had been the first to follow two of the servants from the house, and never did they forget the heart-broken cries that came from the lips of that aged parent, as he discovered his child, white and still, and apparently lifeless.

Into the house they bore her, in silence, in order that the mother sitting upstairs with her friend, might be saved awhile from the sad truth.

Doctors Greely and Brantford had been hastily summoned, and they were now taxed to their utmost in the application of restoratives, because by the fluttering of the heart the eminent physicians knew that a spark of life still remained, and they were trying to keep it alive for the mother's sake, who was yet in ignorance of her daughter's fate, and the lover, who was to come.

The door opened, and the figure of her whom they were trying to spare came in, and she had not reached the couch, where her child had been lain, and beside which Dr. Greely's wife was kneeling, holding on her arm the dark head, when a scream that was scarcely human in its intensity broke on the ears of all present and she fell heavily to the floor. It was merciful that unconsciousness had for a time overtaken her. Mrs. Aiden, too, had, feeling that something wrong had

occurred, come down, but one look into the drawing room and at the still figure on the couch, told her all. With a pale face, she returned with the unknowing mother to her apartments, there to render some assistance towards restoring her strength.

Simultaneously with the bearing away of the crushed and broken mother, there came the tall figure of the lover, and each head, even those of the two physicians, bowed themselves that they might not see further the whiteness of the stern, proud visage.

He looked first at the old man, kneeling at the head of the couch, holding his daughter's hand and weeping bitterly, then, with a bound, he was beside him, Mrs. Greely making room for him. He pillowed the head he had so often caressed on his bosom, and his cry seemed to penetrate through the very roof of the room :

"Beatrice, Beatrice !" he said, oblivious of everyone standing there, even to the grief-stricken father, "speak but one word to me. Tell me you are not dead. My beloved, my beloved !"

Dr. Brantford then gently interposed.

"My poor Everett," he said, "there is still breath in the body. Here, let me administer this," and while the lover raised up the dark head, whose tresses were still wet and clinging, the physician forced a stimulant between the purple lips, and slowly but surely the fluttering of the heart increased, the pulse quickened, and then the large black eyes opened, but they were dim and their vision seemed obscured.

"Closer, closer, Judge ; I think she is going to speak," and the father, who seemed incapable of speech himself, held the hand of his dying child as if he would never let it go again.

"And it will be for the last time," added Dr. Greely, "for we cannot keep it from you, Judge, and you Mr. Everett, but Miss Staunton is dying."

The purple lips moved ; then as if the effort cost her pain, there came from them the last words that Beatrice Staunton uttered on earth, and which fell like a knell on the hearts of father and lover :

"Papa—dear mamma—Bruce, are you near me—I am going—Home—Jesus,

Mary, and"—the sentence was never finished, for the eyes closed, the hand clutched tighter her lover's, the head relaxed, and those about her knew that she had indeed gone Home.

No one had thought of sending for a priest (for all knew that she had become a Catholic only the day before), but immediately there appeared on the threshold, Father Macdonald from St. Mary's. He had only heard of the accident, and had come right over, but one look at the white upturned face of his late convert told the priest that she was beyond reception of the sacraments, but, kneeling, he intoned the Libera, and all present bowed their heads.

Then for an instant Judge Staunton clasped his dead child to his heart, and with her lover, whose head was bowed on his breast in agony of grief, left the room.

Save for a glimmering light in the place of the dead, and one in the upstairs apartments, all was dark. Throughout the entire house silence pervaded, except that it was broken occasionally by the sobs of some of the faithful servants, weeping over the untimely end of their fair young mistress.

And upstairs with Mrs. Aiden and Anna, sat the Judge's wife, a perfect picture of mother's grief and woe. Her friend and maid had succeeded in bringing her back to consciousness and to the realization of her awful bereavement. She sat now with white, stony face, locking and unlocking her hands, saying over and over her daughter's name, but expressing no wish to be taken to her.

"She is not dead," she moaned ; "she is not dead. Where is my husband, bring my husband to me."

The maid went in search of the Judge, and when he came, bent and more aged, Mrs. Aiden stole gently out and down to the room with the dead, and the two were alone.

"Oswald, my husband," she cried, taking his hand in her burning clasp, "what has fallen upon us. It is false, our darling is not dead. Speak, Oswald."

"It is true, Madeline," he replied in a hoarse whisper, "our darling has been torn, cruelly torn from us. She will speak or smile on us no more. Is there

a God who has punished us so, or what have we done to deserve it?"

A long shuddering sob shook her whole frame, and she craved to be taken to her child, but he laid a detaining hand on her arm, and it was only when the lovely heiress had been prepared for burial, and laid amid white silk and laces in her casket of oak, that he took her down, his own frame tottering, that she might gaze for the first time on their Beatrice's dead face. And when, soon after morning's gray dawn appeared in the east, and the night's watch was over, the man who was ere long to have been her son, led her away, not ashamed of the tears that glistened in his own eyes, at sight of that white drawn face, and the anguish in the dark eyes so like in beauty and expression as the closed ones of his dead betrothed.

And how beautiful in her white robes was the once brilliant heiress, and how calm the lovely face in its deathly peace. A smile lingered about the lips that told how tranquil had been the passing of the soul; and through her fingers were twined a pearl rosary, the emblem of the Catholic's trust in the Queen of Heaven, while at her feet was the Crucifix and lighted candles. A strange sight, surely, in the mansion of a Staunton,—a race that had been ever known for its staunch Protestantism, but the stricken father would have nothing different. His beloved child had died in the Church he once despised, and had she lived long enough to have expressed it yesterday, she would have desired to be buried by its rites, therefore he would give the dead what the living would have wished. He knew nothing of Catholicism, but Father Macdonald, who seemed to become, all at once, a trusted friend, arranged for the candles and Crucifix. Mrs. Lorimer, who had helped to prepare the body for its last long sleep, and who was a devout Catholic, had placed the beads in the waxen hands. And sorrowing friends came, and rich and poor, for who had not at some time or other received of the kindness of the lovely heiress, now no more.

And what has become of her slayer?

Was he hiding his guilt in some secret place, fearful of meeting his fellowmen, lest they see his last and greatest crime

marked on his brow? Or had he fled from the country?

Cyrus Dorane had done neither! All the night, after the performance of his crime, he had wandered through woods and fields, but when morning came he had the strength to put on a bold face and enter the city. But the noon hour, which was to have decided his guilt for his former crime of embezzlement, found him not there, and those who knew him best, amongst them the man who had accused him and the judge who was to sentence him, were well apprised, that he had gone away rather than face the fate he justly merited. And though the city was searched for the delinquent he was not to be found, and his friend Hilton Carton was made a poor man, for the young fellow had foolishly hazarded the whole of his small fortune as bail for one whose irregular life should have warned him to shun him.

But never did Bruce Everett or any one in the city think that the fallen man had done still worse than that of which he was already accused, and that, but for him, the child of Oswald Staunton would not now have been lying in the arms of death. But the fugitive from justice fled in truth, and the vast metropolis, which had been his birth place, knew him no more, and only once again our readers will hear of him. Now, returning to the house, where death had entered through his baseness, we stand for a brief time at the bier of the beautiful dead, then go to another scene, in the tenement house on Bartley Square.

Chapter XXXIII.

It was tea hour, and while Rosamond and her mother were waiting for Charlie Curran to return with bread the young girl had given the little fellow money for, Rosamond picked up a newspaper she had bought a few minutes before, and began to look it over. The first article to attract her eye was one telling of the arrest of Cyrus Dorane for embezzlement, his trial, and dishonorable disappearance from the city to-day, the last day of it. She was about to remark on it to her mother, when a large black heading on the same page held her eyes as if they were glued to it, and she read in horror—"A deplorable accident, and one which

has cast the whole city into gloom, took place last evening at Staunton House, the elegant residence of Judge Oswald Staunton, when his only daughter was drowned in the lake, to the rear of her father's house. No one knows exactly how the accident took place, as no one witnessed it. But about seven o'clock Miss Staunton left the house and told her mother she was going for a walk in the garden. Very shortly after she was found in the lake in a dying condition by the head gardener. After being brought into the house she lived but a few moments, though all that could be done to save her was done. Miss Staunton was in the twenty-third year of her age, very beautiful, and of high accomplishments, and the reigning favorite in society. Her death is doubly sad, as within a month she was to have been the bride of the city's brilliant attorney, Mr. Bruce Everett. Much sympathy is felt for Mr. Everett and the bereaved parents, especially Judge Staunton's wife, who is nearly prostrated with grief over her daughter's sudden demise. The funeral of Miss Beatrice Staunton will take place from St. Mary's Catholic Church to the Holy Angel's cemetery, on Thursday afternoon at three o'clock."

Rosamond dropped the paper and fairly groaned, and her mother looked up enquiring, "What is it dearie? Something sad?"

For answer, the young girl passed her the paper, but Mrs. Raymond had not finished reading the awful lines, when she dropped it, as her daughter had done. Then she threw out her thin hands, while her delicate form shook with emotion. Her astonished daughter heard the words—"God help you father in the hour of your trouble. The hand of the Lord has fallen heavy upon you."

"What do you mean, mother?" Rosamond asked, running to her side and wiping away the tears that were coursing down the thin worn cheeks. "Why are you calling Judge Staunton father?"

Little Charlie at this juncture returned with the bread, and when after asking—"Miss Wosamond, can I come up and play wif you byin, bym)" he had slid down stairs, Mrs. Rosamond answered her daughter.

"Draw over a chair, dearie," she said,

clutching the paper that had brought such sadness into their little home circle, "and I will tell you much that will be a sequel to those strange things I once hinted to you as having occurred in your mother's life. And you deserve the truth, because in your honor and obedience you have never, since the day I made you promise not to, tried to learn more than what I told you, but the time has come that I can no longer keep from you my history." She took the small dimpled hands and smoothed the golden hair.

"Listen, Rosamond! Your mother was once Millicent Staunton, the only child of the broken old man, who is now mourning the death of the one who had taken her place. Do you remember the story Barret, the housekeeper, told you when you were at Staunton House?"

"Yes, mother," and her astonishment was very great.

"That was your mother's story, incomplete as it was. I am the disowned heiress, and the one who lost her earthly inheritance for the Faith she has given to you, and the love of the noblest of men, your dead father, George Edwin Kingsley."

"My name is not Raymond, mother?"

"No, it is Kingsley, my child. Circumstances, which you will hear later, perhaps more definitely, caused me to change it to Raymond, a family name of your father's."

"And am I Judge Staunton's granddaughter, mother?"

"You are. And you were serving so long his proud wife, and he did not recognize a Staunton in your face, nor knew of the tie that bound you, his Millicent's child, so closely to him."

"But mother, think how glad he will be when we go to him and he will see you after these long years of separation; it will help to soften the great sorrow that has now come to him."

She shook her head, with the old sadness creeping into the faded blue eyes and pale face.

"That cannot be Rosamond," she cried. "Father's ban is upon me, and I can never again cross his threshold, ever now, as much as I desire to go, and offer my sympathy to him and his proud wife, and to look but once on the beau-

tiful face of the dead sister I never saw nor knew, except what I have heard of her lovely womanhood. But how peculiar that she should do the self-same act as her father's first daughter in the long ago, turn to the One True Faith. God is good, Millicent Kingsley has always said, and He has taken unto His Heart one of His pure virgins. May her sweet soul have eternal rest."

"But, Mother," persisted her daughter. "Perhaps grandfather has forgiven you, and he has, because when I was at Staunton House Mr. Everett, you know who that is, was sent South by the Judge to search for his daughter Millicent, or her family. I forgot ever to mention this to you, and see the time we have wasted."

"What, my child!" she cried, and the joyousness in her face and voice was as if she had tasted the beauties of paradise. "Father has forgiven me! Can it be true that he is waiting and looking for my return, and that the death of my sister has been sent to accomplish that end?"

"It must be, mother, and one day I played and sang for judge, I mean grandfather, and he rushed from the room, because he told me afterwards that my song had been the favorite of one he once loved, and that was you. I know now. When will we go to him, and you will tell me all things, for, as yet, you have but given me so little of your history."

She patted the fair face lifted eagerly to her's.

"Not now, dear child, perhaps not for many months. It would not be right, as long as I believe father is to see me once again in the old home, to come so suddenly upon him in his present great grief. No, we must still have patience and wait, remembering that all things come to him who does so."

For a time Rosamond was silent, contemplating the mystery that now seemed to be slowly unravelling itself, looking twice into her mother's worn face and tracing a most strong resemblance between the still beautiful features before her and those of the pictured face that hung in the gallery of her grandfather's house. Then she returned to the subject that had brought this strange,

and to the young girl, wonderful one, about.

"Mother," she said in her gentlest voice, while the tears started into the wide blue eyes. "What a sad death for Beatrice Staunton to meet, and she was so lovely. I can go to see her, mother. She was always so kind to me, more so when her mother turned against me."

"Yes, dear child, you must go to-morrow, but I will not. It is better that I shouldn't, and besides the sight of father in his grief, would almost kill me. You can go to-morrow at noon when there may not be such numbers coming to visit the dead, and slip in and out unnoticed."

Quick steps sounded outside their door, and when Rosamond opened it there stood Mrs. Curran, her plump face flushed and her hands holding the evening newspaper.

"Oh, Miss Rosamond," she ejaculated, "Isn't it dreadful, but I've just read that Miss Staunton"—she got no further than that, for a sob from the corner where Mrs. Raymond sat on the old couch, caused Rosamond to turn, and the landlady to take a step farther in.

"Come over, Mrs. Curran," Mrs. Raymond said, after a second or two, "and allow me to speak of my sister."

The landlady was at a loss to understand, but she had no sooner drawn over a chair than her tenant held out her hand to her, and then slowly told her of her affinity to the dead heiress, and what was more, as much of the history that belonged to her, as to-night she had given her daughter. The little woman could only say, "Oh, ma'am! To think of it! And to think what a lady I've had in my old house for so many years. But I always knew you were a lady, ma'am."

And when she went back to her own kitchen she was still saying, "I always knew they were ladies. To think of me having a Staunton so near me. I wonder if they will make a change soon? What beautiful they all must be, for she is so nice, and so was the one that has been drowned, as everybody knows, even a poor body like myself."

In the dim and darkened drawingroom

of her father's palatial house, still rested the dead Beatrice, waiting until the morrow when she was to be borne to her last resting place away in God's acre.

Beside the bier, his dark eyes sorrowfully placed on the beautiful face, cold and chill in death, was the lover. There in the face of death, what feelings, what emotions were his, he the pessimist, the man who believed not in a God? And who had never in the whole course of his upright honorable life dwelt on the hereafter. Now he began to ask himself—"Is there a Supreme Being? Is there another world to pass into after we have left this one? If not, was not the faith that the dead before him had so lately received, and which another had just shown her by her example, all a myth? And could he think of the white image of his once promised wife angelic now in the peace of death, being consigned to the ground without a hope of future resurrection? It was incomprehensible to the mind, whose God had been until now worldly ambitions, and who had worshipped only on the altar of gain, but at that moment the wheel of his life turned for the better, and in his mind's eye he saw the glories of a future life.

There were other thoughts too pressing on his tried brain, and looking once carefully, slowly into the upturned white face of his betrothed, a shudder passed through his strong frame.

Her's has been a cruel death, taken as she was in the bloom of youth and beauty. It was hard to see her cold and lifeless, when within a few weeks he was to have claimed her for his own. And yet, which was the worst. This death that brought her peace, or that other death in life that would have only brought her unhappiness, for though he would have cherished her as his wife and as one far above all other women, he could have never given her the affection that he would have to that other who had come into their once united lives, and as quickly passed out of them, and she would have died without it.

But again, it seemed disloyal to think of the living in the presence of the dead, neither of which, as he believed, could ever belong to him, and with a sigh he uttered the first prayer he ever remem-

bered of saying since his early childhood. It was, "God have mercy on me."

He brushed his hand across his brow, when, with Mrs. Aiden and Frank Heathcote supporting, almost carrying her, the mother of the beautiful dead came in.

There were but few visitors in at this hour, but she looked neither right nor left, but with strained red eyes from excessive weeping, advanced to the middle of the vast room to the bier of her child.

This was but the second time she looked on the stony face, but no tears came now, no weeping to relieve the overburdened heart. She glanced vacantly at the burning candles and burnished crucifix as if seeking their meaning, then her gaze came back to the face of the quiet dead, and stooping, she kissed the frozen brow and waxen hands.

She did not even see Bruce before her, but murmuring with pitiful pathos, "Gone forever, gone from me." She allowed herself to be led away again to the silence of her own chamber. Everett stood up and went out into the library for a respite from the watch he had never relinquished since the rich casket, with its beautiful burden, had been placed in position in the room that had often resounded to the voice and laughter of the departed.

"Where is Judge Staunton?" he asked of Sampson the footman.

"Up stairs in his study, sah. He dun come out ob dere all de day. De mastah hab no life left now," and the negro's honest face was full of sympathy for his master.

"That will never do. Surely he does not want to die, too," and going into the diningroom, the lawyer took from the massive antique sideboard a small tray with a decanter of wine and a glass. He carried it upstairs, and stopped at the door of a long low room off the front corridor. He turned the knob, but it was locked, then he knocked imperatively, and it was immediately opened by its owner.

Everett was shocked at the white, sorrow drawn face that was presented to him, and the awful melancholy in the old man's eyes.

"Great God!" he said, with set teeth,

"It is terrible. I pity you judge, I pity your wife."

He smothered a dry sob that had risen up in his throat and was almost choking him.

"That is it, Bruce, my boy. It is of her I am thinking. I am a man and am stronger, but Madeline, my poor Madeline. Her life will not be long now, her burden of sorrow will wear it out," and he trembled visibly.

"Here sir, take this. I believe you have had no nourishment to-day, and you are forgetting for whom you have to live awhile yet." He poured out some wine and forced it to the old man's lips, and the draught strengthened him.

"Bruce, this is retribution. A just but terrible retribution for my treatment in the past of the first child to whom I gave being. Had I not been, in that once bright past, cruel and prejudiced, I might have had two daughters, or at least one with their children patting at my knee, but now I have not even one. Alone, and childless, I must pass my days. Beatrice, my child, my child!" And he shook like a reed moved by the wind.

The younger man put his hand on the shoulders of the older and more grieved.

"Hush, sir, you are harsh to yourself, she would not have you talk so, neither would the daughter before her."

"Bruce, I know and believe again that there is a God, and He it is who has deprived us of her who made our days so happy for us. Leave me now for a while. To-night is to be spent by me with my sleeping daughter. To-morrow brings our final parting, as yet I cannot

bear to dwell on it." So the night was spent and another morn had dawned. Sorrowing friends continue to come and bring last offerings of flowers to one they had known and loved, and there came one who had nothing to offer but her prayers. And that was Rosamond Raymond. At a quiet hour the gentle girl stole in unnoticed, and looking for a length of time upon the countenance that had always smiled on everyone, now serene in death, she breathed a prayer for the soul's eternal rest, and with no person cognizant of the fact, went as her mother had bidden her, from her grandfather's house.

That afternoon, in the midst of most sorrowful scenes ever witnessed, all that was mortal of the heiress of Staunton House was consigned to the grave. Buried deep in mother earth, away from parents and lover and friends, not in the tomb with her noble ancestors, but away in a sunny portion of the Holy Angel's cemetery, in sight of her father's house, and the Church in which had been poured on her head but yesterday, so to speak, the saving waters of Baptism.

We draw a veil over the sorrow of the father, the grief of the mother, the regret of the lover, because words cannot express how deep seated, how real it was, and the mother! She died that day, as it were, never to be lifted from the woe into which her first great grief had plunged her. Oh! had she but the light of Faith, how comforting it would have been for her, but alas! it was a light that was never to shine on the shadowed soul of the mother of Beatrice Staunton.

To be continued.



The Holy Face of Lucca.

(Translated from the French by S. M. E.)

At Lucca, in Tuscany, they give the name of "Santo Volto," Holy Face, to a crucifix sculptured in wood; of which the figure is of an admirable beauty and is the object of particular veneration. It is 1100 years since the devotion of the "Santo Volto" existed in Lucca. In the eleventh century, 1882, the centenary was celebrated with civil and religious pomp. We shall relate in a few words the origin and history of this memorable effigy. It is attributed to the pious Senator Nicodemus, of whom mention is made in the Gospel, who was secretly at first a disciple of Jesus; then instructed by the Divine Master, attached himself to His footsteps, and with Joseph of Arimathea, took Him down from the Cross after His death, and gave Him the honors of sepulchre.

Banished from Jerusalem by the enemies of the Saviour, despoiled of his titles and his wealth, reduced to extreme poverty, he took refuge in Ramea, a little village between Jerusalem and Joppa. He died there. That is what is attested by a constant tradition in Palestine; it is of immemorial origin. At present the Franciscan fathers possess in Ramea, which is now a city of 13,300 inhabitants, a very ancient convent where they exercise hospitality towards the pilgrims; they there show an oratory which bears the name of Nicodemus. The tradition also relates, and all the historians, ancient and modern, who have written upon the Holy Land, have also attested, that there was sculptured the celebrated representation of Jesus crucified, known under the name of the "Holy Face," and venerated in the principal church of Lucca; and, according to the expression of Pope Innocent the VIII, "Renowned in the entire church." In his solitude and exile the pious disciple, to recall the figure of Christ, had but to reproduce his recent remembrances, as he had rendered the last cares to the adorable body of the Saviour. He had touched Him with his hands, detached the sacred body from the Cross, and placed it in the sepulchre.

The face of the Divine Crucified, disfigured by suffering and death, was deeply engraved in his memory. He recalled the words which he had heard from the mouth of the Lord: "As Moses raised the serpent in the desert so shall the son of man be 'raised.'"

He undertook to reproduce in sculpture the mystery of the Man God suspended and elevated upon the cross. He wished to reproduce the likeness of Him as he had seen Him with his eyes. He commenced to work—for Nicodemus was a sculptor. According to the ancient custom of the Jews, it was necessary, whatsoever rank a man belonged to, that he should exercise a manual art; he had, notwithstanding his senatorial dignity and the distinction of his birth, practised sculpture and was very skilful in his art.

For the cross he took oak wood, and for the body of Jesus he took wood of the cedar of Lebanon. Tradition relates that having finished the other parts of the figure of the Crucifix, except the head the skilful artist found himself arrested by the difficulty of modelling that part of the Divine Body, which, still, was the most important of all. Doubtless he had in his mind and in his heart the ineffable traits of his well-beloved Master; nevertheless, he despaired of success.

The pious sculptor, as the saints do in such a case, had recourse to fervent prayer. Now, while he prolonged his sweet entertainment with God, he suddenly fell into a peacable sleep. Scarcely awakened, he arose and hastened to consider his labor; with what astonishment, what emotion, is he not seized, when he saw the face finished by the hand of an angel, who had adapted it to the rest of the figure. It was admirably chiselled, reproducing the majesty, the sweetness, and the mercy of the Man-God upon the cross. Full of joy, and at the same time moved to tenderness, Nicodemus prostrated himself before the dear Crucifix, which expressed so well to his eyes what he recalled in the ineffable, adorable countenance of his dear Master. He placed

it in the most honorable part of his house, and called to venerate it all the faithful who were dispersed by persecution in the cities and neighboring countries. Such is the substance of the tradition relative to the origin of the "Santo Volto."

Now, it is well to recall here, that there are Eastern traditions which are sovereignly worthy of respect. "If there is," says Chateaubriand, "anything proved upon Earth, it is the authenticity of the Christian traditions of Jerusalem."

This in particular is true, which regards Nicodemus as the author of the Crucifix or Holy Face of Lucca. It has the authority of a serious and solid, and in consequence, a historical value, which it would be fool-hardy to contest. Also a number of writers well versed in antiquity and criticism, never hesitate to admit it; among others, Pope Innocent 11th, Cardinal Baronius and other grave authors, will suffice, without doubt to fix the belief of our readers upon this subject.

Here is the description of the Holy Image: The Cross is of the ordinary form; the wood is of oak of a dark tint. The Christ is in cedar wood, and is attached to the Cross by four nails; in the hands the nails are small, in the feet they cannot be perceived, only the place is seen. The body of the Crucified is larger than nature. The venerable head of the Saviour is a little inclined to the right and bent forward as if to listen to the prayers, and look with mercy upon those who have recourse to him. At the first sight His face inspires respect above all things. It appears even terrible, but if you consider it longer, you perceive there that the aspect of majesty and sorrow, united to that look of sweetness, causes love. The form of the Man-God is at the same time sweet and majestic. Majestic and terrible to the impious, sweet and amiable to the good, it seems very natural. St. Catherine of Siena, writing to a lady of Lucca, told her in speaking of the Holy Face, "Go to that sweet crucifix, it is a sweet and loving face for the good."

Now, one day, at the commencement of the present century, the Holy Face was uncovered, to be shown to a great personage of the world; when he had

looked upon it he was immediately seized with fear, and he cried: "Cover it; cover it!"

It was the same Face; but there was a great difference between St. Catherine of Sienna and the worldly personage. The hair of the "Santo Volto" is black, divided in the centre in the manner of the Nazarene's and falling in abundance upon the shoulders.

The beard, of the same color, as becomes a young man, neither long or short, leaves the chin uncovered. A thing to be noticed in this image is, that it represents Jesus, not dead, but living, and suffering; that the eyes are open, and the lips a little sunk and appearing to move, giving the image a marvelous expression of life.

It has not the crown of thorns which is not seen upon the ancient representations of our Divine Lord; it is not that Jesus was fastened to the Cross without it, but that the early Christians wished to recall, not the ignominy, but the glory of Him who was raised upon the Cross to save the world, and to draw all hearts to Himself. The Face is of the oriental type, the Saviour having taken the resemblance of His brothers, the sons of Israel. Another peculiarity distinguishes the Crucifix of Lucca, except the face, the whole of the sacred effigy is covered. Nicodemus, through respect, would not represent the body of his Divine Master unclothed; he carved him a vestment, which covered him wholly. It was, besides, the custom of the first centuries of the Church to represent thus Christ on the Cross.

During a long period the sacred deposit, left by Nicodemus at his death, was guarded with great prudence and in the most retired part of the abode which he had occupied. Above all it was to be guarded against the attacks of the Iconoclasts and their fury, which tried to destroy the images of Christ and His Saints.

Under the pontificate of Adrian 1st, and in the reign of Charlemagne, pilgrimages to the Holy Face began to be established; among the pilgrims of a certain epoch who went to the Holy Land, was a certain Piedmontese bishop, Gualfredo, who sojourned long in Palestine, and had a revelation of the Mysterious

Image of the Redeemer. He formed the design of obtaining it for the purpose of transporting it into Italy. The Divine Will was manifested by a series of prodigies which we have not space to relate here.

He placed this precious treasure in the hands of the inhabitants of Lucca, which was in former times evangelized by St. Paul, disciple of St. Peter, and whose Cathedral Church has been long dedicated to St. Martin of Tours.

By the side of this Cathedral the bishop of Lucca caused a chapel to be constructed; where the "Santo Volto" was exposed; from that moment the devotion of the people in its regard increased from day to day. Miracles were multiplied, which caused the holy relic to be placed in the Cathedral where it remains to this day. Soon its celebrity became universal; it drew pilgrims of all conditions by thousands, not alone from Italy, but from all countries in the world. This concourse of people produced marvels of another kind, those of Catholic charity.

The annals of the state of Lucca inform us that the city and its suburbs counted not less than twenty guest-houses destined to receive gratuitously the pilgrims of the "Holy Face." In the middle of the XIII century, the hospitals of the Diocese numbered 50; the pilgrim who came to the territory of Lucca was sure of finding at a short distance a house of refuge where he could repose, if he be weary; nourishment, if he needed any; care, if ill. He never had to fear passing the night alone in a desert place, for upon his way he always met a friendly hand to conduct him to the Hospice. A chaplain remained during the day in the portico of the Church, in order that he could at any hour render to all the offices of sacerdotal charity. From the mountains, as they came from Florence, they had to encounter swollen torrents and impassable marshes. Then was formed a society of religious called: "Brothers of St. James of the Mountain," because they assembled at first in a small church dedicated to St. James the Apostle, patron of pilgrims. The brothers constructed bridges or boats to traverse the torrents, the rivers and the marshes. They carried the pilgrims up-

on their shoulders. Often they waited for them at the dangerous passes, and brought them in safety to the Hospice, and consoled them. Towards evening the Hospice bell commenced to toll, and continued till darkness set in, to indicate the neighborhood of the Hospice. Hence it was called "the bell of the wandering." The city of Lucca was the capital of those little Italian States or Republics, formerly so flourishing and so celebrated. It had, in consequence, its own particular government, and as this government was eminently Christian, the inhabitants have a religious character to their political and civil life.

They were the first to put sacred images on their coinage, upon one side the Holy Face, and upon the other St. Martin of Tours, and sometimes St. Peter. It was only in 1858 that the image upon the coinage was suppressed by the government of Tuscany, upon which Lucca then depended. It was looked on as a day of misfortune when this was done. In fact a year afterwards upon the same day, the Grand Duke was dethroned, and he quitted Florence and Tuscany never to return. The seals of the State of Lucca also bore the image of the Holy Face upon one side, and upon the other St. Martin of Tours on horse-back, his lance in rest. The acts and state contracts were made in honor of the Holy Face. The law condemned blasphemies against the Holy Face to the gravest penalties; in fine, though a republic, the inhabitants of Lucca had taken for king the Holy Face; in that quality, it bore in front a rich and splendid crown. The feast of the Holy Face was the national festival; it was celebrated to the end of the 12th century, upon Tuesday, in Easter week, and from that time upon the 14th of September, which did not hinder St. Martin from having a feast of the 1st class, as Patron of the Diocese. Upon Good Friday and upon the 14th of September, they delivered prisoners, in the name and in honor of the Holy Face. These facts prove sufficiently how the people of Lucca loved and honored their holy Image, and how Jesus Christ was truly their King. A Corporation of the "Santo Volto" was established from the earliest times. It had its rule and a vast organization, and it formed a corpora-

tion civil and religious, having for its ends the promotion of the devotion to the Holy Image, by every means. The meetings were held in the Cathedral upon the 3rd Sunday of the month; they were announced by special messengers, who went to the houses of the parish; they terminated by a solemn procession in the neighborhood of the Church; all carried a lighted wax taper in the hand. In the 16th century, this confraternity was amalgamated with that of the "Holy Sacrament," which was very ancient, and which took the title of the confraternity of the "Holy Sacrament and of the Holy Face." It had a double end, that of providing all that was necessary to celebrate with pomp the offices of Holy Thursday and Good Friday, and the procession of Corpus Christi. The association lasted during several centuries. In 1837, the Archbishop of Lucca erected anew the Confraternity of the "Holy Face." Some years afterwards it counted 10,000 associates. From Lucca the devotion of the "Santo Volto" has spread and flourished, not alone in the principal cities of Italy, but throughout all Europe, and one might say throughout the entire world, to speak only of France, and more particularly of Paris, the Holy Face was known as the "Holy devotion of Lucca."

The mother of St. Louis, Blanche of

Castile, had a great devotion, to the Holy Face of Lucca; by her order, the celebrated history of Leboin of the "Santo Volto" was translated into French, and this translation was deposited in the National library, where it may still be found. In a very ancient processional in Paris, we read a special commemoration of the "Santo Volto"; it took place on Holy Thursday in reparation for the insults of the Jews and the Roman soldiers, to the adorable Face of the Saviour. At the epoch of the Cholera in 1835, the inhabitants of Lucca, spared by the scourge, attributed this preservation to the "Santo Volto," and offered as ex-voto a golden lamp of 24 pounds' weight; nor have they forgotten the visit of Pope Pius IX in 1857. In 1871 they presented him with a superb fac-simile of their celebrated Image. And in the month of May, 1883, when the centenary of the arrival of the crucifix of Nicodemus was celebrated in Lucca, the people delivered themselves during three days to religious and civil festivals, the magnificence of which recalls the most beautiful ages of Christian History.

"Look out, O Lord! and on us shine,

In glory and in grace,

This gaudy world grows pale before

The beauty of Thy Face."

Cardinal Newman.



Saint Albert of Messina.

Of the Order of Carmelites.

By the COUNTESS DE BEAUREPAIRE DE LOUVAGNY

Translated from the French by MISS S X. BLAKELY.

The following year, upon the thirtieth of January, she received, with the Carmelite habit, the name of Mary Magdalen.

She was a model for the novices.

Attacked by a serious illness, she made her profession on a bed of pain. Her first years in the religious life were passed, almost entirely, in ecstasy. Perpetually ravished in the love of our Lord, she only returned to earth to pray and to mortify herself more and more. But on June XVI, after an ecstasy which lasted eight days she was called upon to engage in combat with the demon. Hell forced upon her all the temptations at its command. Temptations against faith, against humility, against purity! Not one of the list was left out. Many times she was upon the point of leaving the convent and breaking her vows.

St. Albert helped her to overcome those culpable desires. After several years of this terrible struggle, the saint was given to understand that she was to be delivered, that she had vanquished her implacable enemy. Then, as greatly as she had been tempted to lay aside the holy habit, so now did she ardently desire to retain it.

Upon the feast of St. Albert, August VII, 1588, she petitioned the Savior—since that was the day dedicated to her celestial advocate—to vouchsafe to bestow upon her an interior dress, so that she could, with greater fervor, imitate the saint. The ardent flame of her prayer ascended brightly to the skies.

She obtained the desired favor.

Having turned her glance towards Jesus on the Cross, she beheld coming from the side of Our Lord a most precious tunic; from his right hand came a scapular, from his left a girdle, from his thorn-crowned head a veil of spotless white, from the wound made in His neck, by the carrying of the cross, a mantle resplendent with dazzling light.

An inspiration of the Holy Spirit drew her towards a little altar upon which there was a crucifix. She took the crucifix in her hand. Then St. Albert began to invest her with the celestial livery. The nuns, who were attentively watching Mary Magdalen, understood by her words and motions that she was interiorly celebrating the ceremony of investiture. She received from the hands of St. Albert the different objects which came from the wounds of our Savior.

She afterwards kissed, with a sentiment of the deepest veneration and love, the wound of the side whence had come the holy tunic. As to the crown and wax taper, which the priest gives to those who receive the religious habit, they were given her from the hands of Heaven's Queen. The words spoken by her were an evident indication of this.

It is to be remarked that she did not omit the most minute detail of the taking of the habit, only she kept silent instead of singing the versicle, as is generally done.

It might be inferred that she was listening to angelic choirs singing it in Paradise. She said: "Oh! how ravishing are those tones! The hymns of earth are naught compared to them."

Afterwards she received holy communion from the divine hands of Jesus himself,—for her repeated ecstasies prevented her from approaching the altar with the rest. She recited the Confiteor and the Domine non sum dignus.

The nuns saw that she opened her mouth and did, as one who communicates ordinarily does. Filled with a joy which cannot be described, and animated with the most lively and ardent devotion, she cried out: "My beloved is white and ruddy. He is more beautiful than the most beautiful of the children of men, were he chosen from amongst a thousand.

Grace has been diffused over my lips.

He has taken up His abode in my soul. Dilate, my heart, so that it can bear all creatures to the communion of His Body and Blood. O! how good is the God of Israel!"

And, taking the crucifix, she made the other religieuses kiss it. Then recommending the salvation of all creatures to the merciful Savior, and returning thanks for so extraordinary a favor she awoke from her ecstasy which had lasted three hours.

We will adduce another proof of the devotion of St. Mary Magdalen de Pazzi to St. Albert. By the divine permission the saint rewarded this devotion most munificently. It was the custom in the convent where St. Mary Magdalen resided to make a spiritual communion when any legitimate reason prevented the nuns from receiving in reality.

To this end, a signal was given, and all assembled, uniting in prayer for the time of half an hour.

On one of these occasions the saint found herself ravished in ecstasy. She

The end.

recited the Confiteor and the Domine non sum dignus. She then saw St. Albert, the Carmelite, give her Holy Communion, and she acted precisely as one would act who really receives.

Coming out of her ecstasy she told the nuns that she had seen him make the tour of the choir with the holy ciborium, and administer the Blessed Sacrament to every one.

The devotion to St. Albert is very dear to all the members of the Carmelite Order.

St. Theresa practiced it most fervently. She had his name in the catalogue of saints written out in her own hand, and invoked on special occasions by her, led astray by the glare and glitter of evil that we need powerful advocates before God. It is indeed therefore to be desired that devotion to St. Albert should become general amongst all who profess to be followers of Christ.

The preliminary commentaries on the canonization of the saint, according to the Bollandists, remain to be given.

"Love One Another As I Have Loved You."

Translated from the French. S. M. E.

"Love one another as I have loved you." It is the last precept that Jesus, when dying, left to His apostles. He had said more than once: "Love your neighbor as yourself." On the eve of his death He went farther, and He said:—"Love one another as I have loved you."

How has He loved us?

He has loved us "even to the end." Even to the end, that is to say, even to His last sigh; the last sigh of Jesus! Sigh of love, in which He poured forth all His heart full of tenderness for His Father and devotion for souls! There, upon the Cross, His love did not diminish, and those men whom he had loved so much during the whole curse of His life, He loved them "even to the end." In that last hour when He found about Him only rebellious and ungrateful creatures, where hatred, envy and pride triumphed, overwhelmed with insults and outrages, He loved them still; and no-

thing could vanquish the fidelity of that love, neither the kiss of Judas, on his face bathed afterwards in the blood drops of his agony, nor the triple oath of Peter, nor the cowardly anathematism of those who had declared themselves ready to die with Him, nor the blows, or the insults, the raileries, or the indifference of the people, nor the rage of the Pharisees, nor the blind cruelty of the soldiers transformed into executioners; nothing extinguished the flame of charity with which His heart was consumed; all this deluge could not prevail against the sacred fire of His love, and as He had loved His own who were in the world, "He loved them to the end." He loved them to the end: that is to say, again, that He loved them to the extreme limit of love, which is to give His life for those who are loved; for "greater love no man hath than to give his life for his friend." As He said in His adorable language,—

the good shepherd is not content to follow and carry home his sheep, but he gives his life for them; he gives his life for all; he will give it for each one; it is to love even to the end. While one does not love even to the shedding of blood for those that are loved; while one does not love even to giving his life; one may love with a certain love; but while one does not love even to death, one does not love even to the end. He loved them thus; and not only those who remained faithful, or who might return to Him, not only Mary who stood by the Cross, not only Magdalen who still bathed His feet with tears, not alone John who owed to his privilege of purity, a privilege of courage and of tenderness, not alone repentant Peter, humbled by his fall and by his desertion, shedding tears that never ceased; but His enemies themselves who insulted His sufferings, those who mocked Him, but all, He loved them even to the end—even to death.

"Love one another as I have loved you." It is thus that the children of Jesus Christ, the children of light, the Christians, should love one another with a fraternal love, but that fraternal love which Jesus had for men, and which led Him to give His life for their salvation. Whosoever would observe in its perfection "this new commandment" ought then do his brother as he would be done by, but still be ready to give his blood to save the soul among the least of the little ones of Jesus "Charitas Christi urget nos." It is just to that that the charity urges us, presses us, excites us to love; and as much as we fall short of that supreme end of love, there remains to us something more to do and a longer road to travel. But men, do they love so? Among those who are not Christians, where is love? There is only the struggle for life, that is to say, the selfish struggle of each against all to appropriate to oneself the greatest possible amount of the enjoyment of this world; enjoyment of pride, of vanity, of sensuality. They strive which shall be most wealthy, which shall rise highest, who shall be the most distinguished, who shall be most spoken of, who shall surround himself with pleasure and adulation; and in this struggle, they trample on each other, they crush each

other beneath their feet. The strong are without pity for the weak, and without pity for each other. It is contrary to the evangelical precept. They would sacrifice the universe for a moment's triumph. Among Christians, I mean—I speak of true Christians—doubtless it is different from the implacable egotism which will satisfy itself at any price; but true charity, is it not often wanting? Do we understand the value of a soul? Have we sufficient consideration for those who doubt, for those who fall, that a merciful word could raise again? Do we fear to wound these poor souls so delicate and so sensitive? Do we keep back the bitter or ironical word which shall long make the wounded heart bleed cruelly? Do we love to bind up the wounds, to console the sorrowing, to pass over the tearful eyes a tender and soothing hand? This life is short. Should we not pass through it encouraging one another in the midst of our sorrowful trials, and help each other to bear our burden? But no; we add still more to our crosses which are necessary and inevitable, those which come to us from our dissensions, our indifference, our jealousies, our irritated self love. Often we could represent to ourselves this world as a field of battle; thousands of wounded are lying upon the earth or draw themselves painfully along. And each of those wounded ones is one of ourselves. We are all more or less wounded by the sorrows of this time of combat, we all bear in some part of the soul a life-long wound. Why then, poor wounded one, should I not try with all the strength which remains to me to be a helpful and consoling friend? Why should I not go to those who suffer, as I do, and more than I do, to bring them the balm of compassionate charity? If I suffer, I ought to love those who suffer. I ought to understand better the language of their tears, and their lamentations. Why do I not bend towards them like a sister of charity over the bed of dying, or a mother over the cradle of her infant? And there bent tenderly over them I will speak kind words that will soothe their sorrow and calm their feverish dreams. Then, if fallen, in my turn, by the wayside, bleeding from the wounds of the soul, more deadly than

those of the body ; I faint for want of strength, but not for want of hope ; perhaps a kind and tender hand will come to dry my damp forehead, the tears from my eyes, and pour the oil of fraternal love upon the wounds of my sorrowful heart. "Love one another." Have tenderness and respect for all. Every soul

is noble, since it bears the image of God, even if defaced, it can always be revised and beautified ; since even in those that have wandered far away, there is the sublime spark which can in an instant inflame the whole soul ; every soul child of eternity has a right to respect in love.

Notes on Psalm 118.

1—AT PRIME.

For the office of Prime, the first, as its name implies, of the Day Hours, Holy Mother Church appoints two double sections—thirty two verses—of this Psalm of Psalms, following, that is, the "introductory" Psalm or Psalms appointed to be said, one of which varies for each day of the week, except on Saturday and on feast days, when only one Psalm, the fifty-third—precedes the opening of the hundred and eighteenth.

"Blessed," so the writer begins, "are the undefiled in the way." If we ask what way, we shall find the answer presently. Meanwhile, the Psalmist gives us, at least, a partial explanation, when he adds : "who walk in the law of the Lord." The way, then, is God's law. This "law," under various names, we shall find, over and over again, in the course of this "poem in praise of the Divine law," as Lord Bute calls it, in his translation of the Breviary ; it is, as it were, its dominant note.

There follows another beauty, the Psalm, in fact, is full of such. "Blessed are they that keep His testimonies," which surely are but His law ; "that seek Him with the whole heart." This antithesis, too, as is common in all Hebrew poetry, we shall find of constant occurrence. "With the whole heart." That it is which will ensure the keeping of His testimonies ; which alone will enable us to participate in the promised blessing. We shall find that the Psalmist returns to this thought of "the whole heart," as to one to which he attaches no little importance. "They also that do no iniquity," he continues ; but who are they ? We remember what S. John says,

(1. ch. iii, 9) "whosoever is born of God doth not commit sin," willingly, that is, surely ; also, S. Paul's "delight in the law of God after the inward man," (Rom. vii, 22) ; and how he adds "with the flesh I serve sin." Here, too, we may find help if we read what they do, who "do no iniquity." What is that ? "They walk in His ways." This is "the way," which the Psalmist spoke of at the beginning of his meditation ; if we turn the verse round, we shall discover who it is—under what conditions—of whom it may be said that they "do no iniquity." Read it that way, and see : "They that walk in God's ways, (they) do no iniquity." "Whosoever is born of God doth not commit sin."

From God's ways—with a verse between—he passes to his own. "Oh, that my ways were directed !" he exclaims ; whereto ? "To keep Thy statutes." God's law, again, you see ; that all our ways should tend to this, the keeping of the commandments of the Most High. "Then," he adds, "I shall not be ashamed, when I have respect unto all Thy commandments."

It is hardly possible, in the space allotted to these notes, to take this Psalm of Psalms verse by verse. But since the Psalmist has spoken of God's ways and his own, let us see what he has to say of the young man's ways. "Wherewithal," he asks, "shall a young man cleanse his way ?" Walk, that is, in a clean path ; keep himself, as S. James bids him, "unspotted from the world." (Ch. I 27). The answer is such as we should have looked for : "by taking heed unto Thy word." Once more, God's law ; the

dominant note, as was said, of the whole Psalm. "Taking heed," even "as to a light shining in a dark place," as S. Peter tells us (2 Ch. 1, 19). "With my whole heart"—note that phrase again—he goes on, "have I sought Thee, ne repellas me a mandatis tuis." Lord Bute translates: "Let me not wander from Thy commandments"; but, surely, it is rather a prayer that God will not drive him away from them. Compare Psalm 50, (v. 13), "Ne proicias me a Facie Tua—cast me not away from Thy Face." Is it not a very similar prayer?

"Thy word have I hid in my heart"—once more, the heart—and why? "That I might not sin against Thee." What better safeguard against evil thoughts than God's word learnt by heart? Not by note, merely, as perhaps, by constant repetition, it is apt to be; but by heart, in the truest and most real sense. Wherein, as it seems to me, this Psalm, of all Psalms—I might almost say, of all Scripture—is the most helpful. The recurrence of the various synonyms, for that is what they amount to, "law," word," "testimonies," and the others cannot fail to arrest attention, however familiar they may have grown. In the Church's Book of Devotion there is always something new, and something suited to each phase, each experience of the spiritual life of each of us. Which cannot be said of most "manuals of piety." If you doubt me, try for yourselves.

"Deal bountifully with Thy servant—retribue servo Tuo," he prays, at the opening of the second portion appointed for Prime—actually, the third "alphabetical" division of the Psalm—"quicken me"—compare S. Paul's "novissimus Adam (factus est) in Spiritum vivificantem; the last Adam (Christ, that is) was made a life-giving spirit." (I Cor. xv. 45). The expression is also familiar to us from its use in the Nicene creed,—and, when quickened, what shall he do? "I will keep Thy word." But he must be "quickened" first, made alive, by the life-giving spirit; otherwise, how shall he keep God's word? Is it not the same thought as our Lord's simile of the vine and the branches?

But he has more to ask for. "Open Thou mine eyes," he prays, "that I may behold wondrous things out of Thy law."

And asks, further, for this: "hide not Thy commandments from me." Why? Because "I am a stranger"—a sojourner, a traveller, far from home—in the earth, and, therefore, in need of guidance, of comfort, of counsel. But does God, indeed, hide His commandments from any of His creatures whom He has made in His own image and likeness? If we shut our eyes, will He open them? It is not He that hides His commandments, but we, who will not seek them. "Ye, will not come unto Me that ye might have life." But if, like the blind man at the gates of Jericho, we cry out: "Lord! that I might see!" or, like the Psalmist: "Open Thou mine eyes," will He not do so? Then, indeed, we shall "behold wondrous things" that He will show us, for we shall see clearly."

Note what he says next: "Concupivit anima mea." Concupiscence, per se, is strong desire; the strongest possible; when evil, it is lust, the deadliest enemy of the soul that fain would "walk in the law of the Lord." What does his soul so long for? "Desiderare justificationes tuas; to desire Thy statutes." "Expectans expectavi, waiting, I have waited"; "concupivi desiderare; I have longed to desire." Compare our Lord's own words: on the eve of His bitter Passion: "Desiderio desideravi hoc pascha manducare vobiscum; with desire have I desired to eat this Passover with you" (S. Luc. xxii, 15). What does it mean but this: the very excess of desire? We know—most, if not all of us—what lust is; how many of us have experience of just such an all-consuming, over-mastering, unutterable desire—for God, not for sin? Lord Bute's rendering, "My soul breaketh for the longing that it hath unto Thy judgments (statutes, justificationes), "at all times," if a paraphrase is one that conveys some notion of this ardency of longing. "Quia amore langueo."

"My soul cleaveth unto the dust—pavimento"; that is our natural state, our natural tendency, to all that is lowest and most base. And the remedy: The same request to the Lord and Giver of Life: Quicken Thou me according to Thy word." It is as if the writer took it for granted—if one may say so—that God was, in a sense, bound to quicken him, if he but asked. "According to Thy

word"; Thy promise given, which I dare to claim.

"Make me to understand the way of Thy precepts"; God's way, and God's law; he asks that he may understand both. If so, what shall he do for his part? "Exercebor in mirabilibus tuis; I shall be exercised"—occupied—"in Thy wondrous works." Talk of them, think of them, make them my spiritual exercise. "Thy wondrous works." Compare our Blessed Lady's words: "Fecit mihi magna Qui potens est." Great things, truly, and wondrous. "A Domino factum est istud; this is the Lord's doing"; so the writer of the Psalm preceding this one—the hundred and seventeenth—exclaims: "Et est mirabile in oculis nostris, and it is marvelous in our eyes." Did not the Master, when He healed the demoniac in the country of the Gadarenes, bid him return home and tell his friends and neighbors "quanta tibi Dominus fecit—how great things the Lord hath done for thee?" (S. Mar. v, 19). Truly, if we be "exercised" in God's wondrous works, we shall not fail to let others know how great things "He that is Mighty" has done for us, and to us.

"Domitavit anima mea prae taedio,—my soul hath slept"—Lord Bute renders it "melteth"—"for heaviness"; the weariness of grief unutterable. Is it not written that the Master, returning to His chosen friends from the first and second of His threefold Prayer of Agony, found them sleeping? "Invenit eos dormientes," writes the Evangelist (S. Matt. xxvi, 43); He found them sleeping," and adds the reason: "erant enim oculi eorum gravati—for their eyes were heavy"; weighed down by grief, by watching, and by anxiety. It was not, surely, from want of sympathy, from indifference that they slept. Do we not know what it is for a child—and not only children—to cry itself to sleep? "My soul hath slept for very heaviness." Yet, elsewhere, he tells us that his grief, his longing, will not let him sleep. "Anticipaverunt vigilias oculi mei—mine eyes prevented the night watches." (v. 148.)

"I have chosen the way of truth"; once more, God's way. Just now, he had prayed that God would remove from him "the way of lying," that is, man's way. That is why he says that he has

chosen "the way of truth," and adds, as if to make clear what way he means: "I have run the way of Thy commandments, since thou hast enlarged my heart"—set it free, that is, and, maybe, actually "enlarged" it, as is said of S. Philip Neri's. "Enlarge thou me in love," says blessed Thomas a Kempis. And, elsewhere: "He rideth easily enough whom the grace of God carrieth." He, truly, shall "run the way of Thy commandments."

A Passing Reflection.

Why Truth should come to some and others linger under a cloud is something we, in our little knowledge, wonder at. It seems strange that some come to the boundary line separating darkness from light and there pause. Such thoughts, strayed through my mind, as idly picking up an old red-covered note book, I saw dotted down on one of its pages the dates and small happenings of a short visit to Salem.

The name itself brings up visions, of hideous, bent witches and their stiff brooms. Why such a useful household article should be associated with the flighty old ladies is puzzling indeed.

The people of this old city take, apparently, little interest in the haunts made precious by Hawthorne. The worn-out adage of the consequence of familiarity may be changed in this case to "unappreciation." A quietness reigns over the place, and of course one could not expect the inhabitants to be in constant praise of the intellectual face with its crown of white hair so often seen in the shop windows and bookstores, and the pictures are many, the most of them steel engravings. However, the small boy away down on Union street is quite willing to tell all he knows of Hawthorne. His birthplace was eagerly pointed out to us, a one and a half story wooden house, brown painted and cheerless looking. We satisfied ourselves with an exterior view of the house, and then passed on down the streets to get a glimpse of the House of the Seven Gables. One side of the house lies close to the sidewalk of dismal, quiet Turner street. A hazy remembrance of dusty trees, a grassy square at the front, at

the side a low bushy tree with more white dust near a window containing some curiosities—and this is the house made famous by the book to which it gave a title! But was this the window of the room where the good old maid Pyncheon kept her small wares, and where the ginger elephants and camels were looked at with greedy eyes of school children? Perhaps it was. The place is gloomy enough, and the dull, tan-colored paint, which, by the way, is a peculiar feature of most of the unpretentious houses of the New England cities, tends to give one a deeper fit of blues than if the house was painted the darkest indigo.

The depressed feeling that comes over one when gazing at these surroundings is about equal to that with which one lays aside any of Hawthorn's books. The human interest is in the novels, and the true delineation of eccentric character with occasional glints of humor, but the sense of depression creeps over one, as the pages are turned—his hopeless view of life haunts the well chosen language.

One asks the question, "Why?" and the answer is not hard to find. A noble hearted man with generous impulses and splendid mental gifts, with yearnings for the higher spiritual life which such dreamy, poetical natures possess to the full—could he be satisfied with Puritanism or the various doctrines coming from the earnest but misguided leaders of religious thought of the time? His deep study made him conscious of the shallowness of their multitude of beliefs. Catholicity had a charm for him, in that it appealed to his sense of the beautiful, but he seems to think this alone satisfied Catholics, whereas it little satisfied him. Perhaps he would have seen his error had he a closer association with the adherents of the true faith—perhaps he would have understood that the outer forms were merely aids to devotion, and if so, would he have allowed himself to accept the teachings of our belief with all its grandeur and purity? From his earnestness and sincerity we feel that he would.—Katherine McAndrew.

One good deed done here below is returned seven-fold in Paradise.

In Memoriam Leo XIII.

"In memoriam" we are twining chaplets,
Glistening with the dew-drops of our tears,

As we sadly close, in pensive twilight,
Records of his long, eventful years.

Chaplets—not of fragile earthly blossoms
On his bier, with reverence, we lay,
But the mystic, sweetly-scented rose-buds
Of our queenly Mother far away.

Shadows o'er the great eternal City
Where blest reminiscences unfold;
Shadows o'er Italia's scenic beauty,
And its classic, ivied ruins old.

Veiled God's Holy Church in deepest
mourning

For her saintly Pontiff, Father, King,
And the silvery bells that erst were joyful,

Now a dirge funeral slowly ring.

"Light in Heaven!"* and that radiant
guidance

Clearly in our retrospect we trace,
Now to aid the scientists' researches,

Then, as star-gleam o'er the paths of
grace.

Like the sunset of this summer evening,
Fading in the gold and purple west,
Seemed the transit of our glorious Pastor
To "the land of morning"*** light and rest.

"Ever living" like that Lord and Master
In whose footsteps he so nobly trod;

Making intercession for the faithful
Militant—yet in the Church of God.

May his wisdom, zeal and love paternal,
Like the triple coronet, now rest
On the brow of Pius—supreme Pontiff,
Vicar of our Lord and Saviour blest.

Enfant de Marie.

*—"Lumen in Ceelo"—Title of Leo XIII.

**—I, on fellow.

Often there is a world of sunshine
brought to a darkened and oppressed
heart, by a true smile, a hearty hand-
shake and a kind word. These cost
scarcely an effort and yet are enough to
dispel the gloom and drive away the
clouds of despair.

Notes on Psalm 118.

2—AT TERCE.

For each of the "Hours" of Terce, Sext, and None, the Church appoints three double sections—forty-eight verses—of our, Psalm. The first of these, at Terce, opens with a further reference to God's way: The thought which is another dominant note in this "Poem in praise of the Divine Law." "*Legem pone mihi, Domine, viam justificationum Tuarum;*" set me, oh Lord, the way of Thy statutes as a law," Thy way, thy precepts, as the rule of my life, "*et exquiram eam semper,*" and I will always "seek it out." Lord Bute's rendering: "Teach me, oh Lord, the way of Thy statutes, and I shall keep it unto the end," is—if I mistake not—that known as the "Prayer Book Version" (Anglican); and more familiar to the convert—all his life through—than any other. But it misses—or so it seems to me—the idea of God's way as a law of life and conduct, which the Latin conveys. Moreover: "I shall keep it unto the end," is not quite the equivalent of "*exquiram,*" which has the force of intensified search: much, in fact, that of "*quaerit diligenter,*" in the fifteenth chapter of S. Luke (v. 8); and implies that the way of God's precepts—our rule of living—is something which we must—like the woman in the parable, "seek diligently until we find it."

"*Da mihi intellectum, give me understanding,*" he continues, following out the same line of thought: "*Et scrutabor legem tuam, and I shall examine—study carefully—Thy law*"; once more, you see, the notion of diligent searching out. Moreover, in the very second verse of this Psalm of Psalms, he had exclaimed: "*Beati, qui scrutantur testimonia ejus;* blessed are they who examine His testimonies." Study them diligently, carefully. Here he, as it were, puts in his claim to this very blessing which he had proclaimed. "I, for my part," he seems to say, "will study Thy law diligently, the law I fain would make my rule of life." Thereto, he prays for understanding, which is something more than mere knowledge, since it implies a

mental—or spiritual—grasp of that which most concerns us.

"Deduc me in semitam mendatorum tuorum, lead me into the path of Thy commandments": this, of the way, the path, the law, dominates, as we said, the whole train of his meditation. He adds, as the wherefore of his prayer: "*Quia ipsam volui, for therein is my delight.*" Here we touch—as I think—one of the "difficulties" of the Psalm—as of others; that, namely, of repeating expressions of love, humility, faithfulness, such as—we know, only too well—we, ourselves, fall so far short of. Get the Psalmist's own phrase, "*concupivi desiderare, I have ardently longed to desire,*" should afford us some help, and much encouragement; and blessed Thomas a Kempis tells us that "God weigheth more with how much love a man worketh, than how much he doeth;" and adds: "He doeth much that loveth much" (Bk. i. xv.); which means, surely that God makes more of our desires after Him, after pleasing Him, than of our failure to act up to them. And, in another place, he tells us: "Neither it is an illusion that thou art sometimes suddenly rapt on high"—when repeating—it may be, the fervent outpourings of the writer of this Psalm"—and, presently, returnest again unto the accustomed vanities of thy heart" (Bk. iii. vi.); to the cares of this world," which will throng in on us, so soon as our office book is closed—perhaps before. So that, if we wish to appropriate such expressions of love, faithfulness, devotion, God will accept our wish—and forgive the "accustomed vanities." That is, if the wish be sincere; if it be, indeed, true of us that "these thou dost rather unwillingly suffer than commit." Then we may be sure that "so long as they displease Thee"—do they not?—"and thou strivest against them"—even by a wish, a prayer—"it is matter of reward, and no loss." (I bid.)

It was, surely, from these "accustomed vanities," as well as from the "vain show" of the outward world, that he prayed that God would "turn away"

his eyes. Do you remember Kingsley's account of Philammon, the novice, in the ruined Egyptian temple, where the walls were covered with "vanities," if not with obscenities? "Turn away mine eyes lest they behold vanities," he prayed—and looked, nevertheless," (Hypatia.) That, I think, is what we are all apt to do, but the prayer, repeated daily, may have effect—in God's good time. Especially if we follow the Psalmist's example, when he adds—as the surest safeguard, "Quicken Thou me in Thy way." There are no vanities in that path. "Quicken me," he continues, "in Thy righteousness," Thine equity; as a just reward for what? Because: "Concupivi"—that same word again—"mandata tua," I have longed greatly for Thy commandments."

Every word of this Psalm might claim a note, but that in space assigned would not thereto suffice. "Thy statutes have been my songs," he says, presently, "in the place of my pilgrimage." Contrast with this that saddest of all Psalms, which begins: "Super flumina Babylonis" (Ps. cxxvi.), where the exiled Jews complain: "Quomodo cantabimus canticum Domini in terra aliena, how shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land?" Spiritually speaking, we must, if we are to fulfil S. Paul's injunction: "Gaudete in Domino semper, rejoice in the Lord always" (Philip. iv., 4); or where he bids us "give thanks always for all things," of "making melody in your hearts to the Lord—psallentes in condibus vestris Domino" (Eph. vi., 19-20). It is true that we are "banished children of Eve," that our state is one of "mourning and weeping in this vale of tears," yet even this need not make it impossible for us to say, as here: "Thy statutes have been my songs in the place of my pilgrimage." It may be that such songs—at intervals, let us say, if not "always" as S. Paul enjoins—are more pleasing to God than "mourning and weeping" all along the way that leads from exile to the City of Peace.

"Deprecatus sum Faciem Tuam in to corde meo—I entreated Thy favor with my whole heart." He recurs, you see, to that phrase of his life, "whole heart"; his are no perfunctory, no mere lip-

prayers. "Ye ask and have not," says S. James, "because ye ask amiss" (Ch. iv., 3); and the same apostle bids us "ask in faith, nothing wavering:" with our whole heart, that is. To such prayer there is always an answer ready: "Believe that ye shall receive and ye shall have them" (S. Mark xi., 24.) That again, is to pray with our whole heart. So the Psalmist who, already, had declared, "with my whole heart have I sought Thee" (v. 10), now gives utterance to the same thought in other words: "I entreated Thy favor"—Thy face—"with my whole heart; be merciful unto me"—in what measure? "According to Thy word." Once more, you see, he claims God's word, God's promise as the ground of his confidence, the measure of the mercy that he stands in need of.

"I thought on my ways"—his ways, his time a wholesome source of meditation. "I have declared my ways," he said (v. 26), made confession, so to speak, of all his wanderings, "and Thou hearest me"; he has no doubt of that. Heard not only as God hears all our confessions—even those that are involuntary—but to forgive, as is His gracious wont. And the result of his thinking, his cogitation, do we say? "I turned my feet unto Thy testimonies." Was it not that God led him thither, as he prayed, just now? "I turned my feet," it was a deliberate, well-weighed turning on his part; he stood still, as it were, in his own ways, the ways of his own choosing; realized doubtless, that "there is a way that seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof is death" (Proverbs xiv., 12.) And, so realizing, he turned his feet, turned aside from the way wherein he found himself, "unto thy testimonies," to the way of God's law.

"The bands of the wicked have compassed me about," he says, presently. Read "peccatorum," as "sin," not "sinners," and you have the state of which most of us are conscious. "Quos delictorum catena constringit; who are bound with the chain of our offences." That is why, in the first "Absolution" of the Third Nocturn at Matins the Church bids us pray. "A vinculis peccatorum nostrorum absolvat vos Omnipotens et

Misericors Dominus ; may the Almighty and Merciful Lord set us free from the fetters of our sins." Truly, "funes peccatorum circumplexi sunt me"; the ropes of my sins—to translate it so—"have compassed me about"—does not Isaiah speak of those who draw sin, "quasi vinculum plaustrum—as a cart rope?" (ch. v, 18). If so, can we, indeed, say with the Psalmist : "Yet have I not forgotten Thy law?" Will not such remembrance loose "the chain of offences?" Surely.

"Before I was afflicted I went astray." Is not that true of most of us? Truly, we have need of the wise man's prayer—against prosperity, as against extreme poverty, "ne forte satius illiciar ad negandum, et dicam; Quis est Dominus?"—lest I be full,—and say : who is the Lord?" The authorship of this Psalm, as of many others, is, of course, a matter of exegesis ; but the writer, whosoever he may have been, must surely have had in mind, when he said : "Before I was afflicted, I went astray," the memory of that other Psalmist's confession : "Ego dixi in abundantia mea ; non movebar in aeternum—in my prosperity I said: I shall never be moved," and how he was constrained to add : "Thou didst hide Thy Face from me, and I was troubled." Yet, after all, how "The Lord heard, and had mercy on me" ; (Psalm xxix, 7-8-11) ; that is, how his very trouble was a proof of God's goodness in his regard. For we remember that it was when the beloved one—the chosen people of God—"waxed fat," grew prosperous, that he "kicked." "Incrassatus est dilectus et recalcitravit, et recessit a Deo Salutari suo." (Deuter. xxxii, 15). Truly : "Before I was afflicted, I went astray."

Yet once again, in this very section of our Psalm, he alludes to the "uses of adversity." "It is good for me," he says, "that Thou hast afflicted me" ; and adds the reason why it should be good : "That I might learn Thy statutes," which, he goes on to tell God—and us—are "better unto me than thousands of gold and silver." "Tribulation" the author of the Imitation tells us "serves to scour off the rust of our sins" (Bk. III, ch. 50) ; but S. Paul goes further, when he tells us that it pleased God "to make the author of our salvation"—His

Divine Son—"perfect through suffering" (Heb. 11, 10). More : "Though He were the Son of God, yet learned He obedience"—think of it—by the things which He suffered." Truly : "Bonum mihi quia humiliasti me : It is good for me that Thou hast afflicted me, that I might learn Thy statutes." As to the value which the Psalmist sets on God's law, above "thousands of gold and silver," we think of the message to the Church of Laodicea ; "I counsel thee to buy of me gold tried in the fire, that thou mayest be rich" (Apoc. iii, 18). That, surely, is the gold that we should covet : the wisdom—the knowledge of God and of His law—on which Holy Jacob sets much the same price as does our Psalmist. (Job xxviii, 12-19).

He alludes, yet once more, to the profit, or rather—this time—to the reason of adversity, in the very next section,—the last at Terce. "I know, O Lord," he exclaims, "that Thy judgments are right, and that Thou, in faithfulness, hast afflicted me." "In faithfulness." It was the Wise Man who said : "He that spar-eth his rod, hateth his own son" (Prov. xiii, 24), and S. Paul speaks of earthly fathers who hath chastised us (Heb. xii, 10), but, just before (v. 6) he tells us that "whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth ;" it is the proof of His love, His faithfulness. So much so, that the Apostle adds that if we are "without discipline"—chastisement—"of which all"—even the author of our salvation—"have been made partakers, then are ye bastards, and not sons" (v. 6). "In veritate tua humiliasti me." Is not that the reason why he prays, with so much confidence : "Let Thy merciful kindness—misericordia tua—be my comfort, according to Thy word"—Thy promise—"unto Thy servant?"

One little word of love to the living is worth all the eloquent encomiums pronounced above the coffin of the dead.

Cultivate the spirit of cheerfulness and you will find it catching among your friends.—Rev. Louis Brander: C.S.S.R.

Think of the ills from which you are exempt, and it will aid you to bear patiently those which you may now suffer.

St. Agnes' Eve.

TENNYSON.

Deep on the convent roof the snows
Are sparkling to the moon ;
My breath to heaven, like vapor goes,
May my soul follow soon !
The shadows of the convent towers
Slant down the snowy sward,
Still creeping with the creeping hours
That lead me to my Lord.
Make Thou my spirit pure and clear
As are the frosty skies,
Or this first snow-drop of the year
That in my bosom lies.

As these white robes are soiled and dark
To yonder shining ground,
As this pale tapers' earthly spark
To yonder argent round ;
So shows my soul before the Lamb,
My spirit before Thee ;
So in my earthly house I am
To what I hope to be.
Break up the heavens, O Lord ! and far
Through all your starlight keen,
Draw me, thy bride, a glittering star,
In raiment white and clean.

He lights me to the golden doors,
The flashes come and go,
All heaven bursts her starry floors
And strews her light below,—
And deepens on and up,—the gates
Roll back, and far within
For me the heavenly Bridegroom waits
To make me pure from sin.
The Sabbaths of eternity—
One Sabbath deep and wide
A light upon the shining sea,—
The Bridegroom and His bride.

In a recent number of the Review, we called the attention of our readers to a small, but very devotional work entitled "Eucharistic Elevations,"* and to recommend it still more, desire to present a sweet example that, to our mind, at least, seemed especially attractive. We will relate this little incident in a less graceful style, perhaps, but not at variance with the original picture of Agnes, as sketched by Rev. Father Fitzpatrick, O. M. I.

She was just on the eve of her birth—

day—and feast as well—January 21st, and conversing with two sisters and her brother, regarding the respective literary excellence of "St. Agnes' Eve," by Keats, and that exquisite effusion of Tennyson, from which we have quoted above, and decided in favor of the latter. Full of thoughts "white like those of an angel," and perhaps with ideal pictures of a quiet convent on whose roof snows were "sparkling to the moon," and the shadows of its towers slanting "down the snowy sward," and of a love that aspired heavenward like vapor ascending to the clear, star-lit, frosty skies, and even to the Bridegroom in "the land of light and morning." Agnes retired to rest. Sweeter thoughts still awaited her there, and she seemed in the presence of a Form that was familiar, even though she never before had seen it, but only longed for the promised vision in eternal blessedness. "One like to the Son of Man," whom the Royal Psalmist addresses as the most "beautiful among the children of men," with flowing auburn hair and "the shadows of eternal things on his brow." He presented her with a golden goblet in which was the mystic wine of His love. Morning dawned ; and the young girl rose for early Mass, still "dreaming of her dream" ; even in the realities of Holy Mass and prayer.

As she raised her eyes to the uplifted Host and Chalice at the time of their elevation (an act of faith which it is said is meritorious of special reward in Heaven), it seemed to her that the same dream-face shone before her, and that the Chalice was the golden cup of His royalty, and "the blood of the grapes, or rather His Precious Blood, that filled it, proved to her that he loved her to the death." No dreamland shadows round the altar ! The Eucharistic veils were those of faith, and, through them, she contemplated Jesus, the Divine Spouse, inviting her to "leave all," so that she might follow Him in eternity, and sing that new song which none but virgins can sing.

And must her heart not have respond-

ed "Behold, I come!" She turned from the innocent joys of home, and gently detached herself from its tenderest affections, and yet, in her upward path of religious life, there was one relic still treasured; one sweet remembrance, like a strain of olden memory; it was her own beautiful baptismal name of "Agnes." And beautiful indeed it is, not merely because of the youthful, illustrious Virgin, Martyr of Rome, and because of its significations—in Latin "Lamb"—in Greek, "Chaste"—and implying the

idea of sacrifice which appertains to a victim; but most of all does it derive beauty from "the Lamb of God," "meek and humble," "holy, innocent, undefiled," the victim of Calvary, "the lamb that was slain," and who, for all eternity, will be adored under this title, and whom finally, we adore even now at the Holy Altar.

"Ecce Agnus Dei."

Enfant de Marie.

*—Published by Benziger Bros., New York, etc.

Editorial Notes.

Hail to Pius X! The new Pontiff was solemnly crowned as bishop of Rome and head of the Kingdom of God on earth, in St. Peter's Church, on Sunday, August 9. Since the coronation of Pius IX. in 1846, there had been no such splendid ceremony in the vast Cathedral of Rome. The newspapers outvied each other in trying to present to their readers the most graphic descriptions of the solemn scene. It is not within our province to repeat the story. But our hearts and souls were in Rome following the august proceedings of the conclave with our prayers, confident that the Holy Ghost would guide the Sacred College in its choice and ready to prostrate ourselves at the feet of the new Vicar of Christ, whoever he might be. A man from the ranks of the people, and a lover of the working man, was chosen to succeed the Fisherman of Galilee. The silly and impertinent prognostications of the secular journals were all confounded. There is no aristocracy in the Church, besides that of merit. Hail to the new Pope Pius X.

* * * *

The new Supreme Pontiff was formerly Cardinal Sarto, patriarch of Venice. The people of Venice love him as an ideal father and bishop. A friend of the poor, among whom he dwelled as an humble priest, he did not forsake them when he was elevated to the higher offices of the Church. He gathered the workmen of Venice around his pulpit in St. Mark's Cathedral, and with apostolic eloquence

exhorted them to imitate the virtues of the meek and humble Carpenter of Nazareth. Social democracy dare not now repeat its slanderous calumny against the Church, that it is an institution in favor of the oppressors of mankind, ruled by aristocrats, and controlled by monetary interests. Pope Pius X. was educated by the humble followers of Don Bosco, the Salesian. Fathers, renowned for their extraordinary missionary zeal. Asia Minor, Africa, Patagonia, all the most benighted regions of the earth bear witness to their arduous labors and apostolic spirit. Their august pupil imbibed the same spirit, and the great missionary countries will undoubtedly be the objects of his ardent affection and love. America has been the first to be clasped to his heart. On the day after his election, even before he had received the homage of the ambassadors at his court, he welcomed American pilgrims: "Cara, cara, America," "my dear, dear America," he exclaimed, at the sight of the Stars and Stripes. We need no Pope more American than that. Long may he rule the Church of God!

* * * *

When Pope Leo XIII began his annual novena in preparation for the feast of Mt. Carmel this year, his last illness overtook him. He mentioned his reliance on the prayers of his brothers and sisters of the Confraternity, but, when he felt his end approaching, he manifested his desire to die on the feast of Mt. Carmel. He did not die on the 16th of

July; but he died during the octave of the feast, on the 20th of July—the feast of St. Elias, the great founder of the Order, of which the Holy Father was such a fervent member. There seems to be more than a mere coincidence in this fact, especially as it is said to have been prophesied many years ago by a religious in Rome.

* * * *

The new Pope, Pius X, has long been a personal friend of the Carmelites of Venice. He made their convent in Venice his stopping place over and over again. Before he became patriarch of Venice, whenever he would visit that city he would stop at the Carmelite house, which he seemed to regard as a second home, in preference to any place in Venice. And even afterward when he was Cardinal and Patriarch, he would often stay there over night when leaving or coming into the city, the Carmelite home in Venice being only a block from the railway station.

* * * *

King Edward VII and the Queen have lately visited Ireland. The Irish people, knowing his deep interest in their welfare and his kindly feeling towards their representative men, welcomed him with warm hands and hearts. The noble words spoken by the king during the visit of the royal party to Maynooth made a deep impression on the bishops and clergy. He also settled a delicate question with great tact and good feeling, when he gave Archbishop Walsh precedence over the Anglican Archbishop Alexander of Armagh. As there is no established church in Ireland, the archbishop longest in his see and representing three quarters of the Irish people merited the honor in the eyes of the sensible King.

* * * *

The Catholic Federation held its annual convention at Atlantic City last month, for the third time since its organization. The movement is spreading very rapidly, and if numbers mean anything in a land of majorities, the Federation can now speak with the authority of millions. Porto Rico and the Catholic Indians were represented. The President of the United States sent an outspoken letter of encouragement and ap-

probation of its object. The resolutions adopted by the Convention, on Socialism and the Labor question, on Christian education, on marriage and divorce, on lynching, on the Philippine question, on the Indian schools, and on Catholic rights elsewhere, are all worthy of Catholic Freeman, and constitute a program of action in themselves. May the movement soon embrace every Catholic citizen of the Great Republic.

* * * *

It seems the so-called prophecies of Malachy are not genuine, at least, there are very able historical critics who deny their authenticity. In spite of this, we love to think of the late Pope as "Lumen in coelo"—a light in the firmament—and we are going to believe that the present Holy Father will be an "Ignis Ardens"—a burning fire—There is a need in our nature to have little poetry and romance connected with our great men. These mottoes of Malachy, or who ever else is the author, have served their purpose so far, and they are old enough now to be venerable, even if they are not supernatural.

* * * *

At the re-opening of our schools and colleges, Catholic parents should take the opportunities offered them by our numerous and excellent institutions. The old prejudice in the minds of so many Catholic parents, that secular institutions are better equipped than our own, is fortunately dying out. Times are said to be good, and all our schools during the past year showed decided gains in the number of pupils. This increase is not, however, in proportion to the greater needs of collegiate education. The Catholic boy is still a neglected quantity. Educate your boys! Give them all the advantages of a genuine Catholic college training. Do not send them to work too early in life. The girls are, as a rule, taken care of, with the result that the number of mixed marriages is not diminishing. Give the boys a chance.

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Resignation is putting God between ourselves and grief.

"Earth's smallest deeds may be heaven's brightest jewels."

Book Review.

Christian Apologetics, by Rev. W. De-vivier, S.J., edited by the Rev. S. G. Messmer, D.D.D.C.L., and published by Benziger Bros., New York. (Price, \$1.75).

This is the first English translation of a work which has passed through twelve editions in the original French. Cardinal Mazzella, in a letter to the author, expresses his hope that it may become a classic text-book in our colleges, and recommends it to people of the world. It has the approbation of a number of Cardinals and bishops, who commend it in glowing terms. It certainly deserves all the praise bestowed upon it. It is a storehouse of arguments in favor of Christianity against modern infidelity, rationalism, materialism and scepticism, besides being a complete armory of defence against heresy and schism. The editor of this English edition, Bishop Messmer, of Green Bay, in a strong preface urges our Catholic Reading Circles, to whom he dedicates the volume, to adopt it as a text-book for a systematic course of short essays upon the fundamental doctrines of Christianity, the special claims of the Catholic Church, and her achievements on every field of civilization. This would surely be a wiser course to follow, than to read rapturous essays on the beauties of "Keats and Shelley," as has been the custom in one reading circle which we could name. The book, although sufficiently complete, is not ponderous in size or treatment, and meets every modern question and objection.

* * * *

An Apology for the Religious Orders, by St. Thomas Aquinas; edited by the Very Rev. John Procter, S.T.M.O.P.; published by B. Herder, St. Louis, Mo. (Price, \$1.60.)

The friars have been attacked at all periods since their establishment. To ward off an insidious attack against religious life in general, and the mendicant friars in particular, which was made by William de St. Amour, a very learned Doctor of the Sorbonne, in 1253, St. Thomas wrote this book, which now appears for the first time in English dress.

Father Procter, in his masterly introduction, hopes that the work "will be welcomed by many, especially at the present hour, when English speaking people are opening their arms and their large, generous hearts, in offering hospitality, once again, as they did in the early years of the past century, and at the end of the preceding one, to those who are once more being driven from their own inhospitable shores." We do not know how this work of the Angelic Doctor will be welcomed in our English-speaking country, but we do know that never was there a greater need for calling upon the Angelic Doctor, the great giant of theology, to be the champion of the friars against their enemies both without and within the Church. The same stale calumnies and objections are repeated to-day. St. Thomas has answered them all 700 years ago. If we can only get these ignorant maligners to read St. Thomas, especially his "Apology," the cause of the friars will be won, at least in all Catholic hearts, for no Catholic can withstand the force and beauty of this exposition.

* * * *

The Gift of Pentecost, by Father Meschler, S.J.; translated from the German by Lady Amabel Kerr; published by B. Herder, St. Louis, Mo. (Price, \$1.60.)

Although the author of this beautiful treatise on the Holy Ghost gives it the sub-title, "Meditations," it is not a merely devotional work. To our knowledge there is no such exhaustive treatment given this subject in any other English publication. The relations of the Holy Ghost to the other persons of the Blessed Trinity, to the Blessed Virgin, to the Angels, to the material creation, to man, to the Old Testament, to the Church, to the triple office of the Church, the teaching, pastoral and priestly office, to the Sacraments, and to Christian virtues, are fully explained, and in all their theological bearings and practical application to Catholic hearts. The Seven Gifts and the fruits of the Holy Ghost are shown in the life of grace. His influence on Christian life, on the Christian Family on the Christian state, on Mysticism and Sanctity, are treated in detail. The Sequence "Veni Sancte Spir-

itus," and the hymn "Veni Creator Spiritus," are the subjects of the closing chapters of this excellent and eloquent tribute of praise to Him, who, as the Spirit of Love, is the bond between the persons of the Blessed Trinity and between God and man.

. . . .

The Sheriff of the Beech Fork—by Henry A. Spalding, S.J.

Harry Russell—by Rev. J. E. Copus, S. J.; published by Benziger Bros., New York. (Price, 85c.)

Two bright and wholesome works of fiction have appeared under the above titles. Father Spalding's tale is a good story of Kentucky, and Father Copus tells of a Rockland College boy, who is not at all a boy of the now extinct Sunday school book type, but a live American boy, who makes good use of his Catholic training. We welcome these new Jesuit novelists, who are treading the path made popular by Father Finn. S. J.

. . . .

The Psalms and Canticles, in English Verse—by Rt. Rev. Bishop Bagshawe; published by B. Herder, St. Louis, Mo. (Price, \$1.25.)

It was an ambitious undertaking to present the divinely inspired masterpieces of Hebrew poetry in English rhymes. The distinguished author of this version has not only succeeded in giving an excellent translation, but he has also known how to retain much of the poetic beauty and lofty simplicity of the original. The Psalms and Canticles are elevations of the soul to God, inspired by the Holy Ghost Himself, the expression of the prayer and praise of the Church in all ages. No garb seems to be so fit to render them in our modern languages as that of poetry. May the enhanced beauty of these official prayers of the Church, in their poetical garb, induce many a devout layman to adopt them for his daily use.

. . . .

The Sacred Heart Book—by Rev. F.X. Lasauce; published by Benziger Bros., New York. (Price, 75c.)

This prayerbook of 638 pages, in a neat and compact form, contains instructions

on the Sacred Heart devotions and the Apostleship of Prayer, general devotions, and special devotions, for novenas, the month of June, the Holy Hour, the First Friday, etc. It is a complete manual for the members of the Apostleship of Prayer, the Eucharistic League and the Tabernacle Society.

. . . .

Ne Obliviscaris—compiled by Florence Ratcliff; published by B. Herder, St. Louis, Mo. (Price, 75 cents.)

This compilation consists of a daily thought referring to the dead, taken from Scriptures, spiritual writers and profane authors. Jan. 1 is given to Longfellow, and Dec. 31 to St. Paul. There is an alternate blank page for the names of those who are to be remembered, and the dates of their death.

. . . .

Wearers of the Brown.

Scapular names have been received at:

Niagara Falls, from St. Peter's Church Troy, N. Y.; Immaculate Conception Church, Philadelphia, Pa.; St. Mary's Church, Toronto, Ont.; Java Centre, N. Y.; Stratford, Ont.; Millersville, O.; Kenosha, Wis.; St. Louis' Church, Buffalo, N.Y.; St. Anthony's Church, San Francisco, Calif.; Rudolf, Wis.; Holy Redeemer Church, Rochester, N.Y.; Watertown, N.Y.; Cohocton, N.Y.; McGregor, Ont.; Stratford, Ont.; Galt, Ont.; St. Mary's Church, Copenhagen, N.Y.; Lancaster, O.; St. James' Hospital, Butte, Mont.; Cryslar, Ont.; St. Michael's Church, Erie, Pa.; Church of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, Watertown, N.Y.; St. Andrew's Church, Richmond, Ind.; Cuba, N.Y.

Holy Trinity Church, Pittsburg, Pa., from St. Louis' Church, Nopomis, Ill.; St. Alphonse's Church, Wheeling, Va.; St. Augustine's Church, Pittsburg, Pa.; St. Stanislaus' Church, Shamokin, Pa.; St. Mark's Church, Chicago, Ill.; St. Francis' Monastery, Munjor, Kas.; Franciscan Monastery, Chicago, Ill.; Immaculate Heart Monastery, Pittsburg, Pa.; St. Ignatius' College, Cleveland, O.; St. Sylvester's Church, Woodfield, O.; Municipal Hospital, Pittsburg, Pa.; Waukegan, Ill.; Worthington, Iowa; Appleton, Wis.; Shelbyville, Ind.; Koelztown, Mo.; Jefferson, Wis.

Letters of Thanksgiving.

Dear Rev. Fathers :

Enclosed find an offering for a Mass in honor and thanksgiving to Our Mother of Perpetual Help for favors received. Please publish this in the Review.

W. C. H.

* * * *

Rev. Fathers :

Enclosed please find an offering for two Masses ; one to be said in honor of the Holy Family, according to a promise I made last winter. We had an epidemic of smallpox, and I promised the H. F. that if myself and family would not take it, I would have a Mass said in thanksgiving and publication in the Carmelite Review. The other Mass, in honor of the Sacred Heart, for the recovery of my sister from a severe attack of rheumatism. Please have both favors published in next month's Review.

M. W.

Obituary.

The prayers of our readers are requested for the souls of the following lately deceased :

Thomas Portman, who was killed by an accident, May 26.

William Louis Dion, of Trenton, Ont.

Sister M. De Chantal McKay, who died on August 10th, fortified by the last Sacraments, at Toronto, Ont.

Petitions Asked For.

The following petitions are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers :

Health for three persons ; a good position for a man ; that two persons who are negligent may practice their religion faithfully ; several special favors, both spiritual and temporary.

Catholic Religious Orders in the Holy Land.

The Rev. Dr. John P. Peters, evidently a Protestant minister, writing in the New York Evening Post, on Christian activity in the Holy Land, says :—

"If Russia has displayed great building activity in Jerusalem and Palestine in the last years, it must be said that the French religious orders have not been backward. The Assumptionists had since my last visit, erected a magnificent new hospice just outside of the new gate, to the north of Jerusalem, and the Dominican monks had built on the site of the old church of St. Stephen, erected by the Empress Eudocia in the fifth century, a fine new church, largely a reproduction of the ancient structure, and a conventual school for Biblical study. In connection with this school, at the head of which stands Pere Lagrange, the Dominicans issue one of the best, if not the best, Biblical review in the world,—*Revue Biblique*. These Dominican Fathers, highly cultivated and educated men, are doing a most admirable work in the exploration of the antiquities or the Holy Land. It might be added that in the Assumptionist hospice there is also an admirable little Biblical museum, scientifically arranged, open freely to visitors and students, which has been collected by Pere Germer-Durand himself, a noted epigraphist. Dotted all over the country at Nazareth, Bethlehem, Mount Tabor, Mount Carmel, the Sea of Tiberias, etc., one finds convents and hospices, generally of the Franciscans, but sometimes of other orders, in which the visitor is always made welcome and courteously entertained, being expected to make return for his entertainment by such gift as he is able to make (ordinarily five or six francs for a day's entertainment).

"These hospices are a great boon to the traveller in Palestine, who can feel sure of entertainment and of most interesting and delightful companionship wherever a convent or hospice exists ; and even where there are no convents he is sure of hospitable treatment if only there be a Latin priest in the place. In many places on both sides of the Jordan I was the guest of native priests of the Patriarch's Mission, trained in the French schools in Jerusalem. The convents and hospices are established in those parts of the country which are visited by pilgrims, and where, also, there are almost always some resident Latin Christians."

Death of Father Avertanus Brennan, O.C.C.

The Carmelite Order in America suffered a great loss by the death of Rev. Father Avertanus D. Brennan, which occurred on August 17th. He was born in the town of Dunnville, Ont., in the year 1862, and when yet a child his parents moved to Niagara Falls, where he frequented the parochial school. After passing through the different grades, he came to the Monastery at Falls View, overlooking the Falls, to continue his studies for the priesthood. Here he received the habit of the Order in 1878. He made his simple vows in 1879, and in 1884 he made his solemn vows. At this monastery he studied the classics, philosophy, and had commenced theology, when he, with the other students, went to New Baltimore, Pa., where a new house of studies had just been opened. In 1889 he was ordained priest, with five of his companions, at New Baltimore, and on March 17th he sang his first Mass in presence of his relatives and numerous friends at Niagara Falls, Ont. Immediately after his ordination he was assigned to Englewood, N.J., where he had charge of the Church at Tenafly. After some years he was called to New Baltimore to teach the students of the Order the classics. This he did with such singular success, that when the new Carmelite College was opened at Chicago he was appointed professor of Greek and the higher classics of Latin. He filled the office until about two years ago, when he left the professorial chair to help on the missions. He continued on the missions with great success until last spring when through ill-health he was compelled to retire from active service.

The disease, which had been brewing for years, forced him, although unwillingly, to yield. No medical skill seemed to help him, and on August 17th, in the



Sisters' Hospital in Buffalo, fortified and comforted by the Sacraments of Holy Church, and wearing the Scapular, he peacefully breathed his last.

The same day his body was brought to Niagara Falls, Ont., where it lay in state in St. Patrick's Church. The next day, after the recitation of the Office of the dead, a solemn Mass was sung for the repose of his soul. Besides the resident priests, there were present Very Rev. Ambrose Bruder, Provincial O.C.C., the celebrant of the Mass; Very Rev. Dean Morris, of St. Catharines; Revs. T. Sullivan, of Thorold; F. Smith, of Merritton; J.J. Roche and J. Birmingham, of Niagara Falls, N.Y.; Wm. Healy, C.S. Sp. and J. Griffin, C.S. Sp., of Pittsburg, Pa.

Father Brennan was a man of rare intellectual gifts and a kind heart, which won the love and confidence of all the people with whom he came in contact.

ARE
YOU
DEAF?



ANY
HEAD
NOISES?

ALL CASES OF
**DEAFNESS OR HARD HEARING
ARE NOW CURABLE**

by our new invention. Only those born deaf are incurable.

HEAD NOISES CEASE IMMEDIATELY.

F. A. WERMAN, OF BALTIMORE, SAYS:

BALTIMORE, Md., March 30, 1901.

Gentlemen:—Being entirely cured of deafness, thanks to your treatment, I will now give you a full history of my case, to be used at your discretion.

About five years ago my right ear began to sing, and this kept on getting worse, until I lost my hearing in this ear entirely.

I underwent a treatment for catarrh, for three months, without any success, consulted a number of physicians, among others, the most eminent ear specialist of this city, who told me that only an operation could help me, and even that only temporarily, that the head noises would then cease, but the hearing in the affected ear would be lost forever.

I then saw your advertisement accidentally in a New York paper, and ordered your treatment. After I had used it only a few days according to your directions, the noises ceased, and to-day, after five weeks, my hearing in the diseased ear has been entirely restored. I thank you heartily and beg to remain

Very truly yours,

F. A. WERMAN, 730 S. Broadway, Baltimore, Md.

Our treatment does not interfere with your usual occupation.

Examination and
advice free.

YOU CAN CURE YOURSELF AT HOME

at a nominal
cost.

INTERNATIONAL AURAL CLINIC, 596 LA SALLE AVE., CHICAGO, ILL.

He always cherished a tender devotion to the Blessed Mother of God, and often expressed his wish of dying vested with her habit. In his last illness, although he suffered intense pain, he bore everything with heroic patience, and was never heard to utter a word of complaint.

We hope that through the prayers of the faithful, especially of his friends, and the intercession of the Queen of Carmel, he may soon obtain the reward promised by her to her faithful clients.

—•••—
SONG OF HOPE.

—
Wm. J. Fischer.

Hope is a bright angel—Faith's twin sister fair—

On her face God's pure sunlight,—the smile we know well;

When she enters our hearts, grim-visaged Despair

Shrieking, wings a swift flight to her loathsome, dark hell.

AFTER HOLY COMMUNION.

I know thou art with me,

O heart of love divine!

Thy precious blood is flowing,

Like sweetest juice of vine;

To still the aspirations

That ever rise towards thee,

For light and love more ardent

And greater purity.

What need to speak my Jesus?

Thy sacred eyes so calm

See all these inward longings;

For each thou hast a balm;

O! may this day's Communion

Absorb my soul in Thee,

A glistening drop borne onward

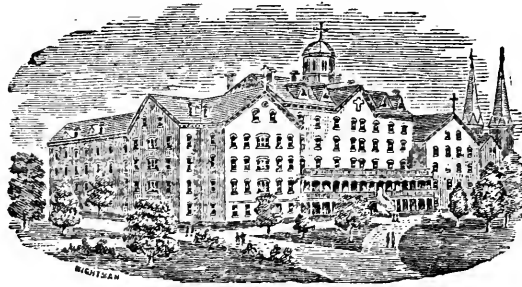
To love's eternity!

Enfant de Marie.

—•••—
"When Death, the great Reconciler, has come, it is never our tenderness that we repent of, but our severity."

NIAGARA UNIVERSITY,

College and Seminary of Our Lady of Angels



Conducted by the Priests of the CONGREGATION OF THE MISSION.

THIS INSTITUTION, founded November 21, 1856, and chartered by Act of Legislature, April 20, 1863, with power to confer Degrees, is located in the midst of the enchanting scenery of the famous Niagara Falls. It affords every facility for obtaining a thorough **Classical, Scientific, Commercial, or Ecclesiastical Course.**

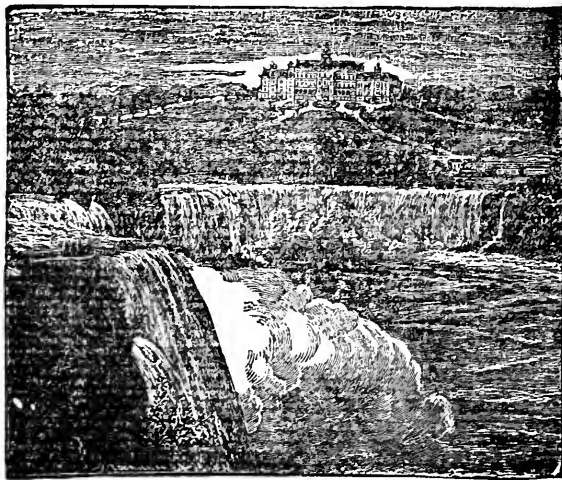
Situated on the most elevated point of "MONT-EAGLE RIDGE," it receives the full benefit of the healthful and invigorating breezes that sweep over the country from the Lake. In sublimity of scenery it is unrivalled. Southward it commands a magnificent view of the Seminary Rapids, Whirlpool, and Great Cataract; northward, it looks over the beauties of Niagara's tortuous banks, and the wide expanse of Lake Ontario dotted with sail. The buildings are large and well furnished. No pains are spared to secure the comfort of the students. The scholastic year consists of two terms: the first ends on the first of February, and the second on the last Wednesday of June.

TERMS: Board, Tuition, Washing, and Mending of Articles Washed, per term, \$100. Vacation, if spent at the Seminary, \$40.

EXTRA CHARGES: Piano, Organ, Violin, Flute, Clarinet or Guitar, with use of instrument, \$40 per Annum.
For further particulars address the President, **VERY REV. P. McHALE, C.M.**

Niagara University, N.Y.

LORETTO ACADEMY, * NIAGARA FALLS.



THIS INSTITUTION is beautifully situated on the high and healthy location, overlooking the Falls on the Canadian side, and cannot be equalled for the sublime and extensive view which it affords of the Falls, Rapids, and Islands in the vicinity. Pupils from all parts of the "Western World" have borne testimony to the fact that after some time feasting on the life-giving air and enchanting beauty of this scenery, they have returned to their homes renewed in life and vigor, as well as cultivated in mind and soul.

TERMS, \$200 per annum. Extras Moderate.

The New Carmelite Review

Published Monthly

New Series, Vol. 12

November, 1903

Number 1

The New Carmelite Review.

With this number THE CARMELITE REVIEW begins its career as an American monthly magazine. During the past twelve years it was published in Canada, and there it obtained a circulation and wielded an influence that made it known throughout the Dominion. At the beginning of this year, however, on account of the increased circulation among the people of the United States, and also because it was decided that the scope of the magazine should be widened, the publishers determined to change the office of publication, and beginning with the November number to issue the magazine from Chicago. The field here, and throughout the entire West is certainly most favorable for a magazine that aims to accomplish what THE CARMELITE REVIEW proposes. Chicago is at present the real centre of labor. The difficulties that are constantly arising here between labor and capital are felt throughout the whole country. The experiments that are being tried here in the attempt to satisfactorily solve the difficult problems suggested by labor and capital are watched with keenest interest by all other cities of the Union. On account of the cosmopolitan character of the population, and the fact that the different nationalities are still practically distinct, more intricate problems are demanding solution here than in any other city in the country. And it is here that some successful and exceedingly important results have been achieved. Although much remains to be done, yet through the stringent measures enforced by the

Department of Health the mortality rate of the city, especially among the infant class, has been notably decreased. The Juvenile Court, the first court of the kind established in this country, has already produced effects most far reaching and beneficial. Delinquent children under the age of twelve are no longer classed as criminals, nor are they allowed to remain in the common jail; instead, an effort is made to keep them from contaminating surroundings and to train them to work for an honest living. The Municipal Lodging House has also done much to further honesty in living. By means of the conditions imposed upon those who seek its shelter a comparatively plain line has been drawn between those who are willing to work and those who live as parasites of society. While some of the results of Social Settlements must be reprehended, especially the tendency to confuse real assistance to the poor with an idle curiosity to see how the poor live, still much good has been accomplished, and a higher intellectual element has been brought into the lives of some whose hard manual work was blunting their minds.



Scope of the Problems.

These are some of the practical problems and achievements that have made this city a centre of interest to the whole country. They are not merely local; they pertain to the real practical lives of men and women, and, therefore, whatever is said about them or is suggested by them must have some practical value to those who are dwelling in the far

Northwest as well as to those who are actually living in this city. To have these living, practical problems of life explained by some of the men and women who are actually engaged in trying to solve them will be one of the objects of **THE CARMELITE REVIEW**. The **REVIEW** will attempt to give its readers what will be of value and interest to them. It will endeavor to treat the facts of life in such a way that whatever is for the betterment of men and women who have to work will be made plain. To do this evidently some standard must be adopted. The people of today are as a rule too practical, too level-headed, almost too rigidly mechanical to tolerate patiently, judgments based upon a personally variable or whimsically shifting standard. Moreover, life has become such a complicated and serious affair, the sharpness of business competition involves so many moral problems, the methods used in obtaining success are so various and sometimes so devious, the personal equation in fact is so paramount, that no one man's personal opinion of what is absolutely right and good in the lives and works of the mass of the people is of ultimate value. The standard must be external, it must be fixed, it must be one that has been tried by experience; and such a standard has been set forth in the formulated dogmas of the Catholic Church. It certainly is not necessary to show that the Catholic standard may be used in measuring the worth of a man's life or work. The fact is that sometime in the life of the greater number of Christian men that standard is faced and by it life's worth is appraised. But it is necessary now to set forth more prominently than has been done the bearing of that standard upon the real affairs of daily life. In other words, the truth that religion is a factor in life must be insisted on. Of late there has been on the part of some Christian teachers a tendency to make a clear-cut separating line between religion and the material life of labor, to relegate religion to the Sunday morning

hour passed in church, and to judge the subject of just wages, of the hours of labor, of house conditions and legitimate amusements by a filmy and generally, personal standard of philanthropy. The consequence has been that in the minds of certain classes of our people the opinion has been formed that, after all, religion is not needed any more, that it has little, if any, bearing upon real, visible life; that, in fact, it may be dispensed with without suffering any tangible inconvenience. And on the minds of many in the class of employers the effects of such teaching have been curious. A selfish, grasping, unjust line of conduct is followed during the six weekdays, while on Sunday religion is apparently put on with the Sunday suit of somber black.



What People Are Thinking About. To set forth, then, the subjects of value that the people are thinking and talking about in their daily lives, to show the real work that is being done to make life happier and more filled with sunshine, to estimate labor by the united standard of religious and earthly worth, to hold forth as examples to every working man and woman the great Catholic Saints who worked hard and produced lasting results, who did not forget their God in the midst of their daily labors, to do these will be the object of **THE CARMELITE REVIEW**. Such, indeed, have been the objects of the Carmelite Order since it was founded centuries ago. The Order is one of the oldest organizations within the Catholic Church. During its long career it has as it were, grown up with the working people of the world. Century after century it has numbered among its leaders, men who arose from the poor that gathered around the monastery gates. As missionaries, members of the Carmelite Order have mingled with all classes of people in all parts of the world; they have lived the lives of those around them; they have met the

difficulties and disappointments all men meet: they have listened to and felt the hopes of the humblest, and they have known how hard it is sometimes for an honest man to earn his bread. There will be nothing fanciful nor whimsical, therefore, in what may be suggested for bettering conditions of life among the people. Men and women will be considered as they are, with their great and little ambitions, their imperfections, their inconsistencies, and with the dulled or gleaming vein of goodness that somewhere or other is in all. As a man grows older he feels more kindly toward those around him, and so it is with a great Catholic Order that has grown old among men; it feels that, after all, men forget more than they sin.



The Alaskan Boundary. From the Canadian point of view the most far-reaching and important decision rendered by the home government in a long time was that settling the Alaskan boundary. According to that decision, the claim of the United States that the boundary follows the configuration of the Alaskan coast is upheld. The Canadian contention that the boundary should run in a parallel line jumping from headland to headland of the numerous coasts and thus leaving to Canada the bays and inlets is rejected. This means that Canada has now not a single port to the Klondike gold fields, and that the important towns of Dyea and Skagway are now American. Considering these concessions, it is not surprising that the Canadian commissioners refused to sign the decision. In commenting on the decision the Canadians have been exceedingly outspoken. One of the commissioners said: "This award affects much more the relations between the Dominion and the mother country than people in England seem to realize, and almost marks the parting of the ways, at least so far, as having England decide any such question for

us." From the commercial point of view the decision is certainly unfavorable to Canada. According to Justice Hodgins, it interferes with the trade to the Klondike as anticipated by Canada. With the decision favorable to her, this traffic could have been carried on by water within her own territorial boundary. Now it must be either through foreign territory if by water, or overland from a Canadian port as outlined in 1897 by the proposed government railroad. Therefore, it is of the most serious importance. As to the future of the great ocean carrying trade, the Justice says, it deprives Canada of commerce of inestimable value. Canada cannot carry on the coasting trade under the decision that she could if it had been favorable, and this is an item of much importance to the Dominion. By the Americans the decision is, of course, viewed with satisfaction. For over twenty years the dispute has caused much annoyance to the State Department, and aside from the fact that the American claim has been ratified there is much gratification felt at having the affair settled finally. As Mr. Hay says: "It is all over. This question will never arise to vex the American government. The boundary between the United States and the British Empire so far as Alaska is concerned is fixed now and forever, and all living Americans need give it no more concern." And this is the most important point. Disputes between nations are always disagreeable and sometimes dangerous. In the case of Canada, which has so many common interests with the United States, everything that will tend to remove friction between both countries must be commended. Canada must, of course, feel some chagrin at the unfavorable character of the decision, but it is hardly in good taste, to say the least, to criticise so severely and intemperately as some prominent Canadians have done, either Lord Alverstone or other members of the commission.

Chamberlain's Policy.

In his speech at Tyne-mouth, Joseph Chamberlain endeavored to remove some of the misapprehensions caused by his famous declaration earlier in the month at Glasgow. From that speech the impression was created, he said, that the wishes of the colonies were to be ignored in the formation of his fiscal policy. To remove this opinion he explicitly declared that under no circumstances did he wish to interfere with the commercial freedom of the colonies any more than he had let them interfere with the freedom of Great Britain. Both were to be given free power to say what their fiscal policies shall be, but the negotiations would show how far these could be altered to the mutual benefit of both sides. That Mr. Chamberlain has obtained some success for his proposed fiscal policy was recently shown in the bye election for Rochester, when Mr. Tuff, the Unionist candidate, was elected in place of Lord Cranborne; but that he has convinced any large number of voters in England is very doubtful. Even the election of Mr. Tuff can hardly be called an unqualified success. He advocated a duty on cement in a town that is famous for the manufacture of that product. Only a short time before, one Rochester firm had lost a contract because an equally good article was offered by a foreign firm for a lower price. Still there are signs indicative of a desire for some sort of protection. The memory of Cobden is, indeed, strong in the mind of a nation that is essentially as conservative as is England, but the hard blows which English commerce has received during the past ten years on account of her fiscal policy are gradually working a change in the minds of great manufacturers. The policy that was good enough in the days of Cobden is felt to be hardly satisfactory at the present time. All over the island there is a spirit of unrest. Business men are being made to feel that they

have no common ground on which to meet the unrestricted inflow from other nations. After a campaign of twelve years, Germany went from free trade to protection, and today Germany is rapidly becoming one of the great commercial countries in the world. That England is losing some of her commercial prestige by her policy of free trade is gradually becoming clear to many of her most devoted admirers; and that she will continue to do so seems clear to all foreigners. This country alone is already disposing of many of its commodities at prices much lower than the native manufacturer can afford to dispose of his similar articles. In many lines the American-made products are fast driving the home-made article from the market. Besides these facts, there are figures to show that the free trade policy is working havoc with England's commercial prosperity. Comparing 1872 with 1902 the total British exports shows an increase of only 10 per cent, an increase that amounts to nothing in the case of a country as great as England. During the same period Germany and Austria-Hungary show an increase of 108 per cent; Belgium 76 per cent, and Italy 26 per cent. The United States during the same period shows the remarkable increase of 217 per cent. The meaning of these figures is gradually penetrating into the minds of some of England's manufacturers; and, therefore, although at the present time the outlook for protection is not bright, still the time may come when it will be necessary to considerably modify the statement of Mr. Justin McCarthy that "there is no more chance of a reaction against free trade in England than there is of a reaction against the rule of three."

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The Pope's Letter.

During the month the first encyclical of Pope Pius X was sent forth to the Christian world. The letter has confirmed the general impression of the kindness, the

true Christian charitableness, and the straight forward sincerity of the new successor to the See of Peter. In his letter the Pope calls attention to the diffidence which he felt on assuming the duties of his exalted position, and that this diffidence was caused not merely by a sense of his own unworthiness, but also on account of the fact that he was called upon to succeed a Pontiff adorned with such sublimity of mind, such learning, and such lustre of every virtue as was his predecessor, Pope Leo XIII. Then again, he says that he was terrified by the disastrous state of human society today. The cause of this state is apostasy from God, than which nothing is more allied with ruin. There is extinguished among the majority of men all respect for the Eternal God, and no regard paid in the manifestations of public and private life to the Supreme Will; every effort and artifice is used to destroy utterly the memory and the knowledge of God. But there can be no doubt of the issue of this contest between man and the Most High. Man, abusing his liberty, can violate the right and the majesty of the Creator of the universe, but the victory will ever be with God; defeat is nearest at the very moment when man, under the delusion of his triumph, rises up with the utmost audacity. All this is expected, but it must not prevent us from exerting ourselves to hasten the work of God. The object of the Pope will be to "renew all things in Christ." In attempting to do this he has no secret aims, no political designs, no motives of partisanship. To eliminate all such delusions, he says with emphasis, that he does not wish to be, and with the Divine assistance never shall be aught before human society but the minister of God, of whose authority he is the depository. The interests of God are his interests, and for these he is resolved to spend all his energies, even his very life. Hence should any one ask for a symbol of

his will, he will give this and no other; "To renew all things in Christ." In order to do this the more efficaciously he calls upon the Bishops and priests of the Catholic world to do all in their power to second his efforts. This they must do by their holiness, knowledge and experience, and, above all, by their zeal for the glory of God, with no other aim than that Christ may be formed in all. The first duty of Bishops is to form Christ in those who are destined from the duty of their vocation to form Him in others. This is to be done by expending great labor and diligence in governing and ordering seminaries aright so that they may flourish equally in sound teaching and in perfect morality. Then, again, Bishops should not be lacking in solicitude for young priests who have just left the seminary. They should be careful to direct and encourage them in their new labors. With regard to the priests it certainly is good for them to devote themselves to special studies after their ordination, yet in the opinion of the Pope those are to be more commended who along with the attention they pay to their books give the greater amount of their time, attention and work to the people who have been committed to their charge. The laity will then be able to co-operate more efficaciously with them. The people will feel that the priests are working for them, and the result will that Christ will be made to triumph in all things.

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**The Church
and the Working
Man.**

In the light of recent remarks of State Senator Parker it is interesting to consider the attitude of the Catholic clergy toward the poor, or rather toward the workingman. The Senator said that the workingman believes that the Christian churches are the friends of the capitalist. "He notices that the church funds come from the capitalists, that the church buildings are near

the homes of the rich, and that the affairs of the church are often in control of the capitalists. Therefore," concludes the Senator, "it is not strange that the religion of Jesus Christ established as the religion of the poor, is the first to be attacked by the dissatisfied workingmen of America." That the Catholic Church is in the hands of capitalists, that its funds come from the capitalists, or that its churches are nearer the homes of the rich than of the poor, is, as nearly every one knows, not true. In any large city, for instance, very few Catholic churches are on the boulevards, or even on other prominent residence streets. To see where the funds come from it is only necessary to attend any of the many services on a Sunday or a week day morning in any Catholic church and there notice that nearly every member of the congregation is a working man, woman or child. From actual facts if there is a Church in the world today preaching the gospel of Christ to the poor, that Church is the Catholic Church. It is with the knowledge of this fact in his mind that the Pope in his late letter urges the Catholic clergy to become thoroughly familiar with everything that concerns and interests the people who have to work for a living. The greater number of the duties which the Catholic priest engaged in church work has to do are duties relating to the poor and the working classes. They are the members of his congregation; they are the ones who call for help; they are the ones to whom he must minister in their illness, and they are the ones who contribute to his support from the wages that often are so small that a penny even is missed. The Catholic Church is certainly today just as it was in the days of primitive Christianity, the church of the poor and of the workingman. And since the poor and the workingman are loyal members of the Church, it is utterly wrong to state

that the workingmen of America are dissatisfied with the religion of Christ, or are attacking it. Such assertions are surprising to no one more than to the working men themselves. The American workingman is not an enemy of religion; he may be dissatisfied with some particular form in which religious sentiments may be expressed, because the American workingman thinks, but he is not dissatisfied with real religion. The confusing of the American workingman with a small class of agitators that are systematically opposed to all law and order both divine and human is utterly wrong. The workman resents it. It is time, then, that these ill advised statements cease.

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Early Morning Services.

That the Catholic Church is continually looking after the welfare of the workingman was brought vividly before the public again by the report that Archbishop Quigley had decided to have Mass said in the down-town district of Chicago at 4 o'clock on Sunday mornings. This Mass will be for printers, newspaper men and others who work nights. For a long time it has been realized that something must be done in the religious line for the night workers of the business section of the city. A large number of these workers are Catholics, and they have been compelled to wait from 3 or 4 o'clock in the morning until 6 and 7:30 before they could attend divine services. It is to enable them to go immediately from their places of work to church on Sunday morning that the Archbishop has ordered the early morning service. This will probably be the first step toward establishing some place where the night workers may have a resting place after their hours of work under Catholic auspices. Mr. James Keeley, managing editor of one of the Chicago daily newspapers, recently said that the "day work-

er always has some place in which to seek recreation. The night worker who does not want to go from desk or typewriter or linotype to bed has only one place open to him—the saloon.” And this for a long time has been true. Recently the Young Men’s Christian Association adopted the plan of keeping its rooms open for all-night for the accommodation of the night workers, and within two weeks over three hundred night workers had agreed to join the Association. This movement is most commendable. For the man who works it is absolutely necessary that some form of recreation or amusement be provided. Life has become so hard now, and what Miss Jane Adams calls “the dull monotony of toil” has become so disheartening that every effort should be made to afford some sort of a change that will alleviate the condition of the toiler. Many of the night workers are young men, and it is almost too much to expect that they will go straight home from their places of employment. The fact is that the greater number of them do not. They go in the greater number of cases to the brilliantly lighted saloon. The time has now come for the Church to establish reading rooms, gymnasiums and other places of Christian amusement for these young men. And in this connection it might be well to call attention to the fact that it would be a further movement in the direction of strengthening the Catholic position were noon-day services inaugurated in some central position in our great cities. Many men and women are disheartened by their daily toil. Wages may be small, domestic obligations may be great, a man or a woman may become terribly tired out from work, and despair may enter into the heart. Under such conditions a few minutes spent in a church that is only a block or so away from the place of business may mean the saving of an immortal soul.

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The Closed Shop.

At the fourth industrial conference of the National Civic Federation held in Chicago, Mr. John Mitchell discussed in no ambiguous way the attitude of trade unionism on the subject of the “Closed Shop.” According to Mr. Mitchell, the workman who refuses to work with non-union workingman does not say in so many words that the employer must hire only union men. What he does say is that he personally does not wish to work in the same shop with men who do not belong to or have repudiated the union. The union workman objects to the presence of non-union men in the same way that he would object to working in an unsanitary shop, or among surroundings that would have disastrous consequences. In some cases where unions are strong or the best men in an industry are members of the union, this refusal on the part of the men to work with non-union men amounts to a real compulsion exerted on the employers to use in their shops only the services of union men. But, Mr. Mitchell contends, this is only the exercise of a legitimate right on the part of the men to decide upon what terms they are willing to give their labor. The employer on his part has an equally legitimate right to dispense with the services of union men, if he sees fit, and engages only non-union men. In such a case the union man has no right whatsoever to molest, injure or persecute the non-unionist. These remarks of Mr. Mitchell are worthy of serious consideration by every member of a labor union. During the past two years the number of acts of violence committed during strikes and other forms of labor trouble have been considerably decreased, still they have been numerous enough to warrant Mr. Mitchell calling attention to the fact that illegitimate force must never be sanctioned by a true member of a union. Acts of violence can never produce any good, and they are liable to become a seri-

ous injury to the cause of labor. This would be deplorable. Labor has now assumed a position in the industrial world such as it never had before. It forms in the main a solidly united body, and in consequence of its very solidity and unity it possesses a force that is tremendous. It is just this force of which it is now thoroughly conscious that unless it is ably and rightly used may react upon itself and work its own destruction. Fortunately, however, the great labor leaders of today are men who, realizing the power they possess, are determined to exercise that power for the good of the members of the unions they represent. For this reason, as Mr. Hanna said, they are willing to join in any movement that tends toward the conciliation and re-conciliation of capital and labor. A world without capital and labor, from the point of view of civilization, is inconceivable. Human society and happiness presupposes and requires both. To dream of destroying either is nonsensical. Labor unions and employers should, therefore, work harmoniously; strikes should be avoided as much as possible; disputes should be settled by arbitration. Common sense and the sense of responsibility for wives and children should reign supreme, and, then, many of the disputes and difficulties that have been and are still stopping business and causing factories to move from city to city will vanish.

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The Christian Democrat

By the Editor

The abuse of a word is always deplorable. As socialism is commonly understood at the present time it really means Anarchism. Although theoretically distinct from the system of Proudhon, the acknowledged father of Anarchism, its tendencies are in the same direction. The earthly equality that it teaches reduces all mankind to the

same level. No one has the right to coerce another; authority cannot exist for the reason that no one has an authoritative position; God Himself is explicitly ruled out; right and wrong do not exist, because every one may conscientiously do as he pleases. Evidently such teachings are Anarchistic. Moreover, they are destructive of the very thing that they aim to attain. They are destructive of liberty, for liberty necessarily implies inequality. As it has been adopted, the word "Socialism" has, therefore, taken on a bad meaning.

But what is really needed at the present time is the setting forth of the principles of real Socialism, of Christian Democracy, as Leo XIII wishes the movement to be known. It seems to me that we have been too long at the work of opposition. To object to systems or theories, to tear down what has been built up, to find flaws in structures already reared, is indeed an easy work. Any one may sit quietly in his arm-chair and criticize the imperfect work of another man. To build, to go out in the street and try to find something that will really benefit others, to take up a pen and write down some scheme for the betterment of the workingman, is a labor too strenuous for the arm-chair critics.

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The consequence has been that many serious-minded workingmen have turned away from us; they have come to the conclusion that we have nothing for them because we apparently do nothing for them. It is time, therefore, for us Catholics to get out of our comfortable chairs and do something. As I said previously, the Catholic Church is a tremendous power in this country. It has in it a force that no other Christian body in the world has. This force must be put in operation. The way to put it in operation is not by attacking, not by carping at those who mistakenly are trying to benefit others. The way to do it is to get right down to work and show the American workingman that we have the means and the power to better his condition,

that we have a scheme that will surely make his life happier and worthy of the end for which he has been created.

Now, to do this it is simply necessary to develop the true principle of Christian Democracy. The whole life of Jesus was a manifestation of that principle. His object was to guide men to the Father. This constituted the attainment of the everlasting happiness for which all men were created. Moreover, He cared for the temporal condition of men. He taught the doctrine of love, of the brotherhood of all men, and of the necessity all are under of helping one another. And not only did He talk, He worked. He knew that the man who could not see could not be happy on earth, and, therefore, He made him see. He pitied the paralyzed man who could not reach the miraculous pool and, therefore, He cured him. He sympathized with the heart-breaking grief of a father over the death of his little girl, and, therefore, He made her live again. Jesus worked for the people—worked not only in order that they might attain heaven, but He worked also in order that they might make of this earth a heaven. He placed the commandment of love of one another on a level with the commandment of love of God. He showed how this commandment was to be observed; and our duty is to imitate His methods.



Following is the footsteps of Jesus, our attempt, then, should be to make the life of the workingman more comfortable and happy here on earth. That such an attempt must be made is plain to every one who cares at all for his fellowmen. For the man who earns small wages, life has become a very serious affair. Rents are high for any kind of a respectable house; although our public schools are free, and although the tuition of our parochial schools is merely nominal, yet it costs a great deal every year to keep the children in books and good clothes. Bread, meat and vegetables are dear, and with regard to coal many families this winter have been compelled to close the front rooms and live in the

kitchen. When a man, then, a conductor, for instance, on one of the elevated roads, comes home and sits down at his kitchen table to eat his supper, being thoroughly tired out after his twelve or thirteen hours' work, and figures out his expenses, and tries to square them with his twelve dollars a week salary, there is little wonder that he becomes disheartened and dissatisfied. His wages are small in proportion to his expenses. He may rise to the position of motorman and have his salary raised to fourteen or fifteen dollars a week; but the prospect is certainly not very bright. Life indeed has become a very serious affair for the man earning a small salary.

Facts like this make the conductor, the man working in the iron works, or the railroad shops, in the dry goods store, or in an office, inclined to look favorably upon any system that seems practically fitted for enabling him to better his condition. Our negligence, therefore, in not attempting to do something toward bettering his condition is exasperating. We have the power; the great Catholic Church is behind us; the life of Jesus is before our eyes, and yet we do very little. Now, this is what I think we, Catholics, must do:

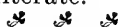
Compel the general passage of an eight-hour law. The law must be made to protect the workingman. The life of the man who works for his living as a hard one. From morning to night it is nothing but work, work, work. Now, unless he has some form or other of recreation his life must soon become unbearable. He goes to work in the morning before his children are out of bed, and he comes home after their mother has put them to bed. The result is that he has little, if any, real family life. This should be changed. Eight hours a day are enough for any workingman to work. By working that many hours he will be enabled to come home early, to see his children, to enter into their childish life, to think about things different from those that have engrossed his mind during the day, to find recreation in the very change, and to find some time also for entertaining his friends.

All men are naturally sociable; it adds to the pleasures of life to meet kindred spirits; and, therefore, when this natural instinct is given legitimate play, a man becomes more contented, more agreeable and happier. And really, when we think of it for a moment, a feeling of sadness must come over us when we consider the little that is required for bringing happiness into the life of a man who works hard all day. Many of us are accustomed to go on vacations after we have exerted ourselves just a little. We imagine that we need a rest, when, after all, in comparison with the way that our fathers worked, really we have not worked at all. The man who works hard for his daily bread is satisfied with a rest at night. And it is this rest that we must get for him. Laws must be passed making eight hours a day the legitimate day's work. As Catholics we ought to get out and try to secure the passage of an eight-hour law.



And now about child labor. For years I have written on this subject. The law forbidding children under the age of fourteen from working must be enforced. That this law is violated is plain to any one who goes down town with his eyes open. It is true that a great many parents absolutely need all the money that their children can bring home to them; in cases of absolute necessity, of course, I cannot blame such parents; but in the majority of cases it is not absolutely necessary at all. It is simply the grasping, selfish, seeking after money that prompts many parents to send their little boy or girl down to work for two or three dollars a week. This ought to be stopped. Children should be given an opportunity to acquire an education. The time has now come when the uneducated man can look forward to nothing more than carrying the hod, or digging sewers. As Catholics we must instill into the minds of our people the necessity of giving their children a fair chance in life. This we can do by giving them the opportunity of acquiring an education that will enable

them to face the battle of life with some chance of winning. Children must not be trained to become slaves. They must be trained to become men and women with trained minds, with independent wills and with faculties developed to the highest possible extent. In the long run, too, parents will be the gainers. The children will be able to bring home larger salaries than they ever could earn were they uneducated and illiterate.



Then there is the subject of sanitation. Nobody can enjoy life unless he is healthy. The stores, factories, shops, and houses in which the people live must be kept in a healthful condition. This means especially that we must interest ourselves in the way in which those who are dwelling in crowded tenement houses live. Along Clark street, near Twelfth, there are houses in which seven and eight persons are living in three rooms. On the West Side, along, for instance, Eighteenth street, there are three and four large families living on a single floor of seven rooms. We must interest ourselves in these facts. The welfare of our city and country depends upon the health of our citizens; and when those citizens are so ignorant that they do not perceive the disastrous consequences that must necessarily follow from their manner of living, then they must be compelled to see those disastrous consequences, and change their manner of living.



And now I come to the means that the workingmen have selected for endeavoring to better their own condition. The most important of these means is the labor union. Labor unions, in the form of guilds date back to a very early period. Their object is the protection of the workingman. Recent events have shown that they are the best means that have ever been devised for the betterment of the working classes. They must be protected and fostered, as Leo XIII urges in his great encyclical on the condition of labor. They are the safeguard of our workingmen, and every workingman

should join the union. But they must be directed. Fortunately the men who are now at the head of them are level-headed and conscientious, and, in the main, they have been directed right; but where great power is possessed there is always danger of an abuse of such power. Hence the principles of right and wrong must be thoroughly instilled into the members of every labor union. When such principles shall be perfectly understood then the danger of strikes will be averted. At times strikes are undoubtedly a necessity, but they should be made use of only at the last moment. Strikes are nearly always harmful. They injure the employe as much as they injure the employer. During the recent teamsters' strike the principle of arbitration was demonstrated to be most beneficial; and it will be found that in the majority of cases the principle will also be found to be advantageous. In the case of the anthracite miners of Pennsylvania the principle of arbitration was rejected by the operators, and the strike was legitimate.



And, finally, taxes should be made as light as possible. In order that they be light, however, it is necessary that every one pay his proportionate share. There is nothing more fatal to our republican form of government than the introduction of what has been called "tax-dodging." Such thieving from the public should be much more severely punished than it has been hereto-

fore. We have been entirely too lenient. To steal from the public is just as great a crime as it is to steal from a man on the street. Tax-dodging throws the weight of supporting the government on the poor man who owns one house. The utter unrighteousness of it, therefore, must be brought home to the mind of every citizen of this country.



These, then, are some of the movements that we as Catholics must enter into. They are movements that demand our immediate attention. We have wasted too much time already. We have allowed a spirit of inertia to take possession of us, and it is time to shake it off and do something for the betterment of our people. The time has passed when we could hope to do something by sitting in our chairs and talking. The world today does not care for talk. It has moved along and left us sitting alone. Christ did not sit down and wait for the world to come to Him. During His short life He traveled up and down the length of Palestine. St. Paul labored in season and out of season; he worked. This is what we must do; we must work. We must enter into the life that is around us; we must become leaders in the struggle that is going on all round. We must show that we have something that shall make the life of the laboring man happier and better. We must go out among the people and work.

Among the Fisher Folk

By Cleo. Keogh

Domiciled in a fisher's home here at Bayfield, on Lake Superior, one gradually awakens to a world hitherto unknown—a world of oar and sail and drying fish nets and strings of floaters (looking for all the world like giant black sausages and a people unique in their retention of distinct national customs and an inborn knowledge and

love of the water and what it yields for their sustenance and comfort. From the rugged unproductiveness of Norway, Sweden and Finland they turn their eyes westward, and are attracted to the northern fisheries as to a loadstone, for here is congenial occupation. Be they ever so poor upon their arrival they bring with them such persistent

industry, economy and cleanliness that a home of their own is but the question of a few years. And what homes they are! Actually spotless, with painted floors and Smyrna rugs in the best rooms, and crisp muslin curtains, and bright, inexpensive furniture, arranged with the utmost precision, and treated with deferential respect.

Here in the parlor is a picture of a vessel, "The Dove," of which only our host was master for years, and on which he sailed into almost every port of England, Scotland, Holland, France, Spain and Italy. Were I planning a fish dinner, I should want a little water color sketch of "the captain" on every menu card, for never did artist find so ideal a model of The Fisherman.

But the kitchen is the center of the family life, and here we found all those odd little household utensils never seen in an American home where everything is tucked out of sight in pantries. And the gardens—with every old-fashioned flower running riot among the cabbages, beets and cucumbers, with an occasional apple tree or odorous spruce or giant tamarack for shade.

Of course the herring taking is only the aftermath of the season's catch, for the fishes of the district are trout and white fish. These are brought in by the large tugs, which collect them from the fishermen along the shore and on the islands, not by the hundred pounds, but by the tow—trout as red and satisfying as salmon, and white fish firm as a porterhouse steak.

When it is too stormy to "lift the nets," the fisher has an occasional day home with wife and bairns. Then the

few stretches of beach (for in most places the shore rises in sheer rock from Superior) is crowded with their sail boats, drawn high upon the sand, and the time utilized in their overhauling, or in net mending. This latter is one of the most picturesque occupations. Seated before his reel the bronzed follower of the finny tribe threads from it the wooden needles. These he makes himself and are smooth and polished as though cut from bone.

When dozens of these are threaded he repairs to some large hall or shed, where the nets may be spread at length, and here with one or two of his countrymen to help him, he builds up the meshes which make possible the "boiled trout, with sauce a la Hollandais," or the "planked white fish and ham stimbles" of the club with hemstitched nappery and American Beauties and palate-tempting accessories to round out the course.

Before turning from our theme, there is a word to be said of something we seldom hear of in the city, and that is salt white fish. Here it really forms the staple of the trade, and yields a breakfast feast for jaded appetites, as on the snowy-table near the window through which the swish of the great lake comes loudly, it is set before you piping hot from the boiling pan. Little nuts of butter are beginning to travel down its peppered sides, and steaming batter cakes and coffee, whose aroma greets you from afar, give a brace to the nerves which sends you off for another day's climbing along the rocky shore.



Child Labor in Illinois

By Edgar T. Davies.

The extent and nature of the employment of children is well indicated by the State Factory and Labor Reports, and by the Reports of the United States Department of Labor. It is everywhere and conclusively shown that those States which have restricted the employment of children to certain ages have thereby lessened the total number employed. This is in marked contrast with those States which have no such enactment. In these latter, the increase in the number of children employed is striking. Statistics show in South Carolina that 10.25 per cent of all the working people were children under fifteen years of age, and in North Carolina the number of such children reached 14.10 per cent of the total. The census figures for those States that have enacted child-labor laws show a much smaller per cent, but at the same time, there has everywhere been shown a natural tendency of child labor to increase faster than the population, except at those times and places where it has been temporarily checked by adverse legislation. The child-labor laws aim at two things: A prohibition of employment in certain occupations of children under 14 years of age, and the protection of children above that age. In the first aim, the old Illinois law had been only partially successful; in the second it was a complete failure. Both objects are based on the principle that public policy demands the regulation of the employment of the physically, mentally and morally immature who are, therefore, at the same time economically, legally and in a political sense, dependent. The amendment and extension of our child-labor laws demanded no new principle of legislation in Illinois; they had for their prece-

dent laws of the leading manufacturing States, that were in harmony with the policy of the common law and with the Constitution of the United States and of Illinois. In the light and purpose of our public school system, its immediate successor in the child-life must likewise be of extreme public importance. There is no feature of American civilization that we value more than our schools. They are the justification for universal suffrage and political liberty, the safe-guard of a nation and the foundation of its prosperity. All the complex and manifold reasons that lead us to uphold and develop the system would likewise demand that its benefits should not be cut short and negatived by premature and injurious labor. These reasons cannot even be suggested here, but it is evident that commerce, industry, legislation and administration would fall into irreparable decay if the care of the young was neglected for a single generation. The prevalence of child labor goes hand in hand with illiteracy, insufficient schooling and all their degrading consequences. The latest compiled statistics showed that there are 20,000 boys and girls under 16 years of age employed in Illinois. That we find such an army of child toilers in this State suggests some underlying cause, which has so far baffled those who have endeavored to solve the problem. While we of Illinois have not been able to solve this deep problem in full, we have taken important steps to control it, investigations making it apparent that child labor is neither economically necessary nor suited to our American social traditions and political institutions. The majority of States have enacted laws to control child labor. In 1893

Illinois passed an act regulating the employment of minors under 16 years of age, but after ten years' trial the statute was found to be entirely inadequate and defective. The first law regulating the employment of children in this State was passed in 1891, but it was general legislation, no officials having been created to enforce it, and naturally it was not observed. The 38th General Assembly, in the year 1893, passed an act establishing what is now known as the Illinois State Factory Inspectors' Department. It created a corps of ten inspectors, chief and assistant chief, whose duties were to enforce the law regulating the manufacture of wearing apparel. This act is better known as the Sweat Shop Act. The purpose of the law was to supervise the general manufacture of wearing apparel of all kinds and descriptions; to see to it that all clothing was made under clean and healthy conditions, free from vermin and infection from contagious diseases. One of the sections of this law dealt with child labor and prohibited the employment of anyone under the age of 14 years in this class of work, providing further that all children between the ages of 14 and 16 years should be provided with an affidavit as to their age, said affidavit being made by the parent before a notary public. The employer of the child was required to have this affidavit on file, so that the deputy inspector when inspecting the establishment would have evidence of the child's age. Under the definition of the word "Factory or workshop," the act was broad enough to regulate the employment of children in any place where goods were cleaned, dyed or sorted, in whole or in part, for sale or for wages. For four years the inspectors were limited in their jurisdiction, covering only factories and workshops. The 40th General Assembly passed a law regulating the employment of children, and made it broad enough to cover stores, offices, laundries and mercantile establishments, in addition to factories and workshops. They did

not add to the number of inspectors, leaving the number of ten unincreased. These few deputies had the entire State to cover, a vast field of 102 counties. Eight of the deputies were assigned to the City of Chicago, while two inspectors had to look after the other 101 counties. It, of course, was absolutely impossible for this small number to inspect all the towns and cities within the State, so their labors were limited to the inspection of the large municipalities and manufacturing centers, it being impossible to inspect any one establishment more than once a year. Commendable progress was made, however, and in view of the existing laws, which were entirely inadequate and defective, some good results were obtained, but owing to the law being loose and full of loop holes, it offered many opportunities for evasion, both by the unscrupulous employer and the parents. Especially was this defective law taken advantage of by the parents, who, either from a point of need or avariciousness, lack of care or interest in their children, made false affidavits as to their children's ages. Going before a notary public they would certify that the child was of the age of 14 or above, when in reality it was but 12 or 13 years of age. In this manner they not only defeated the child-labor law, but the compulsory education law as well. Factory inspectors would repeatedly receive complaints that children under legal age were working in some factory, store or workshop; the inspector could do nothing because the child was provided with and the employer protected by a false affidavit. So great did this fault become that from investigations made last fall, it was estimated there were upwards of 3,000 children under the legal age, whose proper places were in the school room, working in the factories, workshops and stores of the City of Chicago. The purposes of the law were being defeated and the growth of child labor became so manifest that the factory inspectors and

those interested in the welfare of the children began looking around for material for a new and better law. Representatives of many charitable organizations, labor unions and eleemosynary institutions began agitating the subject. The Federation of Women's clubs in annual conference appointed an industrial committee, whose purpose was to consider the subject and endeavor to solve the problem. The State factory inspectors in their annual report for the last several years had requested and recommended that either the old law be strengthened or a new one adopted. Public spirited citizens, the clergy and the public press became interested. So great became the demand for the enactment of a better law to protect and safeguard the young toiler that it was soon apparent to the close observer that there might be a conflict of bills. Several organizations had appointed committees to draft measures for presentation to the Legislature. To the end that the best results might be obtained, efforts were put forth to unite all interested parties and organizations upon one bill. These efforts resulted in the Child Saving League of Chicago holding a conference, to which were invited representatives of the different bodies that had been considering child legislation. A committee was appointed to discuss the subject and to draft a bill which would embody all the good features in the way of juvenile remedial legislation, which had been adopted by other States and if possible to present to the 43rd General Assembly for consideration a measure which would be faultless, and if enacted fully control the problem. At the same time this same confederation appointed a committee to draft a new compulsory education law, realizing that any advancement made along the line of child labor legislation would not be effective unless supported and strengthened by improved compulsory education laws. After some general discussion by the entire conference the following committee of nine

were named to prepare the child-labor measure:

Edwin G. Cooley, Supt. of Schools of City of Chicago.

Hastings H. Hart, Pres. Child's Home and Aid Society.

E. P. Bicknell, Gen. Supt. Chicago Bureau of Charities.

Jane Addams, Head Resident, Hull House.

Harriet M. VandeVart, Chairman Industrial Committee, State Federation of Women's Clubs.

Judge R. S. Tuttle, Juvenile Court, Cook County.

George Thompson, Member of the Legislative Committee of the Federation of Labor.

T. D. Hurley, Pres. Visitation and Aid Society.

W. L. Bodine, *Ex-Officio* Supt. Compulsory Education.

Edgar T. Davies, Chief State Factory Inspector, who was made chairman of the committee.

The committee at the first meeting mapped out a plan of campaign and adopted as a basis for its consideration the bill prepared by the Industrial Committee of State Federation of Women's Clubs, which measure was to a considerable extent amended and re-written, and after repeated meetings and the consideration of much data which had been gathered as the result of investigation, a draft was finally completed, which was presented to the entire conference for its consideration. The committee's report was adopted, the draft accepted, and a lobbying committee named. The measure was introduced in the House of the last Assembly by the Honorable Frederick L. Davies, member from the Third District, who devoted most of his time and efforts toward its passage. It was referred to the Committee on Labor and Industrial Affairs. Its original number was House Bill No. 174, the Labor and Industrial Committee of the House finding upon consideration so much in the bill to amend and alter, finally decided to report it back to the House for fa-

avorable consideration with the recommendation that it do pass in its amended form, and when it was so reported it was as Committee Bill No. 634. It had somewhat of a stormy career, oppositions arising from several strong sources, but during its consideration the lobbying committee, which had the bill in charge, was strongly assisted by the public press and representatives of labor, earnest support and valuable assistance being rendered by many friends of the bill, both in the House and in the Senate. After having run the gauntlet in the House, it met with another stormy session in the Senate, but the people had become aroused, and so apparently manifest was the great demand for the bill that it finally weathered the gale and went to the Governor for his signature. It passed the Senate without further amendment on May 7th, and was signed by Governor Yates May 15th. Owing to the short period intervening between the date of its passage and the date of its becoming a law, it necessitated a vast amount of labor by the Factory Inspector's Department. Immediately upon its passage the department went to work preparing for its enforcement, believing that the best way to have the law enforced was to have it well understood. The department sought by every available means to inform all interested parties of its provisions and requirements. Owing to the fact that it absolutely abolished a system which had been in vogue for ten years (that of the permits for children to labor being issued by notaries public), and transferred the authority to issue said certificates for children to the superintendent of schools and various principals, or to those to whom these officials might assign in writing, it required an enormous amount of correspondence and labor; the school officials were generally ignorant of the fact that this authority had been transferred to them. The department got in touch with every local school district within the State; 50,000 copies of the law were printed;

wall lists and time tables, etc., were printed; letters of instruction were prepared, which letters were more or less a digest of the law; thousands and thousands of sample certificates were published, and a letter of instruction was sent to all county superintendents of schools, enclosing at the same time a sample supply of material instructing the officials what their duties were under the act. Another letter of interpretation, sample certificate, and copies of law were sent to every local principal and superintendent in every municipality throughout the State. Copies of the law and a general summary thereof, with sample certificates, were sent to 1,800 newspapers and trade journals, with the request that they give space in their publications to the same, that all employers and readers of the publications generally should become familiar with the new act. There was mailed to all establishments outside of Cook County, which had been inspected by the inspectors in previous years, whose names appeared on the books of the department, a copy of the law and a letter of instruction, together with a supply of blanks required by the new act. In the City of Chicago alone 17,000 places were personally visited by the inspectors, giving orally such information and interpretation of the law as would insure its general understanding. A reasonable length of time was granted to all employers, that they might get their plants in shape for a full compliance with the law. The State was apportioned into inspection districts, to each district an inspector was assigned: representatives were sent to all county school institutes to give oral instructions to those teachers who were attending the institutes. By the first day of September, when the schools opened, the inspectors were busy with their work throughout the entire State, inspecting each locality, all stores, offices, laundries, mercantile establishments, theatres, concert halls, places of amusement, factories and workshops, seeing that the

law was being lived up to. Thus, you see, it has been no easy task to put this law into proper shape for enforcement, but it is gratifying to know that universally throughout the entire State the law is well understood and being generally obeyed.

The following are the essential features of the new law, which is considered by those who are versed in child legislation to be the nearest perfect and yet most stringent child labor law upon the statute books of any State in the Union.

The new law not only makes prosecution for non-compliance more easy, but it protects the child more thoroughly: in its operation there is now little danger of children under 14 years of age being employed through the means of false affidavit. The educational qualifications of the child-labor law dovetail in with the requirements of the compulsory education law. Since under the new law a child has to go to the school authorities to obtain its permit to work, and no permit can be granted to anyone under 14 years of age, the system will result in all children being compelled to attend school until they have reached the age of 14 years.

The following is a digest of the law: It applies to stores, offices, mereantile institutions, hotels, laundries, bowling alleys, theatres, concert halls or places of amusement, manufacturing establishments, factories and workshops, and to minors who may be employed as messengers or drivers therefor, and provides: That no child under 14 years of age shall work for wages. That no child between 14 and 16 years of age shall be employed or permitted to work unless there is first placed on file by the employer an age and school certificate, issued by the proper school authorities, said certificate to be obtained by the child on oath made by the parent.

Abolishes the present system of issuing age affidavits for children by notaries public, and invests the sole responsibility in the school authorities.

That employers shall keep a register of all children under 16 years of age in his or her employ, the register to contain the name, place of residence and age of every child employed.

That no child under 16 years of age shall be employed for more than eight hours in any one day or more than 48 hours in any one week.

Night work—That no child under 16 years of age shall be employed or permitted to work at any gainful occupation between the hours of 7 p.m. and 7 a.m.

That no child under 16 years of age shall be permitted to work or be employed at any time in any theatre, concert hall, or place of amusement where liquor is sold.

That every child under 16 years of age that works for wages must be able to read and write, or must be attending night school.

The presence of any child in an establishment shall constitute prima facie evidence of his or her employment therein.

That every employer shall have posted on the wall of each room in which minors are employed a time table containing the names of children under 16 years of age employed in that room, their ages and places of residence and the hours employed, together with time allowed for meals.

That no child under 16 years of age shall work at a dangerous occupation, or where its health is likely to be injured or morals depraved.

All children employed on or before the 30th day of June who have on file in their places of employment affidavits made out by a notary public, (if said affidavits were on file prior to the first day of July), will not have to secure new age and school certificates, unless they change their places of employment. Provided, That in cases where the child is apparently under 14 years of age and may be working under a false affidavit, said child will have to procure a new certificate when ordered by the inspector.

Employers must have an age and

school certificate on file for all children hired on or after July 1st, 1903.

The employer is only required to have one certificate, which is the "age and school certificate." The form of the certificate may differ in the manner in which the form is set up. The reading matter is prescribed by law. Provided, that the school authorities may add such additional explanatory matter as in their discretion may seem advisable.

Age and school certificates—how approved—An age and school certificate shall be approved only by the superintendent of schools or by a person authorized by him in writing, or where there is no superintendent of schools, by a person authorized by the school board. Provided, that the superintendent or principal of a parochial school shall have the right to approve an age and school certificate, and shall have the same rights and powers as the superintendent of public schools to administer the oaths herein provided for children attending parochial schools. Provided further, that no member of a school board or other person authorized as aforesaid shall have the authority to approve such certificates for any child then in or about to enter his own establishment, or the employment of a firm or corporation of which he is a member, officer or employe. The person approving these certificates shall have the authority to administer the oath, provided herein, but no fee shall be charged therefor. It shall be the duty of the school board or local school authorities to designate a place (connected with offices when practicable), where certificates shall be issued and recorded, and to establish and maintain the necessary records and clerical service for carrying out the provisions of this act.

The manner in which a child procures an age and school certificate is as follows: The boy or girl applies to the school it last attended for a school certificate, which (school certificate)

it takes, accompanied by one of its parents, to the superintendent of schools, or to the one who has been assigned by him in writing to issue certificates. From this official the child obtains an age and school certificate. The child surrenders the original, or school certificate, which is filed away by the superintendent.

An age and school certificate can be issued by the proper authorized official, when a child presents satisfactory evidence that it is 14 years of age or over, by either of the following proofs: A school certificate from the public or parochial school, a certificate of birth by a town or city clerk, and in cases arising wherein this proof is not obtainable, the parent or guardian of the child shall make oath before the Juvenile or County Court, as to the age of such child, and the court may issue to such child an age certificate, sworn to, in which case the certificate issued by the court may be exchanged for an age and school certificate by the official who issues age and school certificates, provided that in all cases the child can read at sight and write legibly simple sentences (any language). The certificate of the principal of a public or parochial school shall be prima facie evidence as to the literacy or illiteracy of the child.

Manufacturers have come to appreciate that the inspector who enters his establishment, comes not to persecute anyone, but to enforce the law—laws which the civilized countries of the world have declared to be but just and necessary for the benefit of the up-growing generation. The child's place is not in the factory, but in the school until a certain age, that he or she may appreciate the responsibility of the vocation they may chose for the rest of their lives.

While the Illinois State department has made an earnest and strenuous endeavor to enforce this law, it has also directed much attention to bringing about material reform, co-oper-

ating with the compulsory education departments, truant officers, and charitable organizations throughout the entire State. Their earnest endeavors, vigorous and efficient work has brought good results, which is evident by the much improved conditions throughout the State, and especially in the large factories, stores and workshops of Chicago, where special efforts were put forth to improve the conditions of the little toilers in the sweat shops. The enforcement of the child labor and compulsory

education laws will not only result in increasing the school attendance, but will improve the conditions of society, by safeguarding the young toilers who should grow up to be strong, vigorous, healthy and intelligent men and women, instead of weak, immoral, devitalized children of unhealthy toil, dwarfed mentally and physically, as the result of having been placed at hard work at too tender an age before their little bodies or minds were strong enough to stand the strain.

The Young Physician

By Dr. Robert J. Walker

The medical profession as it exists at the present time affords a field of usefulness and employment possessing many of the advantages and disadvantages common to all useful vocations, and at the same time presenting features unique in themselves and foreign to most of those encountered in other pursuits of life. While it may be said with some degree of propriety that physicians are born and not made, still, much depends upon their acquired attainments and ability. Much can be said in favor of the desirability of entering the practice of medicine by young men about to decide upon a life work, and I shall endeavor to explain in this article a few of the desirable and undesirable features which attend its pursuit.

Nearly all tradesmen and professional men are usually endeavoring by all means to increase the demands for their services—the merchant to increase the great volume of trade; the attorney to promote litigation, and the politician to evolve political issues, but the physician would be considered a monster who would not inform his patients of the best means of avoiding illness and preventing the spread of disease; and, in fact, the greatest names on the medical roll of honor are those whose possessors devoted their lives to the acquisition

and general dissemination of knowledge of preventive medicine. The discovery of vaccination by Jenner, and the invaluable results of the researches of Pasteur being monumental illustrations. This is a condition universally recognized but seldom fully appreciated until attention is called to it, and it is undoubtedly the one trait most common to all true practitioners of medicine and a feature of the medical profession in the possession of which it might indulge a just pride were it not for the reason that its antiquity and universality make such knowledge commonplace.

There is no other business or profession in life which directly concerns so many people and yet of which a universal dearth of scientific knowledge is evinced as of the practice of medicine. In the great pursuits of civilized society some are directly employed in the production alone, some in distribution of products, some in trade, and others in all the various arts and sciences, in all of which a certain degree of special aptitude and knowledge is required and expected, but in the art and science of medicine all mankind is concerned, and consequently all feel that they know something relative to the treatment of diseases, and therefore have preconceived ideas of what is proper in medicine. But one moment's reflection

should be sufficient to convince the most skeptical that this one fact accounts for the almost universal lack of any really scientific popular knowledge of medicine. This is shown by the fact that the various absurd impositions which have been perpetrated upon the public by unscrupulous patent medicine makers for centuries are today flourishing as prosperously as in the past. Men of the greatest business ability, good judgment, common sense, and shrewdness in other matters seem to have their reason completely dethroned the instant they attempt to consider a medical matter, and this fact is one of the difficulties which physicians, especially the younger members of the profession, have to meet.

When men of good education, good business ability, good judgment and good intentions will carry around in their pockets a pill, nut, or an herb in the hope of being cured of rheumatism, or when they will take three times a day after each meal a hundred millionth part of a grain of some inert powder and depend solely upon it to reconstruct **their** entire systems, or in other words to restore to life practically dead tissue, because some person of their limited acquaintance happened to recover from some self-limited ailment while pursuing this means of treatment, what must the young practitioner expect to encounter when he undertakes to treat such a patient under such conditions? The circumstances which will present themselves may well be imagined. When he enters the sick room his every feature is scrutinized; his every action noted, and every word he utters regarding the patient's condition is fully considered by all present—patient, relatives, friends and neighbors. Great attention is paid to the questions he asks, and if they bring forth positive answers he may make a good impression; if, however, he asks whether a certain part is painful and the patient gives a negative answer, some of those present will be certain that he does not know what ails the patient. Then after diagnosing the case to his satisfaction, if

he does not fully explain to the patient all about his condition, in many cases he will leave the impression that he does not know what the disease is. If he does, however, enter into a thorough proper and clear description of the case and what he proposes to accomplish by the treatment, someone present is very apt to say or at least think that he is merely a good talker. Then if the patient under treatment happens to be afflicted with some slight self-limited ailment which would have left him just as soon and possibly sooner without any treatment, the young physician will be given great credit for the rapid cure, which he effected and his remarkable skill will be extolled by that family. But when he is again called to treat a member of the family suffering from an incurable malady which the united skill of all of the physicians that have ever lived could not cure, and the patient consequently dies, he is no longer, in their opinion, the great physician he once was.

This is but one example of what a young physician may have to contend with, and while not an incident of daily occurrence, those familiar with the situation know only too well that it has occurred sufficiently often to have determined the professional success or failure of many an aspirant for honors in the medical arena. In the usual course of events, however, his successes, whether deserved or undeserved, will be found to outnumber his failures, and the greater this proportion is due to his ability the more rapid will be his advancement.

The young physician of today, of ability, graduating from one of our best medical colleges, is by far a much abler physician and surgeon than the greatest lights of the medical profession of a few generations ago. This is due to the great progress made in the modern methods of diagnosis and treatment, and the perfection of various appliances and instruments. The young physician, however, must meet conditions as they actually exist, and govern his actions accordingly. Popular no-

tions and prejudices that have been the possession of mankind for centuries cannot be completely eradicated. He must have his ideals, but at the same time be able to cope with realities as they are found. He may realize his own ability or lack thereof, but his success or failure will depend upon the realizations of those with whom he comes in contact in his work.

To begin with, a thorough knowledge of his profession must be acquired by a diligent and a complete course of study and training in a first-class institution. It is a noteworthy fact that the modern medical school stands in the front rank as affording the most up-to-date and practical methods for the acquisition of knowledge in their particular line. Medical legislation has now become an efficient safe guard against the entrance into the profession at the present day of any but those who are fully qualified to properly practice their profession, a condition, however, which cannot be said to have existed until very recently. Not many years ago it was possible for a physician to enter the medical profession equipped only with the knowledge he had acquired through association with and the meagre information obtained from some old preceptor who, perhaps, had himself acquired his knowledge in a similar manner. Can it be wondered at that such methods of instruction and imitation produced the class of practitioners responsible for some of the conditions which now exist; when the peculiarities of attire and mannerisms of their preceptors constituted largely the stock in trade of the young physician about to begin to "perpetrate" his services upon suffering humanity?

To meet the requirements of the present time, the young physician must possess not only a thorough knowledge of his art but a peculiar adaptability. Certain natural qualifications are requisite to the attainment of the fullest degree of success. The young physician should be able to attend to the most minute details. He should not only know his art, but actually feel it at all times. He should be possessed of a ro-

bust constitution and the best of health, as the duties of his life are such that he cannot conform to a certain schedule of habits, and his system must be capable of adapting itself to a more or less irregular mode of life. And while good health is not actually contagious, its possession by a physician is certainly a valuable element of suggestive therapeutics.

However, aside from its actual practical value, a medical education is certainly a liberal education in itself. It has been said that the greatest study of mankind is man, and if this be true, there is certainly no other means equal to the practice of medicine to acquire this knowledge. But, as in all other departments of learning, a little knowledge is surely a most dangerous thing, so is it in medicine. The physician cannot possess too accurate a knowledge of his profession, and even then mistakes will occur which are only natural. The greatest artisan may make a mismeasurement. The chisel of the greatest sculptor may cut at some point too deeply, or the brush of the greatest painter deviate a point from the lines of perfection conceived in the artist's mind; but these mistakes which are sure to occur may be to some degree remediable. A physician's error, be it ever so slight, and but an evidence of his humanity, may be fatal. He is not supposed to err. He is expected to usurp the divine prerogative of infallibility.

Still, there are few, if any, vocations in which a young man properly equipped with a medical education and the natural proclivities requisite, can attain a greater degree of success. The price of that success, however, is ability, comprehension of the situation, directness of purpose and unremitting attention to his profession in all its details. The price must be paid in advance, and when it is he may rest assured that success will come in due time. He should not immediately after graduating set himself up as a specialist, for a specialist is expected to and should possess the very highest degree of perfection possible

in his particular line of work. The functions of the various organs of the body are so intimately associated and inter-dependent that a most familiar acquaintance with the whole system and the various general diseases is indispensable to a comprehensive understanding of any one particular part. He should consequently for about the first ten years of his professional life make a specialty of the head, trunk and extremities; by that time he will be able to fully realize in what particular department of medicine he is capable of obtaining the greatest success and to which he is adapted. He will, therefore, naturally grow into his specialty, and then it should be his duty to stop at nothing possible to

learn in his particular branch of medical science.

With this realization of the possibilities, responsibilities and advantages of his profession the young physician can well afford to meet his earlier disappointments and undesirable experiences with confidence, knowing that the very agencies which then militated against his success later will become his most powerful allies. The friction of his earlier career is but the cutting and polishing of the gem which ultimately gives to it its value. The plant of confidence while of the slowest growth, will if its roots are firmly fixed in the soil of character and ability produce eventually the flower of reputation and success, and its bloom will be perpetual.

The Department Store Girl

By a Department Store Manager

It goes without saying that the Catholic young woman of today finds a large field for employment in the modern large store. Those who are in a position to know agree that her ability enables her to keep pace with the progressive spirit of the times, and she almost invariably wins her way to the front rank where promotion is reached solely by merit.

My many years' experience in the department store convinces me that the Catholic young woman is, generally speaking, a most desirable employe, but be it understood that I do not include in this statement one who is Catholic in name only. I have noticed at various times that the Catholic young woman who is most exact in the observance of her religious duties is a more faithful and a more conscientious worker than one who fails to practice the religion in which she professes to believe. When, therefore, I speak of the Catholic young woman being a valuable acquisition to a business house, I refer, of course, to the practical Catholic.

One rarely finds in her the prototype of the alleged humorist in the comic papers. The lofty, imperious air toward the customer—the idle gossip with her associates—the gum-chewing propensity—the never-ceasing slang and the frigid indifference to everything pertaining to business—these and other hallucinations which emanate from some minds will not be found in the Catholic young woman of the department store, nor will such a condition of things be permitted for an instant in any well regulated business house. On the contrary, the well brought up young woman behind the counter is courteous and painstaking even with customers who often have little or no consideration for those who attend to their wants in shopping.

But it is not in the capacity of saleswoman alone that we find the Catholic young woman; we also see her occupying the positions of book-keeper, cashier, inspector, stenographer, typewriter, department manager and buyer, the latter position calling

for an unusual amount of tact and executive ability—a position which she has reached by faithful, intelligent service, courtesy, promptness and ability to acquire a comprehensive knowledge of business principles. The young women who attain this degree of proficiency are exceptionally bright, but comparatively few, as most employers prefer men for the higher positions, knowing as they do that the young woman's ambition is eventually to preside over her own domestic hearth. The most successful Catholic young woman in the large store is one who enters upon a business career with a firm determination to perform faithfully whatever duties are required in her position, and in their performance to adhere to the line of conduct which she has been taught from her earliest years to follow. She can always be true to her teaching and at the same time achieve the highest measure of success. She will find a contrary course more of a hindrance than a help to her progress. She should not grumble at the outset if her work seems a task, but she should endeavor to like the employment she has chosen and persevere in it until it becomes a pleasure to her. Her faculty of adapting herself to her environments will go a long way toward lightening her labors, and here it may be said that the adaptability alone will often accomplish more than experience without adaptability. But whatever her occupation, she will find that courtesy, neatness, punctuality and an intelligent earnestness in her work will win for her the respect and good will of her employers as well as her associates.

On the other hand, the young woman who is discourteous, who reports late for work several mornings a week, who impatiently watches the clock during business hours and thinks only of pay-day, who shows in her manner an ill-bred indifference, who is untidy or slovenly in appearance, who is disloyal to her employers, who idles away the time which she should devote to her employer's interest—this young

woman need never hope to retain her position, much less the esteem of those with whom she comes in contact.

The influence of example is so far-reaching in its effects that the Catholic young woman cannot exercise too much care, or be too guarded in her words and actions. When she builds up for herself an irreproachable reputation she not only receives her own reward but also brings honor to her religion. But if, on the other hand, she so far forgets herself as to be guilty of actions which are questionable or dishonest, she does an irreparable injury to herself, to her friends, and to her co-religionists.

The Catholic young woman in the department store is numerically strong. But greater than the strength of numbers is the strength of character with which she is fortified. She may in some cases be ill adapted to the requirements of the modern store, but the instances in which her honesty is brought into question are so rare as to be remarkable. There is as much difference between stores as there is between homes. The individuals who make up the organization of a store leave as much of an impression on the visitor as do the members of a family in the home. Some stores seem to have an entirely different atmosphere from others. One will have a business-like, accommodating air, and employes with happy, contented faces; another will seem to be permeated with a spirit of discontent, discernable in the looks and actions of its employes; here will be found something wanting in the management, perhaps rules too rigidly enforced or service indicating compulsory compliance instead of voluntary co-operation. A shopping tour through the large store districts will soon reveal these and other store characteristics to the observant young woman, and when she seeks a position she will often, with good judgment, accept a small salary in the better store and soon demonstrate her ability, if she be possessed of it, to hold a more remunerative position.

The home life of the Catholic

young woman is generally reflected in her conduct in the store, and the reflection is usually creditable.,

In addition to earning her own livelihood, many a Catholic young woman contributes toward the support of other members of her family. It may be a widowed mother who needs her assistance, or, perhaps, an invalid sister, or both; she bears the burden cheerfully, and heartily enters into the spirit of doing good. And when circumstances permit, she will be found engaged in philanthropic work—lending a helping hand to others less fortunate than she is. She will be numbered among the officers and leading members of societies in her parish, and her name will be prominent on the program of church entertainments.

The Catholic young woman's store life makes her no stranger to domestic science or to social requirements. She is often gifted with high intellectual attainments, an accomplished musician, a splendid entertainer, an ex-

pert with the sewing set, a good house-keeper, and ready to lend a helping hand in any of the many duties of her home when her assistance is needed.

Sometimes she has a large circle of acquaintances who will patronize her if she be a saleswoman, and as, in this capacity, her advancement depends largely upon the good sales, she will take particular pains to please her friends, help them to make the best selections, call their attention to the exceptionally good values which are offered, and in this way acquire what she chooses to call her "steady trade." This is a valuable asset, as customers will often follow a favorite saleswoman from one store to another.

Summing up all the estimable qualities of the Catholic young woman in the department store, one is forced to the conclusion that those from whom she receives her education and training have reason to be gratified at the splendid record which she has made.

The City Boy

By Francis O'Neill.

It is the privilege, and perhaps the duty, of those justified by age and experience, to give advice to the young and warning to the inexperienced.

What charts are to the mariner, admonition and council are to the youth starting out on the voyage of life. Rocks, reefs and shoals marked on the chart are carefully avoided by the watchful seaman, while he sails in confidence in the waters found safe by others whose judgment he trusts.

Boys are beset with temptations in all centers of population, and dangers from this source multiply in large cities. They would do well to heed the advice of persons who have safely entered the harbor of mature age rich in wisdom and experience.

The influence of heredity, example, training and environment on the future of a city youth can hardly be over-esti-

mated, and fortunate indeed is he who has been favored in this respect at the beginning of his career. Good parental example and sound moral training in the home as well as in the church and school, leave impressions on the youthful mind which are never entirely obliterated, even under the most favorable conditions. The writer knows of instances where persons in middle age, who had spent many years of their lives far removed from church influences, could not go to sleep without making the sign of the cross, even though almost every other thought of religion had vanished.

Young boys should always remember that "Evil communications corrupt good manners," and for that reason should avoid bad company as they would a pestilence; for badness is both infectious and contagious.

Profanity and cigarette smoking, twin evils peculiar to youth, cannot be too severely condemned, and the boy who indulges in either is sadly handicapped at the outset.

Honesty, truthfulness, sobriety, civility and industry are attributes essential to permanent success. Honesty goes a long way towards winning respect and confidence. When a person establishes a reputation for honesty, other failings are sometimes overlooked. The same may be said of truthfulness. There is always hope for the boy who is honest and truthful, although other desirable qualities may be lacking. A tendency to exaggerate should be repressed, as statements by a person with that reputation are liable to be called in question.

Civility, which is the key to good will, disarms hostility and antagonism; it invites and receives reciprocal courtesies. Civility is no less potent than ability in promoting success in life. It is the lubricant of civilization and society, and when accompanied by discretion and diplomacy, wields a controlling influence on all the affairs of life, from the peasant to that of the potentate. Remember to be always civil, but never servile.

The importance of sobriety and temperance is so well recognized by all, that advice on the subject seems superfluous. While there is nothing sinful or reprehensible in drinking alcoholic stimulants in moderation, yet the habit grows, and a taste or desire for liquor is cultivated, which most persons find difficult to resist. Besides the injury to health and morals, indulgence in liquor is expensive and not infrequently deprives ourselves, or those dependent upon us, of the means of procuring many things which would be of undoubted service to us.

Temperance means moderation in many things besides liquor. It means the exercise of restraint in eating, in smoking, in language and in all the pleasures—the curb which the wise put on their passions and desires. In fine, it means the exercise of common sense in all our actions, and it is a vir-

tue which amply rewards all those who practice its tenets.

An English author of over a century ago, writing on this subject, says: "Superior sobriety, industry and activity, though accompanied with but a moderate portion of knowledge, command respect because they have great and visible influence. We may, and often do, admire the talents of lazy and even dissipated men, but we do not trust them with the care of our interests. If, therefore, you would have respect and influence in the circle in which you move, be more sober, more industrious, and more active than the general run of those amongst whom you live."

Perseverance is a prime quality in every pursuit. Men fail much oftener for want of perseverance than from want of talent. Some one described genius as a talent for work, and it is astonishing how much can be accomplished by persistent effort. An excellent maxim for a boy to remember, is to perform every work undertaken, conscientiously and to the best of his ability. Whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well, and although appreciation or reward for painstaking effort may be delayed, ultimate success is almost certain.

One of the principal defects of American education is lack of thoroughness. Grammar Schools, High Schools, and even colleges, turn out annually young men whose correspondence betrays lamentable ignorance of grammar and orthography. Half-educated and eager to earn money, they rush into the professions, forgetting that without a proper foundation there can be no assurance of durability.

The desire for variety or entertainment is universal. Instead of patronizing plays of questionable character, the city boy should cultivate a taste for reading during spare moments. It will be found that the pleasures of sound literature and special studies will satisfy the mind and store the memory with priceless knowledge. A study of Natural History, in the woods and fields, as well as in the city parks,

will be found entertaining and instructive, and an endless source of pleasure. Boys who become interested in nature studies will always find subjects to divert their attention from evil practices.

Depend on your own merit solely, and never rely upon the influence of relatives or friends for success. He who depends on others and not on his own efforts for advancement is doomed to disappointment sooner or later. Boys should aim to dress neatly, but never extravagantly, as ostentation in dress is a sure indication of vanity, and an evidence of a desire to be admired on account of the attractiveness of their raiment. All sensible persons despise the young man who is given to display

and extravagance. Pay as you go is an excellent rule to follow whenever possible. Do not get into debt except under pressing necessity, and never contract obligations beyond your ability to pay. Finally, above all things, boys should never allow themselves to be tempted by the deceptive allurements of gambling. This vice, or rather curse, in its various forms, such as card-playing, dice, lottery, horse-racing, or betting in any form, fascinates its victims, who, although aware of its dangers, find it difficult to escape its thralldom. In short, gambling is an ignus fatuus, which inevitably leads its votaries to destruction, financially, morally, and it may be said, eternally.

Defeat and Victory

Poem by Wallace Rice

(June 1, 1813.)

Through the clangor of the cannon,
 Through the combat's wreck and reek,
 Answer to th' o'ermastering Shannon
 Thunders from the Chesapeake;
 Gallant Lawrence, wounded, dying,
 Speaks with still unconquered lip
 Ere the bitter draught he drinks:
 "Keep the flag flying!
 Fight her till she strikes or sinks!
 Don't give up the ship!"

Still that voice is sounding o'er us,
 So bold Perry heard it call;
 Farragut has joined its chorus;
 Porter, Dewey, Wainwright—all
 Heard the voice of duty crying;
 Deathless word from dauntless lip
 That our past and future links:
 "Keep the Flag flying!
 Fight her till she strikes or sinks!
 Don't give up the ship!"

Forecasting Probabilities

By Mary Grant O'Sheridan

I had just finished reading Romanes' definition of Reason: "This faculty, however, of balancing relations, drawing inferences and so of forecasting probabilities, admits of numberless degrees." The book was interesting; my hammock felicitously swung where I would be sure of shade until the luncheon hour. But for some time I had been dimly conscious of a disturbing element in my environment, and my reflections on the last-mentioned attribute of Reason "forecasting probabilities" were stopped in their course by a "mieuow! mieuow!" from the cherry tree near by, so near I could almost have reached out into the shiny, dark green foliage and gathered a bunch of the luscious fruit alluring alike to artistic and gastronomic tastes. Here was a concrete illustration for the philosophical question under consideration, and an opportunity to observe the methods of my psychological neighbor in the cherry tree. "Mieuow!" said the bright-eyed, aggressive cat-bird, as he hopped from branch to branch and peered at me between whiles. "Mieuow!" and flew away in a little semi-circle and back again in a straight line over my head, swooping down at me like a swallow at a barn-yard cat who has devoured one of her dear fawn-breasted babies. Had not this bird balanced relations, and found them inharmonious? Had he not drawn inferences and forecast probabilities, and was not this noisy activity a resultant of the mind forces at work in his busy little brain?

These then were my thoughts as I—my book now entirely forgotten—observed the feathered fruit-lover back again in the tree, and I knew he longed for a peek at the bright red cherries hanging five in a bunch just below his bill? Why did he delay then to eat his fill? He was afraid. Afraid of what?

Of me; me the admirer and student of Romanes, the friend of all summer visitors: birds, blue-winged dragon-flies, argiope clad like Spanish princesses in black and yellow velvet, cunning little chipmunks, milk-weed butterflies and other creatures too many to enumerate. But most of all because of their voiceless, yet eloquent beauty, a friend of the flowers and trees; the dear, much-enduring trees, who are so often subjected to appalling rudenesses and cruelties by inappreciative souls who, in the fantastical results of an attempt to make all things conform to their own conventions of mutilated artificiality, find artistic effects superior to those conceived and executed by Nature herself. You will pardon me for saying so much about trees when I tell you that even by all I have said my desire for talking about them is not nearly gratified. Flowers, too, those in the old-fashioned garden back of the grapevine, "lettering out the forgotten story of a vanished day," and their more aristocratic cousins near the front driveway, one and all I loved them and of late had taken pleasure in finding every one of them resemblances to a personality most interesting to me.

But to return to the cat-bird: His process of reasoning had established in his mind a very undesirable estimate of the occupant of the hammock. To himself the cat-bird said: "That man in the hammock is an intruder; he is a usurper and wishes to dispute with me the possession of my cherry crop; he cannot have other than hostile intentions toward me," and—forecasting probabilities—he said: "If I should desist from watching him even to get a mouthful of cherry—and I am so hungry!—I know he would take advantage of my want of vigilance to do me some evil turn."

In the case of the majority of hu-

man beings the cat-bird's reasoning would have been correct, and how was he whose forbears had often suffered imprisonment or death, or had been defrauded of their natural rights to berry and cherry crops, how was he to know that I, Raymond Allison, was his friend and would gladly have gone without cherries were there too few to satisfy his wants and mine. How could he have known—little birds and men so misunderstand each other—that I considered a great many cherries could hardly have repaid the sprightly grey-coated creature for the beautiful melody he sang every morning at four o'clock in the bush beneath my window, and that my admiration of his song had caused me to rise and write it down in the dawning light of a sweet spring day.

So the cat-bird's forecast of probabilities had been productive of unnecessary perturbation, and led to a wrong course of action on his part. In this he differed not at all from many human logicians. The error of the cat-bird's way was ludicrously plain to me, yet the thought that I, too, might be mistaken in any inferences had not entered my mind.

The cat-bird and his mate ate an evening meal of cherries undisturbed. I had deserted my hammock and gone down to the lake, which was very near, and seated myself in the stern of a boat drawn up on the shore under a big drooping elm tree. I was watching for the evening train to go by. Isabelle L' Aurand would be on that train. Miss L' Aurand was a Chicago girl whom my sister had met at a camping party a year previous in the woods of Southern Wisconsin. She was coming to visit my sister and was expected on the evening train. I, too, had met Miss L' Aurand. My chum, Will Clark, and I had traveled from place to place and tramped through the woods all summer studying nature and collecting specimens of many kinds of animal and vegetable life. We began our trip by stopping a week at the camp, and before the time was half over I had preferred Miss L' Aurand to Will as a companion in botanical expeditions along the banks

of the Big Black river; although I was popularly supposed to be willing to sacrifice everything to science, and Will was a born botanist, while Miss L' Aurand's knowledge of the subject would, in pedagogical parlance, have been termed very elementary. Perhaps it was in one of these rambles that I began seeing resemblances between my fair companion and the forest shrubs and blossoms that we found, and it was with pleasure that I listened to her exclamations of wonder at the facility with which I described and called them by difficult Latin names, which she laboriously sought to learn.

"Oh, Mr. Allison, is not this the *Avernum Populis*?" Miss L' Aurand would say. "The *Viburnum Opulis*, Miss L' Aurand," I would say. She seemed unable to distinguish between Python and Phytton, and one day when I spoke of caricography, when we were out for a row on the river, she thought at first I referred to a girl friend; this she afterwards confessed to me. From the beginning of our acquaintance I thought it might be a difficult task to make an acceptable naturalist of Miss L' Aurand, but I was determined to try.

And tonight she was coming to Pseudaboston, the beautiful Wisconsin village near which I lived. Hark! the train had whistled. My eyes were dazzled from gazing at the western sky, where half an hour from setting hung a dark red sun. Its rays reflected from the swift passing locomotive made it a creature of night and fire. The entire front seemed to flash forth lurid beams.

How Will would have enjoyed this unusual and magnificent spectacle, I thought, and Miss L' Aurand—she was unaware of being specially favored, for surely it was to herald her coming, not that of other ordinary mortals aboard the train, that nature had combined her forces with such splendid effect. Twenty minutes later my sister drove up to the house, bringing Miss L' Aurand with her. I hastened to assist the girls to alight.

"You're welcome to the Badger State," said I, "and to our own particular corner of it."

"Thank you, Mr. Allison; your sister and I were so happy together in the camp on the Big Black that it was really necessary for us to get a glimpse of each other again this summer."

"And I am fortunate not to have gone away with Will—You remember Will Clarke?—as I intended doing. I hope you'll let me become one of your party this summer. I promise to exert myself to the utmost in behalf of a good time."

Miss L' Aurand looked pleased and grateful.

"You certainly shall be permitted to join us. Isn't it so, Alice?"

"Yes, indeed," said Alice, who was busy talking to her pet horse, Peggy, and listening with astonishment to my offers of being agreeable. It was more than she had expected or dared to ask.

"But you spoke of your friend, Mr. Clark," continued Miss L' Aurand. "He and three other boys, I learned just before leaving Chicago, are going to camp on Lake Kegonsa, which, I believe, is only fifteen miles from here."

"Is it possible! I haven't heard from Will for two weeks. He had intended to go to the Canadian mountains and wished me to go with him. He must have changed his mind."

Alice left us talking and ran into the house. She came back directly with some apples and broken biscuit, which she placed on the sward for Peggy. Just then a little yellow kitten, seeing what had been given to the horse, came out from where she had been hiding in a syringa thicket, most probably watching for a chance to nab my friend of the cherry tree, and, running along under the entire length of Peggy's body, finally reached the biscuit and began to help herself. Peggy gave a snort of resentment at such an unwarranted familiarity. This had no effect on the kitten except to make her lay her ears back as far as possible, and she continued eating humbly, yet determinedly, until Peggy gently pushed her away with one of her front

feet. The kitten immediately returned and received another similar repulse. Again she came back, and this time was allowed to stay. We were all watching with interest. Miss L' Aurand was charmed. "The dear animals," she said. "How many human creatures could learn lessons in nobleness of character from your horse, Alice. This is the kind of nature I delight in, Mr. Allison. If I could not learn those dreadful scientific names, I can appreciate and love your sister's pets."

"I have no doubt you excel in your own particular nature field, Miss L' Aurand," I answered, and added to myself: "I wonder if I am learning to appreciate and love my sister's friend."

"Alice," I then said, "if you girls are as hungry as I, we would better wait until after dinner for further nature lessons. I'll call Malachi to take the horse."

But Malachi had just arrived uncalled. This unwonted assiduity on his part was prompted, no doubt, by curiosity to see the "Chicago lady."

"Take good care of Peggy tonight, Malachi," said Alice.

"Yes, ma'am," he said, patting Peggy's sleek head.

"You're a bit of a nature lover yourself, aren't you, Malachi?" said I. "I am, sir," he replied.

One morning as Miss L' Aurand and I returned from a breezy row in my pretty boat, Cyma, there sat Alice and Will Clark under the old elm tree. As the boat neared the shore a tall handsome young man whom I had never seen before leaped from a seat in the low-limbed linden near by and when our boat came in was on hand to help Miss L' Aurand on shore.

While the stranger and Miss L' Aurand greeted each other I secured the boat. "Mr. Allison, this is my friend, Dr. Richter," said Miss L' Aurand. A German, I thought. I adore German poetry, but German doctors

are abominable. Evidently Miss L' Aurand and he were old friends.

The inharmonious note was sounded. After three blissful days, during which the charms of lake and landscape, singing bird and budding flower had all combined to aid me in my efforts to interest Miss L' Aurand in them and through them in myself; three blissful days. At the end of each I had gone to the land of dreams forecasting probabilities and they all began and ended with Miss L' Aurand. I was already very much in love with my sister's friend and awaited with rapturous impatience the sweet summer days into which we were gliding.

It was time for luncheon. Sister Alice and Will started to the house together. Dr. Richter walked by Miss L' Aurand's side, as if he had an undisputed right so to do. I wished to call her attention to a beautiful bronze and purple beetle walking on the sand, but I should have had to interrupt a conversation on Chicago, which was apparently very interesting to Miss L' Aurand and her friend, and they seemed to have forgotten me altogether. "He is from Chicago, of course," I thought. "Probably they are engaged." I could have borne this a week ago, but now!

The thought of it was maddening.

"Where 's Ray?" I heard Will say after luncheon: "That fellow would rather be looking up the social status and habitat of a tree toad than having a sensible, good time with creatures of the human species."

He called and I answered. I had just started for my hammock, hoping somehow for a readjustment of relations. In fact I was wondering if I could now plan a summer for myself and leave out Miss L' Aurand.

"Say, Allison, I call this inhospitable; you haven't spoken ten words to me since I came. Surely you are going to the camp! The girls want your advice and help about getting ready. We've concluded to wait until tomorrow and get an early start."

Inhospitable! That was the last word I ever hoped to have heard applied to myself. "Oh, I beg your pardon, Will, but you know I am trying to finish that book by Romanes—I hadn't touched it for three days, but I'm at your service," and I went with him to join the others, where they sat talking over what was to be done. It was finally agreed that the things necessary to be taken with us should be sent by Malachi in the light wagon. I would go on my wheel, and Jim, Malachi's assistant, should drive the rest of the party in the surrey. Will and the doctor had come from the camp by railroad.

"Malachi," said Alice the next morning as he passed by where we all stood in a group on the lawn, "hitch up my horse and buggy for Mr. Allison before you start. He wishes to go to the city."

I was to get some things which the girls needed, and also I wanted a cyanide bottle and some fishing tackle for myself.

"Here comes Malachi with the buggy," said Alice presently.

"Yes," said I, "and there is a whole quarter section adhering to the wheels of it. Don't you ever clean the mud off the vehicles, Malachi?" "Yes, sir, I've cleaned it very often lately." He gave a little side twist of his head and rolled his eyes toward where Miss L' Aurand stood chatting with the doctor. "Lately" meant since she came. She was not gaining favor with Malachi, for he had found his duties increased and, moreover, he was jealous of Jim, who differed from him politically, and who seemed to be Miss L' Aurand's favorite. "I am sorry we got the buggy so muddy, Malachi," said Alice, "but Peggy doesn't care for other people if she can pick good roads for herself."

Two hours later we were all at Camp Kegonsa, and I had made up my mind to conduct a vigorous campaign against the doctor. I had gotten

a cyanide bottle and a butterfly net for Miss L'Aurand, as well as myself, and intended asking her that very afternoon to accompany me through the beautiful oak woods. I thought her manner had lost some of its sprightliness, and that she avoided me. "That German bear is to blame for this," I said to myself, and I began to wonder what I had ever seen to admire in even "Ich weiss nicht was soll es bedeuten," or "Du bist wie eine Blume." Those songs would sound far better in English. But I was doomed to disappointment, as far as showing my generalship in a love campaign was concerned, for before I had time to begin operations, a telegram called the doctor very unexpectedly away.

"Give my love to Anna," said Miss L'Aurand, as she bade Dr. Richter goodbye.

"The best fellow in the world," she said to me, still looking after the tall man whose long steps would soon take him behind a clump of dogwood and hide him from our sight. "He is engaged to my cousin Anna, and she and I are the greatest friends."

* * *

Oh, what a glorious summer we had; nothing was lacking to delight the heart of a naturalist or a lover. All too soon—for winter would follow—came the season for asclepias and blazing star, purple asters, golden rod (*solidago juncea*) and lion's foot. The only objects out of tune in the late summer symphony were the *bidens frondosa* (beggar ticks).

"They have the same effect on one's nerves as riding on our Chicago street cars," said Miss L'Aurand, "and I fear they have spoiled the woods for us for the rest of the season. *Bidens frondosa* is too fine a name for them. I shall call them nothing but 'stick tights.'"

We were on the road across the nine-spring marsh.

"Here is a flower I know," said Miss L'Aurand; we found

it last fall on a marsh near the city, and I afterward read a pretty little legend about it." She picked a cluster of blue closed gentians and held it near her face. It was just the color of her eyes. I had never thought closed gentians so beautiful before.

"Tell me the legend, Isabelle", I said. The name had escaped my lips before I had time to consider whether or not I should have said it. It was my opinion that Miss L'Aurand was as slow in learning to love me as she was in the matter of Latin names. But I was giving her time with both, yet keeping her steadily at her task.

Isabelle L'Aurand blushed to hear her name so spoken by me, but the smile in her eyes was still the same.

"This is the legend," said she: "There was once a lovely, fairy princess whose name was Morehella, and her father gave her a large, handsome, cherry-red mushroom for her own summer pavilion, and all around in the tall grass near by hung beautiful, pale-green ground-cherry lanterns, which were lighted every night by a cunning little fire trolld, with a yellow jacket and scarlet cap, and the shining of these lanterns enabled Morehella to see for miles out into the forest, while it made her and her pavilion invisible. Every night Morehella and her royal friends danced under the fluted ceiling of the grand mushroom pavilion, to the entrancing music of a cricket and tree toad orchestra. And many suitors sought Morehella's hand, and called her to look out into the distant forest, where by light of the ground cherry lanterns could be seen their castles and fortresses, wherein the bastions stood Elves whose duty it was to be ever on guard and look so hideous and ugly that would-be intruders died of fright immediately after attempting an assault. But Morehella tired of all this, for in butter cup time she had secretly plighted her troth to the handsome goblin, Paddehat, whose mother, Chlorophyl, had given to the many plant-growths in the forest their beau-

tiful green coloring, but commanded that her son should always wear white. 'This will make you more conspicuous, my son, and more easily subject to attack, but it also will call for more bravery and vigilance on your part, and—I have chosen it, so you must always wear white garments,' said Queen Chlorophyl to her son. Paddehat had gone to invade a neighboring forest whose inhabitants, the Nissen, had been at war with his father for a hundred years. Now, Morehella's father, old King Tryllevand, was a friend of the Nissen and would have shut his daughter up in a hang bird's nest that swung on an elm limb over the deepest water in the river, had he known of her love for Paddehat. But he never even dreamed of it, though he used sometimes to sleep on a big ant hill, so he could dream about things happening in his kingdom. One night Morehella thought: "I can see my way clear through the forest by the light of the ground cherry lanterns. As soon as the crickets begin to tune their violins I shall steal away and find Paddehat, for I fear something evil will happen him in that white coat of his. So away she sped so lightly that none of the sleeping flowers awakened. Only a nestful of waggish young screech owls called to her: "Who! Who!" 'Why, Paddehat, of course,' she said, 'and please do not make so much noise, for didn't you know I was running away to find him.' But just as the clock struck 12 the light in the lanterns went out and Morehella was alone in the forest. 'Oh, help me; help!' she cried. 'Where are you, dearest Paddehat?' But Paddehat could not hear her, for he was far away on the camping ground of his

father's fighting men. Then a lonely gentian who was sleeping near by awoke and said to herself: 'This must be Morehella, King Tryllevand's daughter; I know the sound of her voice.' And she said to Morehella: 'Dear princess, the night is dark, the way is dangerous. Come bide with me till morning. I will send a little gnome messenger after your beloved Paddehat, and before sunrise he will be here and I shall call my chaplain, Father Chickadee, and you and your love shall wedded be under a mandrake blossom.' So the gentian gently closed around the frightened princess and kept her safe until morning."

"Afterwards, when Morehella was married and Paddehat had succeeded to his father's throne, she sent the greatest genius in her kingdom, a tiny little fairy chamelon to paint the inner walls of the gentian with the most exquisite tints of the sunset sky to reward her kindness, and ever after the gentian kept her beautiful blue bells closed in memory of Morehella."

I did not wait to tell Isabelle how much I admired her story, and that I thought her a better naturalist than myself, but with an impulse which could not be controlled: "Isabelle, darling," I said, clasping both her hands, and the gentian cluster, and, folding them against my breast, "Isabelle, the walls of this heart of mine are painted in all the sunset hues of love by fairies which you have sent. Isabelle, let your love close on them and keep them fresh forever."

And one who is apt at forecasting probabilities will know that, like Paddehat and Morehella, we lived happily ever after.

Results of the Juvenile Court

By Justice Timothy D. Hurley.

The Juvenile Court law of the State of Illinois as it exists today is the

product of the deepest analysis of conditions existing, not only in the field

of juvenile reform work, but covering the entire ground of charitable work. It is the product of gradual evolution born of the mother of necessity and of existing evils which threaten to swamp the ship of State if they are not stemmed. The foundation underlying the Juvenile Court law was laid in the office of the Chicago Visitation and Aid Society in the years 1888 and 1889. As the result of thought and effort given by the officers of this society, a bill was drafted and introduced into the Illinois Legislature by the Honorable Joseph A. O'Donnell in the year 1891. The bill failed to become a law. Thereafter the different charity societies, clubs, bar associations and individuals interested in juvenile work continued to study the question and in 1899 a general meeting of all these various organizations was called by the Bar Association of Chicago, Illinois. This meeting drafted a bill which was subsequently enacted by the Illinois Legislature and has since been known as the Illinois Juvenile Court Law.

Commenting on this law, Honorable Murray F. Tuley, the dean of the Cook County Circuit Court, states: "This is the greatest law ever enacted by the State of Illinois. I believe that it is effecting more good in this State and County than all the criminal courts could possibly effect, and that it will effect more good in one year than the criminal court can by punishment, effect in ten years or even twenty years."

To appreciate the law one must understand the conditions of affairs previous to the enactment of the law. When a child over ten years of age was arrested previous to 1899 he was taken before some justice, and, if charged with violating a city ordinance, was fined not to exceed eighty-five dollars. In the event of the fine not being paid, the child was committed to the House of Correction, known as the Bridewell, where he satisfied the fine or debt that he owed the City of Chicago by being allowed fifty cents a day for each day he remained in the institution. Should

the child be charged with violating a State law, he was held to the Criminal Court by the justice; subsequently his case was considered by the Grand Jury, and if an act had been committed which would amount to felony, he was indicted, subsequently tried by the Criminal Court, and if convicted was sentenced the same as any adult criminal. His commitment, however, could only be after the child had been legally adjudged a criminal. These latter proceedings resulted in 95 per cent of all boys being lost instead of being saved. The rule "once a convict, always a convict" held good.

The Illinois Juvenile Court law contemplated a complete change. The underlying theory being that the child though it committed an act which if committed by an adult would amount to a violation of the criminal law, nevertheless remained a child, and as such should be treated as a child in the first instance. Instead of the State assuming the duty of punitive father, it changed the procedure, and the State, under the Juvenile Court law, now takes the position in reference to to the child of a kind, patient, indulgent and careful parent. Instead of punishing the child in the first instance, the theory of the State now is to correct the child intelligently and prevent, if possible, a future occurrence of similar offenses. The purpose of the law is fully indicated in its title, "An act to regulate the treatment and control of dependent, neglected and delinquent children." The purpose of the law is further defined in section 21, to-wit: "That the care, custody and discipline of a child should approximate as nearly as may be that which should be given by its parents." The procedure under the law is the reverse of the old method. The law is expressly framed to avoid treating a child as a criminal. Instead of a "complaint" or "an indictment" filed in court, there is a "petition" or "notice" instead of a "warrant." The child is not arrested,

but is brought into court by the parent or guardian. The law expressly forbids a child under 12 years of age in jail or prison. Should it be necessary to detain a child pending a hearing of the case, he is temporarily placed in a detention home or other suitable place outside of the jail. When the case is heard in court there is a "probation officer," instead of a "prosecutor," to represent the child. It is not his duty to "convict," but to represent the interests of the child. Instead of a jury of twelve men, there is a jury of six, or none at all. The child is not "convicted," but is found "dependent or delinquent," as the case may be. The child is not sentenced to a reformatory or prison, but is "committed" to the care of a probation officer, or to the care of some friendly institution. The procedure in the court is informal. The effect is to find out what is the best thing to be done for a child; secondly, if possible, to do it. In all hearings before the court one question is uppermost in the minds of all persons interested in the child, that is: "What is best to be done for the child at the present time?" As a rule the child if charged with delinquency, is paroled under the care of a probation officer, the intent of the law being that the child should remain in its own home in preference to an adopted home or an institution. Should the child be subsequently charged with delinquency, he may be sent to an institution temporarily, but in no event is he sent as a criminal nor as punishment. It is only for the "formation" of his character as opposed to the old thought of "reformation;" formation first and reformation afterwards. Formerly it was thought necessary to charge the child with committing a crime and treat him as adult criminals are treated. This erroneous thought and idea was the one that has misled the English-speaking people for ages in the wrong treatment of children. It is not necessary, nor was it ever necessary to find a child guilty of crime in order that he might be detained in a school

or institution. No child has liberty in the sense that we understand the term. A child's wants must be supplied, the school selected, the rules of life laid down for him and the mode of conduct which he should follow. All of these things are supplied, not by the pupil, but by the parent or person standing in the place of the parent. When the parental care is lacking then it is the duty of the State to stand in the place of the parent to the child. The State is not dealing harshly with the child when it enforces the same rules and regulations upon it that the natural parent usually does. All will agree that if the State can detain the child without accusing and trying it for a crime it certainly is a senseless, a vicious and demoralizing practice to first make a criminal of him, as was done under the old rule, before beginning to form his character.

The results obtained by the Chicago Juvenile court and other courts from the new procedure have been most gratifying. The statistics as furnished by Mr. J. L. Whitman, Cook County Jailor, show that for three years previous to the enactment of the Juvenile Court law, being the years 1897, '98 and '99, there were in the county jail seventeen hundred and five boys charged with violating some law, an average of five hundred and seventy-five boys per year; while the number of boys in the Cook County jail for the years 1899, 1900, 1901 to July 1st, 1902, was forty-eight. Mr. Whitman, writing on this question, says: "Since the Juvenile Court has been in operation not over sixty boys under the age of sixteen years have been sent to jail, and they were boys who had early in life started upon a career of crime and their environments were such as to justify the court in inflicting more permanent reformatory measures. Some of these were indicted, tried and sent to the reformatory at Pontiac. Practically speaking, however, there is now no one under the age of sixteen years committed to the Cook County jail. The Juvenile Court is most ef-

fectively caring for the delinquents. I know they do not develop into criminals, otherwise they would be brought before the Criminal Court and into jail as they reach or pass the age of sixteen."

The Denver Juvenile Court statistics, as prepared by Honorable Ben B. Lindsey, show that the number of boys under sixteen years in jail in Arapahoe County, Denver, Colorado, for the years 1899 and 1900 were five hundred and two; the number of boys in jail for the eighteen months ending July 1st, 1902, were eighteen, nearly 4 per cent.

The Cleveland Juvenile Court, presided over by Honorable L. E. Callaghan, has an equally good showing. Eight hundred boys were before the court for the first two years of its existence, only twenty-five of whom were returned for a second hearing.

The report of Mr. E. Fellows Jenkins, chief probation officer for the Juvenile Court of New York City, for the year ending September the 29th, 1903, shows that eight hundred and sixty-nine Children were paroled; that of this number only one hundred twenty-eight were returned to court a second time, some of whom were again

paroled, and that of the total number of eight hundred sixty-nine only one hundred twenty-eight boys and eight girls are now on parole.

These statistics certainly justify the repetition of the statement made by His Honor Judge Tuley, that is, that this is the greatest law ever adopted.

Upon the enactment of the Juvenile Court law agitation began at once in other states and those who helped to frame the Illinois law were invited to visit near-by States and explain the measure and methods of conducting it in Cook County. The enthusiasm even traveled across the ocean and was taken up by London child-saving workers and charity societies, and in France and Japan.

As the result of this agitation, laws similar to the Juvenile Court law in Illinois were adopted in Wisconsin, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Indiana, Missouri, Maryland, Colorado, Washington, D. C., and California. All other States are considering the advisability of adopting such a law, and in most States bills have been framed to be introduced in the coming legislatures in these States. The law is not confined to the larger cities, but is intended for the smaller localities as well.

His First Big Assignment

By Mary Richards Gray.

Dan Morgan aspired to a literary career. He was a graduate of an Eastern university, and had been out of college only a short time when he obtained a position as reporter on "The Blanktown Advocate," an extremely sensational paper. The idea of doing yellow journalism was not at all a pleasing one, but as it was a question of finding remunerative work, he took what was offered. He thought of the advice which his professor had given him concerning a literary career and realized that the enterprize he was about to undertake would not help

much in working out high ideals, yet, what could he do?

One morning a fortnight or more before Thanksgiving Dan appeared at the office of "The Advocate," and was detailed to report a fire on Marly street. Several days passed, the one Tuesday the Sunday editor sent for him and said:

"Mr. Morgan, you are a college man familiar with our school problem and questions of sociology, supposing you got up about twenty-five hundred words on the subject of domestic science, which the new superintendent of

schools is trying to introduce into the school system. Color the thing up well; give us some hot stuff. There is some new college settlement work running up in 'Squatters' Hell,' and I believe there is a cooking school in connection with it; you'd better look into the matter. Fix the thing up in good shape, and let me have it tomorrow."

Dan, thinking "Squatters' Hell" would make a good background and furnish local color for his story, boarded a car and rode out there on a tour of inspection. He walked about viewing the old ramshackle frame buildings, the filthy alleys, and the swarms of dirty children playing in the streets, and made inquiries about the Creche, the Settlement House and the cooking school, but did not interview the persons having these things in charge. Returning to the office he worked for a time on his article, then took it home with him. So interested was he in his subject, and so much in the humor for writing that he could not go to bed until he had finished it. The next morning he read it over and found it much to his liking, for, really, in some ways, it was one of the best things he had ever done. He took the copy to the editor and stood by while he read it. Judging from signs, "The Sphinx," as the boys called him, was pleased—that is, he offered no adverse criticism, and, as he read, smiled to himself in a self-satisfied sort of way several times. For the rest of the week Dan was in a state of subdued excitement, wondering how the thing would look in print. At last Sunday came and he had the paper brought to him in bed where he was resting after a week of strenuous labor. The article was almost as he had written it. Dan could see traces of a master hand in the retouching. Here and there his story had been polished. Nothing had been subtracted from the facts but some of the incidents Dan had dwelt lightly upon gave evidence of a strong re-varnishing. Yet it was well done. By changing it in a few places, the editor had made it "hotter" than he had

dared—that was all. The heavy black headlines in the biggest type he had ever seen, read:

SOME STARTLING REVELATIONS.

E. Bartholamew Kidder, Superintendent of
Schools Advocates Domestic
Science.

CONDITIONS IN SQUATTERS' HELL

What Head of Social Settlement Says About
the Problem—Awful Conditions
Now Exist.

Just to see that no points had been omitted, he ran through the sketch. In brief this is what he said:

"E. Bartholamew Kidder, the new superintendent of schools, is making a play for popularity. He is an Eastern man with many good ideas, but very unpopular for the reason that he behaves as if he was on a missionary crusade. His superior airs and ways have not met with approval; however, now that he is to introduce into the public school system of our city a thing so useful and so practical as domestic science, the public will surely favor him. That there is need of instruction in the science, really at the foundation of the home, no one can doubt, yet to be convinced of it just visit "Squatters' Hell," see the homes there, the filth and the squallor; hear what the head resident of the settlement has to say. Not much in the way of reform can be expected from the older women, who are in many cases bread winners, working from early until late to support drunken, worthless husbands; the hope of the future lies in training the young to better ways of living. The women, who are not at home long enough to do much housekeeping, feed their children on bakers' bread and on doughnuts bought at Miss Jook's bakery in the building owned by the settlement, and never prepare meats, soups and nourishing food.. All the children go to work when fourteen years of age, many when younger. With such conditions what can be more

pertinent to the question than training the young in domestic science? The Settlement Cooking School is doing good work, but attendance not being compulsory, it does not reach a large number of children. How excellent the idea of making cooking a part of the regular work of our schools. Children from well-to-do families need training; to those from this benighted region it is a godsend."

Yes, every point was there. His ideas were well elaborated. The article did not have much literary value, but for a sensational paper it was extremely good, clear, well-massed and interesting. What a clever idea to put so many of the statements in the mouth of the superintendent, and of the head resident of the settlement, for if any two persons in the city could speak authoritatively on the subject, these were the two. Direct discourse was always effective; their words ought to do telling work.

While Dan lay resting comfortably in bed that morning gloating over his success, there was trouble in "Squatters' Hell." Miss Forbes was aroused at seven o'clock by the furious ringing of the doorbell. She rose, and, glancing out of the window, saw a crowd of children on the doorstep, and groups of angry men and women in the streets and at the gate. Dressing quickly, she opened the door. The children almost knocked her over, pushing and jostling to get into the house. They shouted "Give me my money;" "My pa says you're to give me back my money;" "I want my money, what you've got;" "I ain't a-comin'" to your Thanksgiving dinner, my ma says I can't." From the street came:

"There, there she is! See her! See her! She wrote in the paper 'bout us. Give them young uns their money, every cent of it, too." "Come over here to learn us a thing or two, have you? You better learn sunthin' yourself, sunthin' better'n writin' in the paper 'bout us." "Who wants your old dinner?" "We'll fix you. You'll have to git out or we'll know why. We'll give

you a taste of boycott you won't fergit. We know how."

The children fairly tumbling over each other, rushed past her into the house, clamoring for their money, while their elders urged them on, shaking their fists, screaming, swearing at the top of their lungs. Completely at a loss to understand the meaning of the sudden run on the saving bank, which she was trying to establish, she got the assistants to help her, and began paying the one hundred and fifty children. When she had pacified them a little she got one boy to tell the reason of the early morning call:

"Ah-h-h, you put a piece in the paper 'bout us over here in "Squatters' Hell' 'that is all a lie. My pa said so, an' so did all the folks. They read it. We ain't a'goin to stand fur it, an' don't you fergit it," he said, copying the insolent manners of his elders.

"But I have put nothing in the paper about you or anyone else. It is a mistake. I know nothing of any article in the paper. You get the paper and show me what you mean."

He got it from his father at the gate, and she saw to her astonishment that she was authority for a good part of two columns of stuff concerning the people whom she was struggling so hard to help. Again and again she went through the article, wondering where the writer got his information, and marveling at his audacity in putting into her mouth statements which she had never made. Everything that he said was true, perfectly true, from his point of view, from that of the superintendent, from her own, in fact, but she had given no authority for such statements, no such idea had occurred to her as to publish in the newspaper the unvarnished truth concerning the mode of life in "Squatters' Hell." Naturally the people were incensed, for the truth struck home and hurt their pride. They considered she was poking fun at them in the newspaper, even locating the shop in which they bought sugared bread for their children, and were ready to fight.

Hoping to stop the commotion, she sent a little boy out to tell them that she did not write the story. The crowd only laughed, saying:

"Ho-ah, we know she did. Don't it stand that way in the paper?. The paper says she said the t'ings," and they continued their jeering remarks.

One by one the children filed out with their money, but still the crowd hung around. For fear of being a target for missiles, Miss Forbes dared not go outside, nor did she dare to telephone for friends to come with or without police protection. Avoiding showing themselves as much as possible, and trying to evince no signs of fear all day she and her assistants watched the crowd in deadly terror of an attack; all day long the crowd hung around, jeering, threatening, screaming, swearing. As soon as one group disappeared another took its place. A hundred times they were on the point of telephoning for the police; each time they decided to wait a little longer, rather than take the chance of participating a riot.

The bank was destroyed; every child had refused to come to the Thanksgiving dinner for which she was arranging; of course, the cooking school and clubs would soon be at an end, for had not the people threatened a boycott? A gloomy prospect awaited the Head Resident of the Settlement. Her days in "Squatters' Hell" were numbered. In desperation she resolved to go to the man who had behaved so outrageously, and next morning she interviewed the editor of "The Advocate."

"Why, madam," said he, "we had no intention of putting any obstacles in your way, creating any disturbance, I assure you. That the matter could give you or anyone else any trouble never occurred to me. I'll call the reporter who wrote the article and you can talk with him if you like."

Dan came in and heard of the furor which he had produced in "Squatters' Hell." That there was any point of

view except the one he had taken had not occurred to him until that moment. With his blonde face crimson, he listened to pretty Miss Forbes, as she told her tale of woe, then said:

"I am sure I don't know what I can do to help you, but, if you like, I'll go up to "Squatters' Hell" and make a house-to-house canvass, tell everybody I wrote the article, that you had nothing whatsoever to do with it, didn't know it was coming out, and did not see it until your attention was called to it. That anyone could or would take exception to what I said never dawned upon me. I told the truth, and now for your sake I am sorry I did."

Miss Forbes accepted his offer and they returned to the Settlement together. There they found half a dozen or more persons waiting to parley about the way in which they had been abused in the paper. Dan tried to shoulder all the responsibility, saying that he was entirely to blame for the matter, but that did not satisfy them. "It did not stand that way in the paper," they stubbornly argued, repeating their one statement over and over again.

After having said all that he could, he started on his round of interviews. His reception was not a cordial one. He jangled with one woman at the back door, with another at the front door; one man ordered him off the premises, another wanted to fight with him, a third called him names, and no one cared to listen to his explanations. To malign Miss Forbes was the order of the day. All indulged in vituperation, none cared to learn the truth. The paper was sufficient. It said she said the things, therefore she did. Again and again Dan made his humble confession to ears that would not hear. Old Mother O'Brien asked him into her filthy kitchen, and kept him there for one hour and a half, while she danced about in a maudlin frenzy, brandishing a long butcher knife, screaming and calling Miss Forbes every vile name at her command. "Oh, she's pretty, is she?" she sneered, "I'll pretty her," and she waved the knife around sav-

agely. Dan sat very still, with his eye upon the old woman and his thoughts very firmly fixed on the door.

"Come over here to learn us a thing or two, has she? I'd like to see what she can cook in that cookin' school 'o hers. She'd better git out o' here, if she knows what's good fur her—the pretty thing!"

The fact that Miss Forbes, whom she had never seen, was pretty, was a grievous offense.

"We are bread winners are we? I am a bread winner, am I? How dare she make fun o' me in that way" Again the knife went circling round her head: she staggered and almost fell, then balancing herself continued:

"I'd have her know I can bake bread that will win any day. Hey! hey there, I am a bread winner, am I? Now, boy, you go tell the pretty thing what I say. Go this minute."

This was the chance for escape for which Dan had been longing for an hour and a half. He took a speedy departure. Feeling too limp and weary to report results at the Settlement, he waited until next day to call on Miss Forbes. She began by saying:

"I had a succession of callers during the afternoon and evening, and the last to come was the Beau Brummel of the neighborhood, Johnny Macklin. He opened the interview by remarking that he had heard nothing for two days except what the paper said I said and what, I said I said, and that he had come to find out the truth of the matter. After I had gone through with my story Mr. Macklin prepared to go, seemingly satisfied with my explanations, then sat down and grew confidential. He began: 'Now, I don't know as I mind tellin' you that the real reason I came over here tonight was 'cause my sister an' the girls made me. They are all scart to death fur fear o' losin' their fellows 'cause can't one of 'em cook. They could have come to your cookin' school, but they didn't. They all work in the factory an' haven't much time, but now that the paper says they can't cook, they are

scart like anything about losin' their fellows. I'll fix it up by sayin' you didn't tell a thing it said you said in the paper. What I say goes round here. I'll make it all right,' and with that he took leave."

Dan continued with an account of his martyrdom in Mother O'Brien's kitchen, deploring the lack of success which had attended his efforts. He looked at pretty Miss Forbes, and thought her prettier than ever. If there was anything in the world that appealed to him it was a pretty girl, and there was a pretty girl in distress—distress which he had unwittingly caused. After sitting for a time he again offered to do anything in his power to straighten out the affair and very reluctantly departed to hunt up the facts of a suicide in Ross Park.

A week passed, then Dan called to see if Miss Forbes had been run out of the Settlement. She was still there, but her troubles were not at an end, for the people were still continuing to boycott Miss Jock's bakery, and the old woman was most importunate in her demands, although she had been told that all reasonable losses would be made good. Dan saw in this an opportunity.

"Miss Forbes," he said, "you know that I am to blame for all your trouble. Let me settle with the old woman. I'll go and see her now," and he was off before she could object. He compromised the loses for the week by giving her \$6.85, and felt that he really had done something to mend the breach, or at least, a part of it. Returning to the Settlement he stayed for a time, but did not enjoy his call very much because several of the neighbors were present making it impossible for him to have a chat alone with the head resident. However, things, were going better. Some few of the children had returned their bank deposits, and, through the influence of Mr. Macklin, all those invited to the dinner had re-accepted their invitations, and the cooking school, to judge from the number who were asking for admission,

gave promise of being popular. Miss Forbes was winning her way, and incidentally, Dan was winning his—not with the residents of “Squatters’ Hell,” however. The trouble which they had shared seemed to strengthen and cement the bond of their friendship. As time went on, Miss Forbes’ popularity came to be Dan’s greatest trial, for he never called but some of the neighbors were in spending the evening recounting gossip or personal troubles, and, worst of all, they always stayed until the closing hour, 10 o’ clock, depriving him of a visit alone. He had a story which he loved to tell—a personal one—a story that never grows old; finding an opportunity to

tell it was the difficulty.

* * *

Now Mr. and Mrs. Morgan often laugh about their meeting and their courtship in the parlor of the old Settlement House. She says: “Dan, you caused me the most unpleasant experience in my life, yet it proved a blessing in disguise, for it helped me to establish myself with the people among whom I was working, and it gave me you.”

He says: “My first big assignment caused me trouble as well as yourself; however, I have made all the amends I could for that trying experience. I do not regret, for it gave me a new point of view—and you, sweetheart.”

Wheeler’s Brigade at Santiago

By Wallace Rice

Beneath the blistering tropical sun
 The column is standing ready,
 Awaiting the fateful command of one
 Whose word will ring out, out
 To an answering shout
 To prove it alert and steady.
 And a stirring chorus all of them sung
 With singleness of endeavor,
 Though some to *The Bonny Blue Flag* had swung
 And some to *The Union Forever*.
 The order came sharp through the desperate air
 And the long ranks rose to follow,
 Till their dancing banners shone more fair
 Than the brightest ray
 Of the Cuban day
 On the hill and jungled hollow;
 And to *Maryland* some in the days gone by
 Had fought through the combat’s rumble,
 And some for *Freedom’s Battle Cry*.
 Had seen the broad earth crumble.
 Full many a widow weeps in the night
 Who had been a man’s wife in the morning;
 For the banners we loved we bore to the height
 Where the enemy stood
 As a hero should,
 His valor his country adorning;
 But drops of pride with your tears of grief,
 Ye American women, mix ye!
 For the North and the South, with a Southron chief,
 Kept time to the tune of *Dixie*.

In the Alembic of Love

By C. J. Anderson

It was a lovely July evening. The shadows were casting their lengthened forms across the lawn of Oak Grove. The wind had risen, and was blowing with a lakeside freshness after the sultry weariness of the day. No one could remain within doors on such an evening. Then the broad expanse of Lake Michigan, dotted with yachts, big and small, was calculated to distract and refresh minds that had labored long and hard through the sultriness of the day.

James Holden was sitting on the veranda of Oak Grove enjoying his cigar and gazing in dreamy fashion at the white sails in the distance. His day's work at the office of George Ermine was over, and he was idly passing the hours of well-earned relaxation. As he lounged in the easy chair and luxuriated in the smoke of his cigar, one might hastily think him to be a man completely sans souci. But John Holden was full of energy, an earnest worker, and constant even to the smallest detail. His quick, elastic step, and the soft but penetrating glance of his grey eyes manifested the fund of life that his eight and twenty years had brought him. His word was as true as furnace-tried gold, and once given, it became to him a guide of conduct. Tall and lithe, of fair complexion, heightened by flaxen hair, with a face that symbolized candor and kindness, he was a favorite with all. With all friends he was, to a degree, intimate, but never familiar.

For nine years he had been employed in the large wholesale house of George Ermine, and then had become a partner in the business. His home was with Mr. Ermine, and he was looked upon as one of the household. Toward society, however, he

seemed to have a growing apathy. The company of young people was unsought by him; women strove in vain to attract his attention. Yet he was not melancholy. Some object unseen by those around him seemed to engross his thoughts—not so as to make him entirely oblivious of the present, but so to engross him, as to make the present and its gay accompaniments something secondary.

To Mrs. Ermine, however, he was more confiding than to others; perhaps because he looked upon her as a mother, or because she was kindly and frank to him. But whatever the cause, she knew the secrets which others knew not, and in consequence sympathized with him as others never could.

His cigar was finished as Mrs. Ermine stepped out and sat down beside him to enjoy the beautiful evening. She noted his deep thought, the lines of his face, and wondered of what bygone mystery he was thinking. For a few minutes she remained silent, gazing from him to the quiet waters of the lake, and then into his face again.

"Well, John, you're dreaming again?" she at length said, "Bothering yourself about something that cannot be undone?"

"Yes, Mrs. Ermine," he answered, "dreaming of bygone days, or rather of a day nine years ago this evening."

"That was just before you left home, was it not?" she asked, expecting at least to fathom the precise reason of the leaving, for this was one thing upon which, even to her, he had always remained silent.

"The exact time," he replied, turning his chair around so that it came nearer hers. "And the day I was dreaming of is the open sesame of my life. Bliss the greatest, and sorrow the

deepest, be mingled in its twilight hours. Its sorrow has brought me here, and its bliss has made me what I am."

He paused. Mrs. Ermine thought his dearest secret was about to be uttered, but silence seemed to be closing round it again. Several minutes passed, till finally curiosity gave her speech.

"And what was that bliss and sorrow? Nothing unusual, I suppose, John?"

"A philosopher might characterize it in that way," he said, "but I wasn't philosophising then."

"Dreaming only?" she asked, laughingly and feeling sure that the secret was already hers.

"No, not exactly," he said seriously. "it was real, at least too real to be a dream. I had dreamed before, but that evening seemed to have brought the realization of all my dreams, and then, the reality was snatched from me—perhaps forever."

He turned to her as he spoke, then leaned back in his chair and gazed through the gathering twilight over the lake. Mrs. Ermine was silent; but now she knew that she would hear the story. The preface was over, the subject matter was sure to follow.

"It was this way," he quietly resumed, "Jessie Mallow was wealthier and higher in the social state than I, but her heart was mine. We believed her father would give his consent to our marriage, and had counted on obtaining it, but we reckoned in vain. The storm of his anger and disapproval broke fearfully upon us; all seemed lost. Once only did we meet again. Hand in hand we then swore to be true—to wait even till death if need be. I left home and came West to seek my fortune, hoping one day to return and claim her. But since that time misfortune overtook her father. He had lost all on the Exchange, left his home with his only child, and from that day I have lost all trace of them.

"I returned to seek her as soon as I heard of the misfortune, because I hoped he would now yield, but my

search was in vain. The earth seemed to have opened and swallowed them, so completely had both disappeared. Wherever he went, she was forced to go by his stern, unbending will. Yet I know that if Jessie Mallow still lives, she is mine. 'Tis for her I live and to her I am still true. Nine years have passed since I saw her, five since I have heard of her, but I am as faithful and as hopeful today as then, and if this world contains her, I'll find her."

"How ideally romantic it would be if you should find her!" exclaimed Mrs. Ermine enthusiastically. "But it's hardly possible."

"Yes, it is possible," he said calmly, hope and love speaking in his eyes. "Something tells me I shall find her, and that before long."

★ ★ ★

A year passed, but a trace of Jessie Mallow, John Holden did not discover. He still hoped and hoped, though it seemed a hope that was in vain. Mrs. Ermine admired him for his constancy; but she considered it all an illusion. Several times she had broached the subject to him and told him her thoughts. More than this, she had ventured to give him advice—to tell him that he was unjust to himself in remaining so dogged in his determination. Finally she opened up completely, and said that his constancy was fast verging into folly—that no girl could in justice expect him to remain true to her under such circumstances.

"I cannot see how you are bound any longer," she began one morning. "You've used all means at your command to discover her. What more can she ask? Why doesn't she seek you if she is true?"

"Mrs. Ermine," said John, deeply touched, "she is true. I'll never doubt that. Perhaps she cannot possibly seek me. You do not know her father, else you would be more kind to her."

Mrs. Ermine felt that she had gone almost too far, as she read the steadfastness of John in his very words and looks.

In a few days a cousin of Mrs. Er-

mine, accompanied by a nurse, arrived from New York to spend a long vacation. Oak Ridge became more lively than usual, and John Holden took part in its liveness as he had never done before. It was not the cousin of Mrs. Ermine who brought this infusion of new life, for she was of the type of woman whom Thackeray calls—with all reverence and politeness to the sex—"fly-blown, rank old morsels." It was her nurse, Miss Byrne, who seemed to bring the golden beams of sunshine. John Holden somehow became more communicative under the powerful alchemy of her presence.

She was slender and below the middle height. Her wavy brown hair was caught back in unpretentious fashion. Her face was oval, or rather would have been, had it been filled out and freed from the marks of care and sorrow that impressed a look of mystic dreaminess upon her features. This look was intensified by a silent appeal for sympathy that dwelt in her deep brown eyes. Her lips were thin and firm, and yet, though it was evident a sorrow pressed upon her, there lurked about the lines of her face unmistakable traces of the mirth and joyousness of a buoyant and youthful spirit.

Usually well under self control, she was strangely moved when first she met Mr. Holden. She awkwardly uttered the conventional words of greeting. Days sped away. Miss Byrne became more at ease in John's presence. But, whether owing to the change of air or the goodly leisure she was now enjoying, she changed completely. Her eyes lost that deep, searching look, and a calmness as of consciousness of having reached a long-sought goal, sparkled within them. Those around her remarked the change, and John, no less than the rest.

"The West agrees with you splendidly, Miss Byrne," said Mrs. Ermine. "Why, you look much better than you did when you came."

"Better? Well, I suppose there was

room for much betterment," replied Miss Byrne, laughing.

"And John, here," continued Mrs. Ermine, with a mischievous glance, "has improved too. He is really gay these last few days, and I think I know who's to blame for that."

John understood Mrs. Ermine's well-meant banter, but a feeling of double-dealing was not entirely absent from his heart.

"I have truly felt better lately," said, he, trying to smother the first beginning of self reproach, and then at the expense of truth he added, "I really don't know the cause of it. Perhaps it is the cool weather we are having, after the hot days of summer."

"Quite an excuse, John," said Mrs. Ermine, smilingly. "But I may be mistaken, for the atmosphere Miss Byrne breathes is certainly refreshing. She herself thrives wonderfully in it."

But he would not admit to himself that he had faltered in his first devotion, and, though he knew all this talk was the merest banter, yet he shuddered at the intimation it contained. Then and there he resolved to be more circumspect. He had yielded to feelings—only for the day—to feelings of which he knew he was master.

For two days he was sincere in keeping this resolve, and he believed he was as strong as he had reckoned, but he was mistaken.

"Good evening, Mr. Holden," said Miss Byrne to him on the evening of the third day, as she came over to the corner of the veranda where he was sitting, and then carelessly asked: "How have you been these last few days?"

He looked up surprised and almost angry, as her words had taken coloring from the thoughts then in his mind. "Is she brazenly taking up the conversation where it ended three evenings ago?" was the indignant thought that flashed through his brain. He gazed at her almost scornfully, as if expecting a reply to his mental question. She noticed the strange interrogative look on his face, and felt as if she were intruding. "Excuse me, Mr.

Holden," she hastily said, as she turned to retire, "I didn't mean to disturb you."

So unconsciously indignant was he at the time that he did not answer, and when he realized his mistake she had left the veranda. Then the pendulum swung to the other end of the arc, and he felt that he had been unreasonably and meanly impolite.

"What is wrong with me, anyhow?" he muttered to himself. "Am I to be childish just for appearance's sake?" And, rising, he sought Miss Byrne. She was sitting under a maple, plucking petals from a flower, as he approached. She was evidently in deep thought, as she did not hear him till he spoke.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Byrne," he said. "I was so engaged in thinking of something when you spoke to me a few minutes ago that I did not realize what I said to you." He felt mean in having to use so poor an excuse, but it was the best he could offer. He was quite relieved in one way, yet, in another, more humiliated, when she took him at his word.

"I'm sorry I annoyed you. Don't let me disturb you in your reflections," she answered shortly.

"Not at all, not all," he replied hastily, anxious to remove all offense she might have taken. "I am always glad of the company of young ladies."

"Ladies?" she asked, with a mirthful look and an arching of the eyebrows. "Why, I'm not plural."

"Well, I like singular ones just as well," he said, laughing.

"Ones? But you persist in having more than one, no matter how singular they may be?"

Though Miss Byrne was smiling while she spoke, John was disconcerted. The semi-consciousness that he was not single-minded was rankling within him. From her words it appeared to him that Miss Byrne knew his heart and was taunting him—however, good-naturedly—with his inconsistency. A war was waging within him, and the present—the ever forceful present—

seemed gradually to gain ground. He swallowed a something rising in his throat, and, smiling sardonically, said:

"You're too 'point-splitting' as Carlyle would say, Miss Byrne. No; if anyone is particularly singular, I — — —"

He stopped abruptly and then added with hurried confusion:

"Oh, you know what I mean."

"Perhaps I do," she said, with an arch look and laying emphasis on the last monosyllable.

She was a puzzle to him, and he gave the solution up in despair. So they chatted and laughed in a lighter vein until dusk. Miss Byrne felt somewhat chilled and John went gallantly for a wrap. As he passed out the door with it, Mrs. Ermine caught sight of what he was carrying. She had wondered where he and Miss Byrne were, and now she understood.

"That's right, John," she whispered slyly to him. "I knew you would get wiser, but go slowly."

During the succeeding days Mrs. Ermine watched John with curiosity at first, and then with some alarm. She was glad that he was growing more sensible, as she considered it; but then, he was becoming as foolish in another way. The idea of his falling in love with an unknown girl when a hundred and one better chances were wooing him! He had been faithful for ten long years, only to lose his head in the end. With such thoughts in her mind Mrs. Ermine took care on the first opportunity to inform Miss Byrne of John's standing engagement. This she did by reciting the story of it to her cousin in the presence of Miss Byrne. But she was disappointed. Miss Byrne showed no perceptible sign of interest.

* * *

The sun was setting behind a dense mass of red, billowy clouds as John Holden and Miss Byrne stepped into his yacht that was anchored at the end of the long pier near the house. It was now September. The yacht floated along lazily in the faint breeze. It was a beautiful evening. The sun, which

but a few moments ago seemed saying good-night, burst through the cloud rack and kissed the lake with a silvery sheen. Miss Byrne was in raptures at the sight, but for John it seemed to have no interest. Suddenly he aroused himself as the yacht headed shoreward, and abruptly turning the conversation, earnestly asked:

"When are you to return, Nellie?"

"Perhaps next week, or the week after at latest," she replied, and then deliberately asked "Why?"

"Well, I was just wondering if we would have time for any more yacht races," he answered, as his thoughts rambled.

"Races? We haven't had any yet," she said, bursting into a laugh. "You are dreaming of something, John; what is it?"

Her joyous laugh and opportune question made all easy for him, and with his heart in every word, he said:

"Of you as my wife!"

"Never!" she exclaimed, as her eyes sparkled like diamonds. "Never shall I marry a man engaged to some one else!"

Like a thrust of steel from an unseen hand, her words cut his heart. He gazed at her in blank amazement to see what she meant. Through the mist before his bewildered eyes he seemed to read defiance on that face, where before he had read the unmistakable language of love. Cold drops beaded his forehead. His tongue refused to move. How had she obtained the secret—the secret that he thought was buried forever, even from himself? Was this the punishment for his hypocrisy? Was she the nemesis from his evil day? To be faithful so long, and then—to be tempted—to yield and.. to be rebuffed! The first shock of sur-

prise and shame passing over, John mustered courage to speak.

"What do you mean?" he asked, trying to recover himself.

"Oh, I heard Mrs. Ermine speaking about it," she replied off-hand, almost insultingly, as he thought.

His heart sank. The picture of his life rose up before him. The pledge he had sworn, and the pledge he had received in return. The parting kiss, whose sweetness had been such strength to him. Then years of waiting and hoping; years of fidelity, of perseverance, even to stubbornness, of resistance strong and hard. His own boastfulness of spirit, his avowed constancy. Then the faithless day of yielding, when he deemed himself so strong. The downhill way which he had finally persuaded himself to be upright and just against all remorse of his inner self. His latest hopes, blooming and fragrant, all but bursting into fruit, and then—the lightning stroke from the clear, blue sky that blighted all. Yes, after all these, here he was now with the lesson of life taught him as it was never taught before.

Like a flash this kaleidoscopic view flitted through memory. His brow and cheeks were flushed. He looked up, and with a voice repentant, sad, reproachful, asked:

"Why did you do this, then, when you knew all?"

The pathos of his words and look would have riven marble. Tears welled to the eyes of the girl to whom he spoke. A light of love shone from her face. Springing toward him, she cast her arms about his neck and cried:

"O Jack! Forgive me! I've been too cruel! You've been true. I'm your own Jessie Mallon"



The American Fireman

(To the memory of Denis J. Swenie)

By Wallace Rice

A clatter and clangor of galloping hoofs with their music
of granite and steel—

A warning of gongs resounding along from beetling
block to block—

And out of the dark with many a spark great engines rush
and reel,

The wagons with hose, the ladders and hooks, and ever
the sudden shock

That the shout of "Fire!" thrills into the night,

That the burning pine and the eddying light

Bring home to the heart to make it quick, to the feet to
make them race

Wherever the cries and clamors arise and the people press
on apace.

Enveloping every darkling height that the storeyed
canons lift,

Lit fitfully from their cauldron below, the billowing
vapors swirl.

On the skrinkling crowd with a jangling loud the hose-carts
sway and swift,

At the corners let fall their lengthening bands and on
to the burning whirl;

But the engines end their fire trail

With the hose made fast, and an answering wail

As the helmeted Chief in shadowy white through the
glooming trumpets "Play!"

And the pipemen grip at the golden lip where the gushing
waters spray.

On pillars of smoke from the windows a-row, huge flashes
shimmer and sweep

To redden the faces of men in the street, and the face
of the clouds in the sky.

There's a clashing of glass and the lanterned men pass,
and the arrowy fountains leap,

And hoarsening, echoing noises go up where the cornices
smoulder on high;

But over the din with reiterant hum

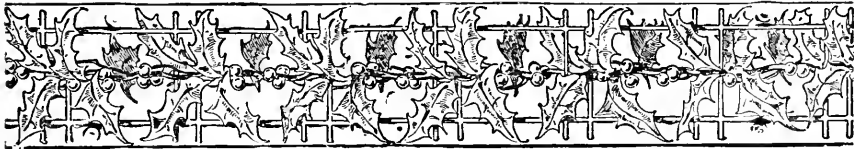
The thunder and purr of the engines come,

And the meteors soar from their quivering throats to fall
by their vibrant frames

Till the murky last gleam turns pallid with steam as their
showers drown the flames.

On the roofs around in the tremulous light there are dusky
 shapes discerned,
 There are those who haul great ribands of pipe aloft by
 the sheerest strength,
There are glimpsing forms in the midst of storms by flicker-
 ing fire-gusts burned,
 There are mighty ladders alive with men uplifting
 their fathoms of length;
 And by them all and over them all
 Is the staunch old Chief with his cheer and call
With a wit that makes this machine of men and engines
 a throbbing whole,
With a swift resource and an undrained force that give it
 a living soul.

All this the gathering people below can see through the
 glimmer afar,
 They shout aloud at each bursting flame, and cheer as
 it were at a game,
They sigh for the black of the night brought back; nor
 think of the desperate war,
 Of the maddening toil, and the reek to breathe, and
 the garments of shuddering flame;
 For if ever they reckoned the direful harm
 And the seething fate and the long alarm
That the fireman fends from all they love by his duty
 simply done,
No warrior red with the blood he has shed had half such
 a guerdon won.



To the Memory of Madge

By Margaret F. Nixon—Roulet.

Margaret St. Ange laid down her book with a sigh and looked out of the window across the tawny strand where the waters of the turquoise sea tossed in the July breeze. "I am sorry I read it," she said, a little impatiently. "I have only two weeks' vacation and I did not want a moment of it spoiled. It's a curious book, 'The Wand of the Gentle.'" The name is taking enough and all a name should be. It takes the fancy as quickly as it catches the eye. The book itself is glorious! Plot, plotting, action, dialogue, color—everything in it is evenly balanced, justly proportioned; artistically and humanly speaking, it is satisfactory, and yet it leaves me dissatisfied.

Not the Margaret St. Ange, reviewer and newspaper woman, but the real me—the individual—for it makes me remember all that I used to be, and wish I might have been like her, that heroine who was so brave and true and sweet. Ah, me! 'Tis a weary, work-a-day world! and she settled herself to write her review of the novel, for it was the last work of one of the best of modern writers.

Many people thought her all that she longed to be, this woman of five and thirty, who was a power for good in her world.

She was at the head of the literary department of a metropolitan journal, and she fought ably to keep her share of the public's mental food sweet, clean and wholesome. She worked harder than she needed to, some people said, but these were such as did not know of the dear old mother for whom a home had to be kept, and the younger brother just starting in his profession and to whom "Sister" had always been fairy god-mother.

But even the soundest of Canadian constitutions and the best disciplined of nerves will give way sometimes, and her physician had ordered her to the

sea-shore. She must have complete rest, he said, and she had come away to a quiet sea-side spot for a two-weeks' visit, bringing with her no work except a little reviewing of some pleasant romances which would help to while away the time.

Soon, her review finished, each word of generous approbation or clever criticism, telling in the clear-cut English which always fell from her pen (there were those who said they could always tell when Miss St. Ange reviewed a book herself, or if she gave it to a subordinate), she laid aside her writing and, book in hand, wandered toward the hill above the village to watch the sunset.

It was a quaint old sea-side town. Beside the little church nestled the graves of early settlers, resting in their last sleep, peacefully upon the daisy-covered, fragrant hillside which sloped to the marsh. This was green and brilliant, and through its softly waving swamp-rosemary a slender blue ribbon ran to the sea.

She gazed long seaward, the sun gilding each moss-gatherers' hut to the glory of a palace, then, as the sun sank like a glowing ball of fire into the waves she turned idly homeward, tarrying beside a little grave and watching the lingering beauties of the sunset fall over earth and sea, about her the soft hush which precedes the dying day.

Some of the restful beauty of Nature passed into her face as she sat there, stilled and tranquillized by the loveliness of the scene.

Here was a strange face, that of "a woman with a story," some said attractive rather than beautiful.

Her warm, brown hair was streaked here and there with threads of gray; the pallor of her cheek was only now and then brightened by the warm color which in youth had helped to make

her lovely; her features were not perfect, by any means, "faultily faultless, icily regular, splendidly null." There were lines of pain about the full red mouth, but the hazel eyes were wonderfully expressive, and the still, kindness of her gentle, somewhat repressed manner made those feel at home who came within the pleasant circle of her womanly friendship.

Upon the little grave were daisies, yellow and white, nodding in the breeze and whispering all the soft secrets of the summer to the slender grasses and fragrant clovers. Wild roses clambered over the gray headstone, and she found herself wishing to be at rest in some such lovely spot.

"Oh, that we two lay sleeping under the quiet sod," she hummed, then caught herself up with a mental shake as she remembered the work she had to do in the world.

"I wonder who is buried here," she thought idly, tracing with her finger the rough inscription on the time-worn granite.

"To ye memorye of Madge," she read softly. The rest of the name was blurred and defaced by wind and weather, but at the bottom she spelled out: "She was married one yr. one mo. & one daye."

Quick tears sprung to her eyes and color came and went. Who was this Madge, what was her story? Had she been glad to have been "married" but a year, a month and a day, or had parting for her been anguish, keen and terrible? "Ah, Madge," she murmured, "death is not the worst that can come to the heart of a woman!"

That had been her name in the old days before trouble had marked her for its own. He had called her so, and when she teasingly asked if it was "Madge Wildfire," of whom she reminded him, he had whispered such words as brought the happy light into her eyes.

With a heavy heart she took up the book again and opened it at the dedication. She never read the dedication of a book. That was one of her fads.

"It means nothing," she said cynically. "People dedicate their books to those whom the world thinks they should honor, and oftentimes the name of the one of whom they think and dream by day and night is locked deep within their breasts."

But the simple lines on this page touched her strangely. "To my memory of Madge," it read, nothing more. She looked from the book to the grave and smiled a little sadly. There was but one word's difference in the two inscriptions, and yet what a world of difference it made. His memory of Madge was evidently to him a thing apart from that of all the world. Was she dead, too, and was his great heart buried with her? Who was this man who could write so as to touch her heart and awake all the old-time music with a harmony that was pain? His books were all signed with a *nom de plume*, and the secret of his identity had been well kept. She knew it was a man, for he wrote with touches of power such as seldom falls to the lot of woman, unless it is to one like those mighty Georges Eliot or a Sand.

Then, too, his heroine was unmistakably a "man's woman," and the action of his plot vigorous enough for a Dumas.

"Ah, happy Madge," she thought, "to have such a tribute as this work of genius laid at your feet."

She was such a lonely woman!

Successful in her work, sought after, every ambition gratified, yet what did all amount to? She was a womanly woman, with all a true woman's longing for home and love. There were men who admired and earnestly tried to win her hand. Often was she tempted to accept the love she could not give, but ever there arose between her and the one who sought her, the face of her lover, long since gone from this life. He had been proud and masterful, and he had loved her passionately. She was as proud as he, and when his people told her she would be a drag upon him, that he was far above the daughter of a poor Canadi-

an village doctor, she had sent him away from her.

Then her father had died and left her to support the little family, and poverty well nigh stared them in the face. She had come to the city to work, and he, the one for whom she would have given her life, thought that she gave him up for ambition, that she might become famous in the great world. Fame! Ambition!! What did they amount to? She thought bitterly of it all and murmured again: "I wish I had not read the book! But," with a little shrug, "there's a little story in it!"

So, hurrying homeward, the professional instinct strong within her, she wrote till midnight, a story strong and simple, full of the human interest which makes a story. She wrote it well, with perfect touch, which characterized her work, and which seemed to strike the varying chords of human emotions and bring forth harmony as a master hand evolves flawless music from the bow of the violin. She called her story "The Happy Valley—that of Death," and it was of the happy Madge who died, loved and remembered, and of another Madge who lived alone. It was only the telling of it which made it great, but it came straight from a woman's heart, and in writing it she forgot her sadness and grew content.

* * *

Two weeks later she was back at the office hard at work, her cool, somewhat cynical self again, half inclined to repent the writing of the story until a check from a noted editor, and a flattering letter reassured her that it was good.

Her busy life went on, and the winter came and went. One day in early spring when the maples in the park began to show their tender shoots of pink, and a few snow-drops bravely sought the air, she found in her morning's mail a letter addressed in bold, masculine writing.

She opened it in some curiosity as to who was writing to her over her

pen name, and read:

"Dear Madam: Of all the reviews of my late book, 'The Wand of the Gentle,' yours has given me the most pleasure. You seem to read my characters as through my own eyes, and to appreciate my motive as though it were your own.

"I shall be in your city within a few weeks and should be glad to meet you. A line to me at my publishers' will reach me, if you will allow me to call.

Very truly yours,

"JOHN BROWNE."

Dec. 5, 1900.

She smiled as she saw the pen name of the great man, wondering that he had not signed himself differently, but she replied cordially:

"My dear Mr. Browne: Your letter has reached me today, and I am pleased to know that my review has given you pleasure. I shall be happy to see you when you are in the city, and especially as I am indebted to you for the idea of my little story, 'The Happy Valley,' in this month's 'Pacific Magazine.'

Very sincerely,

"MARGARET ST. ANGE."

Dec. 7, 1900.

She wondered idly whether he would come, and then, in the press of Christmas work, she forgot his very existence until his card was brought to her one day.

"Bring the gentleman in," she said to the office boy, rising courteously as a tall, broad-shouldered man, with white hair and a strong, kindly face, entered.

He closed the door behind him and came swiftly toward her, as she looked at him with eyes in which recognition swiftly grew to life, but she spoke not a word.

"Long ago I knew that I misjudged you," he said gravely. "Will you forgive me?"

"Long ago I forgave you," she smiled.

"I have always loved you, longed for you, even when I doubted," he

went on. "For years I tried to find you, but there was no trace till I saw your review of my book. I knew that only you could have so understood me. In your story I thought I read between the lines that you were still my Madge. Will you come back to me? Dear, come and be more than a mem-

ory." And she went to him as simply as a little child.

When the author of "The Wand of the Gentle" published his next romance people wondered at the strangeness of the dedication, for it read:

"To a Reality Which Was a Memory."

The World of Religion

In the streets of our cities there is hardly anything more noticeable now than the prevalence of badges. Schools, colleges, and universities have their distinctive ribbon; the sedate employer wears the small button or pin of his club or lodge; while the employe has placed prominently on the lapel of his coat the large round button of his union. This prevalence of the badge may seem curious to those of us who remember the antipathy which nearly every man felt to having anything distinctive on his dress only a few years back. But it is not at all strange to those who are acquainted with what may be called the history of the classes. There formerly was a time when every one wore some distinctive mark or badge by means of which his occupation, profession or social standing could be determined at a glance. And the badge or peculiar dress implied in those days just as the button or pin does today that the wearer was devoted to the cause of which the badge was symbolical. In the world of religion it was the same. The brown gown and the rough girdle of the Franciscans were symbolical of the asceticism and spiritual courage of St. Francis of Assisi; the white robes of the Dominicans typified the sincerity of their labors in the missionary field of St. Dominic; and the scapular of the Carmelites was the outward sign of the devotion which the members of the ancient Order had for the mother of Jesus Christ. In the olden days the narrow band of rough brown cloth was publicly worn by ev-

ery one who revered the name of Christ; it was the outward sign of the inward faith in the Expected of nations. In a special way it was a constant reminder of the human side of the Redeemer. It recalled vividly to mind the great truth that Christ, after, all, was a partaker of our own human nature, that therefore, He understood all the difficulties we have to constantly meet, and that we may look toward Him as we would look toward one of our best friends. Before He came into the world God was considered as a great and terrible Being, possessed of a power and might that was fearful; He was viewed as apart from the world, as one clothed with majesty as with a garment, and as the awful avenger of every fault and act of frailty. But with the coming of Christ the idea of God was changed. The image of the mother bending over the new-born Child could never more be blotted from the memory of men; the sufferings that He underwent, the kindness and considerateness that He always manifested; the patience with which He bore everything; the delicate tenderness that He showed for the little children, all these indicated that, after all, the heart of Christ was very like the heart of men, and that God could pity, and forgive and forget. It was this human nature, the nature that made Him brother to ourselves that He received from His mother. To honor her, therefore, is in reality the honor that is delicately paid Him. For this reason do the Carmelite and, in fact, do nearly all Catholics wear the scapular.

It is the badge of the glorious servitude that every Christian should be proud to acknowledge. So universal has it become that it may indeed be called the badge of the great spiritual union. While then we are pinning the button of club, or labor union on the lapel of our coats, and thereby showing the harmony that exists between ourselves and our fellow men, it would be well to think for a moment and remember that we should wear the scapular that will show the harmony that exists between ourselves and our God. It is the badge of the spiritual union, and, after all, that is the only union that is everlasting.



VATICAN OBSERVATORY.

When toward the middle of the ninth century Pope Leo IV sought to stem the further ravages of the Saracen hordes by strengthening the defences of Rome and enclosing the Vatican hill with massive turreted walls, he could little imagine that these same walls, designed so well to bear the engines of war that were to dominate the country round, would, more than a thousand years later, be required by a successor and namesake to harbor a weapon of science of a potency little dreamed of in those days—a weapon whose range of power should penetrate to the confines of the unknown itself.

On one of the strongest of the towers, says the London Globe, forming part of the ancient Leonine wall, the late Pontiff, Leo XIII, decided to erect the newly ordered astragraphic telescope which was to enable the Vatican Observatory, until that time somewhat meagrely equipped, to enter worthily the lists with other observatories. Under the formal directorship of Denza, the observatory was equipped with all the most modern meteorological, magnetic and seismological instruments, many of them being the first to be introduced into an Italian observatory; while its purely astronomical department was enriched by the addition of the astrographic telescope constructed in Paris by the brothers Henry, and mounted by Gautier of the Paris Observatory.

This instrument was placed in position in May, 1901, on the strongest of the towers belonging to the ancient Leonine wall mentioned above.

Curious as was the anachronism of fitting one of the most specialized products of the nineteenth century to a structure dating from the ninth, the old Leonine tower nevertheless proved itself admirably adapted for the novel purpose to which it was put, for, situated as it is, on the summit of the Vatican hill, some 400 metres distant from the Gregorian tower, with which it is in telephonic communication, and with its colossal walls of over four metres thickness, almost a monolith in strength, it unites in the happiest manner the elements of isolation and solidity so essential to the delicate nature of the work carried on beneath its modern dome.



A RELIGIOUS HOTEL.

A new hotel for Catholic women has been founded in New York. In its present quarters it will accommodate thirty women. It is not a charitable institution, but aims to supply all the protection and surroundings of a Catholic family to self-supporting young women.

Such a hotel has been conducted by the Sisters of Mercy in Chicago for the past twenty years. They began in an humble building with two or three girls as boarders; now they have an immense building, with all modern improvements and conveniences, and a list of permanent boarders that numbers over two hundred. It is impossible to calculate the immense good that this one institution has accomplished since it was established. Girls from the country towns, or who had no friends or acquaintances in the city, and who were compelled to work in offices or department stores for a living, have found in this Catholic hotel, conducted by the Sisters, a home and all the protection, assistance and kindly counsel that are given in the best of homes.

A CHRISTIAN CHRONOLOGY.

Now and then it is a good thing to recall some of the great events of the past. History is always instructive, always useful, and frequently entertaining. The following compilation made by a weekly Catholic paper is interesting:

Missionaries were preaching to the American Indians in 1526, or eight years before Henry VIII organized his Episcopal Church. The Pilgrim Fathers were yet unborn and the timbers which made the Mayflower were scarcely seeds in a virgin forest. Twenty years before John Wesley was born the New York assembly, under the Catholic governor, Dongan, passed a bill of rights guaranteeing religious liberty. Fifteen years before Wesley established his sect, Father Rasle became an American martyr. Twenty-eight years previous Father Marquette had completed his labors and passed away at Pointe St. Ignace, Mich. Thirty-seven years pre-

vious Father Peter Martinez, S. J., was murdered by the Indians of Florida—now Cumberland—off St. John's river. Fifty-seven years previous Father Jogues met a like glory, and one hundred and seventy-four years before the first Mass was said at St Augustine's, Florida.

Just a little more. In the years 1673 and 1711 there were missions established in St. Joseph, Cahokia, Peoria and Kaskaskia. In the St. Louis Cathedral on Walnut street there are records of births and marriages which go back as far as 1737. This was thirty years before Laeclde had blazed the trees to mark the location of his new town, the great World's Fair city of to-day. Here Father Meurin established a mission in 1766 and here Father Valentine labored as a resident priest from 1772 until 1775. Here in 1770, or six years before the signing of the Declaration of Independence, a parish was formed and the first church built just south of the present Cathedral.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT

A NEW LATIN GRAMMAR.

Hilary J. Doswald.

A few centuries ago a new Latin Grammar, well arranged and logically developed, would have entered the literary world in triumph, amidst the applause and acclamation of every scholar; today the same work receives but an ovation from a certain class of students. Latin, formerly the exponent of everything refined, beautiful and sublime, was in the course of time forced to yield its place to the national languages. Whilst this need not be regretted, the fact remains and will remain that the foundation of culture and of philosophy was laid by the Greeks and Romans and left to us in their literature. What ideas, after all, what figures of speech can we call our own? Modern literature, if it is of any value, is based upon the classics. The knowledge of these, therefore, is indeed an essential requirement for every scholar. This acquisition, however, is not to be made through the medium of a translation, but by read-

ing and searching the originals. If we cannot fully appreciate the literature of a modern language, which we are unable to read in the original, how can we adequately understand the ancient classics, so full of beauty, so varied in construction, so precise in expression; perfections which are due to the inflection and skillful position of the words of the Latin tongue? What depth of grammar is uncovered by parsing even one chapter of Cicero. The friends of Latin, in spite of the modern tendency, need not be alarmed. Latin must and will remain a most useful, if not necessary, branch of a liberal education. It may be at times neglected, even exiled, from the schools, but only to return in greater triumph. This is not a vain assertion, but a historical fact. By the study of Latin the modern languages are not disregarded, the study of language is, on the contrary, promoted. Of this, too, history is a witness. If Latin, then, constitutes an essential part in our educational system, we must welcome the publication

of a Latin Grammar, by W. Hale and C. Buck, of which I shall attempt to review some parts likely to prove interesting to the students of language. Of all the grammars which have come to my notice, this one approaches the ideal grammar. From beginning to end the method employed is most logical. Passing over the systematically arranged alphabet we come first to "Quantity of Vowels," which is carefully treated and lucidly explained. Between met and made, fit and feet there is in our language a great distinction, but a distinction even more commonly found in the ancient tongues. To this there is little or no attention paid in our colleges. Thus students fail to distinguish *levis* from *levis*, *morari* from *morari*. The hidden quantity, as it is less noticeable, is even more disregarded.

Undoubtedly the cause of the utter inability of students to make Latin meter at sight must, no doubt, be chiefly attributed to this unpardonable neglect of quantity.

The treatment of "Etymology" is, apart from some exceptional notes, the same as usually found in grammar. Little footnotes or paradigms of the original case-endings might have added something to the perfection of the grammar. For instance, the classification of the *a*, the *o* and the *i* stems. In the *o* stems the Genitive Singular is formed by adding the locative *i* of the Indo-European to the suffix *e*, hence *hortei*, which became *horti*, as the stress of voice in diphthong was put on the second vowel. This explains the locative force of *humi Corinthi*. The same locative *i* of the parent speech was in the formation of the Genitive Singular added to the *a* stems; hence the locative meaning of *Romai* afterwards spelled *Romae*. Such notes were, as it seems, intentionally omitted, and are, perhaps, to appear in the promised supplement of the Grammar.

It is, however, in Syntax that Professor Hale proves himself to be a master of Latin. The arrangement blended with skillful paradigms is so logical and so conclusive as to become attractive to the professor as well as to the student. One of the essential requirements for a scholar of languages is an accurate knowledge of the cases, which can only be acquired by investigating the original force of each case. If this fact would only receive more attention, the cases would be more easily and more thoroughly understood by the students. Our minds, after all, are rational; we want, first, principles upon which we can build our process of argumentation, and thus Knowledge itself. There may be, it is true, differences of opinion in regard to the cause which gave rise to original force of the cases, but the original meaning is, practically at least, the same, whether the origin

be local, logical or grammatical.

The Grammar, page 179, gives the following neat paradigm:

"The earliest ideas expressed by the cases, as these are represented in Latin, were probably as follows:

"By the Nominative, the name.

"By the Genitive, that which Possesses, or a Whole, of which a part only is affected.

"By the Dative, Direction.

"By the Accusative, Contact or nearness.

"By the Vocative, Address.

Association.

Location."

The advantage of such a view is at once evident. The various specific divisions of each case are no longer as hitherto, so many confused ideas to the student, but, as every one can see, the gradual development of the primitive case-force. From this standpoint the case will appear in a different light. For instance, grammars usually state that verbs compounded with the prepositions *con*, *ad*, *in*, etc., govern the Dative case. Yet we find that *convenire*, *adire*, *inire* and many other verbs, though compounded with such prepositions, govern the Accusative. The use of the Dative, therefore, does not depend upon the composition, but upon the meaning of the verb in composition, a fact in itself evident when viewed from the original force of the Accusative and Dative.

But not only the original force of the cases but also the original meaning of every word should be imparted to the student from the beginning. It is, no doubt, contrary to reason to teach the pupil that "de" means about, concerning; *horrere*, to be frightened; *minae*, threats. The victims of so irrational a treatment will solemnly translate "*Lapides re monte jecerunt*." They throw stones about the mountain"; *Arista horret* "the beard of a grain is frightened"; *minae murorum*, "the threats of the walls." This result, ridiculous as it may be, is not more ridiculous than the cause, of which it is a logical consequence. The average graduate, I am convinced, does not know the exact distinction between *pro*, *prae*, *ob* and *ante*.

The subjunctive, one of the most difficult parts of grammar has the same scholarly treatment as the case.

"The subjunctive, the Grammar states, page 239, is made up of remains of two moods, which in the parent speech had different forms: The subjunctive, expressing two distinct ideas of Will and Anticipation, and the Optative, expressing five distinct ideas of Wish, Obligation or Propriety, Natural Likelihood, Possibility and Ideal Certainty." These ideas undoubtedly make up the essence and lucidly explain the various use of the Subjunctive. The terminology, too, is new and well adapted to

the clever method of treatment of which I shall give one more example. There are in language four kinds of conditional sentences, viz.:

1. Condition of Possibility without any expression of uncertainty.—*si venis, gaudeo.*
2. Condition of Uncertainty with the prospect of decision.—*si venias, gaudebo.*
3. Condition of Uncertainty without any accessory notion.—*si venias gaudeam.*
4. Condition of Impossibility.—*si venires gauderem.*

Now the learned author in accordance with the essence of the Subjunctive explained above, handles these conditions in the following clever way, to which for the sake of clearness I shall add the above mentioned Latin example. (Page 305).

A. Conditions and Conclusion of fact—In any time indicative in any tense.—*si venis gaudeo.*

B. Ideal Conditions and Conclusions—In future and so realizable, Present or Perfect Subjunctives, *si venias, gaudebo*—More Vivid; *Si venias, gaudeam*—Less vivid. In Present or Past, and so unrealized, (contained to fact), Imperfect or Past Perfect Subjunctive.—*Si venires, gauderem.*

These few remarks undoubtedly point to the superiority of the Grammar, which by its rational method is fit to become the standard for all students marching to the goal of scholarship. However, the knowledge of grammar, let it be remembered, is only one of the essential parts in the acquisition of the language. The grammar must come down from the abstract to the concrete, from the theoretical to the practical. Latin composition, to be short, is the test of grammatical knowledge. Conversation, too, even if faulty and barbarous, will if regularly practiced, lead the student more speedily to the appreciation of the language. The study of the grammar alone will banish the language from the territory of the students to the narrow limits of a few scholars. Grammar, compositions and conversation form the only medium of a scientific and practical knowledge of language.



JOHN MITCHELL'S BOOK.

The long-expected book on "Organized Labor," by John Mitchell, has just been published. Mr. Mitchell has won for himself an enviable position not only in the world of labor, but also in the opinion of every man interested in the betterment of his fellow men. In his public discourse his remarks have been uniformly sane and calm, his advice has always been to observe strictly law and order, and his conduct during the coal miners' strike showed that even during the most trying and disheartening times he was ready always to uphold the law. As the foremost labor leader in the American world his book is important. The

book is thorough, sincere, broad-minded, and shows plainly on every page that the author is conscientiously and from true conviction devoted to the cause of labor unions. In labor unions, in fact, he sees the source of the development and future prosperity of the nation. But, although he starts out with the conviction that labor unionism is the surety of the betterment of the working man yet the book is not written in the spirit of a partisan; but rather in the spirit of one who is so completely convinced of the correctness of his opinion that he takes it for granted that it is necessarily true and is admitted by all to be true. The result is that the tone of the book is uniformly calm and dignified, although when writing of the evil effects injunctions may have, the style becomes more impassioned, almost vehement. The book comprises a complete historical study of the rise and development of labor unionism in this country and in England, an account of the standing of the unions in both countries at the present time, and a complete exposition of the philosophy implied in all unions of working people. There is in it a discussion of all the various social, economic, legal, and political questions involved in the subject, and what is, perhaps, the most interesting part is a complete and detailed account of the great anthracite miners' strike of 1902. According to Mr. Mitchell, it is to President Roosevelt that is due the honor of having brought the great strike to an end by means of arbitration. Of the meeting of the committee of arbitrators appointed by the president, the author says: "The meeting has become historic. The president in stating the purpose of the conference, disclaimed any right or duty to intervene upon legal grounds, or by reason of any official relation to the situation; he also advised against a discussion of the merits of the case, but requested both parties to meet upon the common plane of the necessities of the public. 'I appeal to your patriotism,' he said, 'to the spirit that sinks personal consideration and makes individual sacrifices for the common good.' The address of the president, short as it was, could not but arouse his auditors to a sense of the grave responsibility resting upon them."

With regard to injunctions, Mr. Mitchell holds that the injunction, although a valuable instrument of the law, has been perverted from its proper use, and has been made one of the most powerful weapons in the hands of capital against labor. He says: "No weapon has been used with such disastrous effect against trade unions as the injunction. It is difficult to speak in measured tones or moderate language of the savagery and venom with which unions have been assailed by the injunction, and to the working classes, as to all fair-minded men, it

seems little less than a crime to condone it. It would naturally be supposed that the courts would exercise this extraordinary power of injunction in a conservative manner, and with the most scrupulous care, but this has not been the case. In my judgment, this extension of the use of the injunction is the most disturbing factor in our national life, the darkest cloud upon our horizon. When an injunction forbids the doing of a thing which is lawful, I believe it is the duty of all patriotic and law-abiding citizens to resist, or at least disregard the injunction. It is better that half the workmen of the country remain constantly in jail than that trial by jury and other inalienable and constitutional rights of the citizens of the United States be abridged, impaired or nullified by injunction of the courts."

Of the union of labor and capital he says: "Of late certain sections of the public have scented danger in the possibility of this friendly feeling leading up to an offensive coalition of organized labor and organized capital against the general public. Notwithstanding these fears combinations of capital and labor are not fraught with danger to the public. There may occa-

sionally arise coalitions which temporarily extort undue profits, but such a policy cannot be permanently successful. It is the conviction of a great majority of the workmen of this country that no such combination ever can or ever will permanently exploit the public."

Mr. Mitchell endeavors as much as possible to avoid any questions of a purely political character; but on the question of the advisability of establishing a third labor political party he is explicit. "A separate labor party is unadvisable," he says. "Greater advantages and more concessions can be obtained for the present at least, from the existing parties, by using the influence of organized labor without forming a third party."

And finally on the important subject of violence in labor troubles he says: "Violence defeats its own purpose; it is better to lose strikes than to win by the use of force. I welcome the most sweeping denunciation of such acts, and the widest publicity that may be given them in the press." (*Organized Labor*, by John Mitchell. American Book & Bible House, Philadelphia.)

Book Notes

"Money and Credit," by Wilbur Aldrich, is a new and revised edition of the author's earlier work on the same subject. The book contains the history of trade from its primitive beginnings to the present time. Its main object is to show that the system of "watering" stock cannot be productive of stability in business. (The Grafton Press, New York.)



The famous morality play "Everyman," will soon be issued in a sumptuously illustrated edition by J. F. Taylor & Co., New York.



William Matthews, whose book, "Getting On in the World," had such an extraordinary success thirty years ago, has just published a new book for young men, entitled "Conquering Success, or Life in Earnest." For young men and women hardly any writer is more suggestive and stimulating than is William Matthews, unless we except the venerable English writer, Samuel Smiles. Mr. Matthews' books contain not merely good sound advice, but what is of even greater value, they contain accounts of the young men and women who by hard work and in adverse circumstances achieve success.

"The Giant of Three Wars," by James Barnes, is the story of the life of General Winfield Scott. It is written in a pleasing style, and portrays the famous warrior in a way that makes him seem to stand out vividly from the pages of the book. The book is in "The Heroes of Our Armies" series. (D. Appleton Co., New York.)



"Practical Journalism," by Edwin L. Shuman, is an interesting and instructive book both for the working journalist and the layman. The chief subjects discussed are "Positions and Salaries," "How a Reporter is Educated," "The Reporter at Work," "Plan of a News Story," "Women in Newspaper Work," and a number of other practical subjects. (D. Appleton & Co., New York.)



"Warwick Castle and its Earls—From Saxon Times to the Present Day" is an interesting and at times an amusing book by the Countess of Warwick. It traces the history of the founders of the House through English history, and at times shows those founders in no flattering situations. (E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.)

The New Carmelite Review

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To Our Readers That the Review in its new form is a success has been amply demonstrated during the past month. Within two weeks after it was published the circulation had been doubled in the city of Chicago alone, and a large increase had been made in other American cities and throughout Canada. This certainly is most encouraging. It indicates the fact that the object of the Review is understood, and that the effort to attain that object is appreciated. As we said in our last number, we are endeavoring to make religion an actual feature in daily life. For this reason we devote a large amount of the space at our disposal to a practical consideration of the subjects that are at the present time interesting every man and woman who thinks seriously about the problems that must be faced in actual daily life. Labor subjects and the ethical sides of the labor questions necessarily occupy a prominent place for the simple reason that every man in this country is in one respect or another a working man. There is no aristocracy devoted to idleness here; mere living means hard working. And as in working the material or the money aspect of life is continually in prominence so in order that the spiritual, the ethical and the nobler objects of life may not be forgotten it is absolutely necessary to bring them forward and to show the bearing that they have on the visible and tangible things of life. In our last number we endeavored to do this by means of the contributions of men who while actively engaged in business and in the pursuit of the objects of business still

have not forgotten the nobler side of life or the duties that they owe to the men and women with whom they come in daily contact. During the coming year we shall endeavor to carry out systematically and continuously this policy. We have already secured the services of prominent judges, members of Congress, and other public men well known in the world of labor, as well as Bishops and Priests actively engaged in missionary work among the people, and because these are the men who are actually guiding and moulding the people we hope to make the Review a factor in popular thought. This assuredly should win for us the goodwill of every man and woman who has to work. Our object is a very practical and real one, and the means that we are making use of are just as real and practical. This fact has been seen and appreciated by our new subscribers, and we are exceedingly gratified to be able to state that our old subscribers have shown an equal if not greater interest in our Review. To them we wish to state that the delay in issuing both this number and the one for last month was unavoidable. To move a large plant from Canada to the United States requires time and is subject to unforeseen delays. We were compelled, therefore, to merge the October number with that of November, and to omit from both the November and December numbers the very interesting story that has been running in the Review for the past year. The story, however, will be resumed in the January number. We wish to state also that hereafter the Review will be issued on the twenty-eighth of every month.

Christmas Greeting. First of all, the Review extends its sincere congratulations and Christmas greetings to the Most Reverend Dr. Messmer, who has recently been appointed to the important See of Milwaukee. Archbishop Messmer is known both in this country and in Europe as a scholar of the most finished, modern type. For years he held the chair of professor of Canon Law, and won great fame in that difficult and intricate branch of ecclesiastical knowledge. The severe life of a scholar has not, however, restrained him from taking an active part in the work of solving the vital problems confronting the people. As a leader of the American Federation of the Catholic Societies, he has probably done more than any other man living to unify and to animate with a spirit of fraternal and Christian brotherliness the various nationalities that make up the Catholic Church in this country. The Archbishop will contribute to one of our early numbers an important article that we feel confident our readers will be grateful for. It will deal with a subject that will interest all, and, as those who are familiar with the writings of the Archbishop may know, in a way that will be most instructive and convincing. And now to all our old subscribers and to our many new friends we wish also to greet them at this season of Christmas. During the years when the Review was published in Canada our subscribers became acquainted with our methods and our objects.

The change of location and manner of publishing our Review is simply a change made in accordance with the best wishes of the greater number of our subscribers. The Review is new only in cover and makeup; its principles are and must always remain unchanged; it is published by and is under the supervision of the Carmelite Fathers. It is, therefore, in the same spirit that has characterized us of old that we call down upon our friends new and old the blessings of God in this time of the year. From our human

point of view there seems hardly any other season when such greetings are so appropriate. With the birth of Christ there came a newer and a brighter era in the history, not merely of the human race in general, but of every individual in particular. There entered with the little Child of Bethlehem a hope that was new and everlasting. It was a hope most fittingly expressed by the angels hovering over the hills in the dawn of the early morning and proclaiming "Peace on earth, good will to men." This is the greeting that we extend to all our friends. And certainly when we pause and think for a while no other greeting can mean more. Our lives are necessarily filled with worry and trouble; every year, somehow or other, seems invariably to bring some new and unthought of trial, friends and relatives are taken away from our sight forever, family cares bring gray hair and bowed head, children may be lacking in gratitude, and all in all the darkness that overshadows life seems to become blacker with every new year. Assuredly what every man and woman in the world needs, then, is the hope that will bring peace. This is the hope in Christ, in the mighty work done by the Divine Child Whose birth we commemorate this month. He came to bring spiritual peace, to ease the mind of worry, to point out the way to eternal rest and happiness. May His blessing, then, and the unfailing prayers of the Mother who cared for Him in His Childhood, be poured forth upon our friends and upon all mankind.

The English Fiscal Policy. The principle of protection, or, as he calls it, the principle of "retaliation," gained a new and powerful advocate during the past month in the fiscal struggle that is going on in England. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, who has been out of active politics for some time, returned and began an open propaganda in favor of at least one part of Mr. Chamberlain's protective policy. The ex-

Chancellor of the Exchequer was formerly one of the most ardent free traders, and his defection, therefore, may be considered as an indication that the public sentiment with regard to protection is already undergoing a change. There is, of course, another aspect to the defection of Sir Michael, and it is that Mr. Balfour, who of late has shown a decided leaning in the direction of some of the views of Mr. Chamberlain, may very probably be the leader and organizer of the next cabinet, and that therefore the astute former chancellor sees an opportunity that must not be lost. There can be no doubt, however, of the fact that Mr. Chamberlain is producing a very deep and favorable impression upon the greater number of the English thinking public. In a recent speech delivered at Birmingham before an audience of ten thousand persons he made the longest and most forcible, as well as the most convincing appeal he has made throughout his whole campaign. His introduction contained an historical retrospect. The days preceding the repeal of the Corn Laws, he said, were not days of scarcity, nor did the inauguration of Free Trade ameliorate the condition of the people. He maintained that in the years 1839 to 1841 the country was in a better condition relatively to other nations than it is now. There was an undoubted popular discontent, but that popular discontent was due to the spread of the teachings of Chartism. This was a creed absolutely opposed to all the principles of Cobden. "The riots were directed, not against the principles of Protection, nor in favor of Free Trade, but against the Manchester manufacturers who at that time were in favor of Free Trade." He admitted that it was true that after the adoption of the principles of Free Trade, that is after the year 1841 the country entered upon a career of unexampled and unprecedented prosperity; but to ascribe this prosperity to the adoption of Free Trade was to be guilty of the ancient fallacy of after a thing has happened therefore it was caused by what preceded it. English trade, he continued, relatively

to the trade of other nations, is undoubtedly declining, trade in neutral markets is stationery, only in colonial trade is there any sign of advance. Now nearly all the other great commercial centers of the world have adopted the policy of protection, and consequently, concluded Mr. Chamberlain, simply from the point of self-preservation it is necessary to adopt the same principle in England. The English people seem to be slowly but surely beginning to see things in this light, and the result has been that within the past few weeks the sentiment in favor of Mr. Chamberlain's views has been growing. Only last summer Mr. Chamberlain said that he did not expect to convert England to his views for seven years; from recent developments it appears that the country will be converted within a period that will be so short as to surprise not only himself but nearly all his most enthusiastic supporters.

In a speech at Toronto
Canadian Mr. Aylesworth, one of
Outlook. the commissioners on the

Alaskan boundary decision, made a speech that will go far toward restoring good feeling between the rank and file of Canadians toward the conclusions reached by the arbitration committee. It was a regrettable incident in the discussions in Canada about the result of the committee's work that a great deal was said and written with regard to the stand taken by Lord Alverstone. Mr. Aylesworth began his discourse by disassociating himself from the attacks made on Lord Alverstone and the other commissioners, and said that a protest had been lodged, not on account of any petulance or other feeling of disapprobation, but after a lengthy and mature deliberation and consideration of the whole subject from the Canadian standpoint. It would be sad, indeed, he concluded, if from any feeling of childish resentment at what was thought to be injustice, Canadians should say this is the end, or even the weakening of Canada's connection with Great Britain. The ties that bind Canada to the Motherland will stand the strain of many

Alaskan awards. Although Mr. Aylesworth's speech surprised many of his hearers, yet it was received with many indications of approval, and it will certainly go far to restore the feelings of friendship that existed among the more serious-minded classes of Canadians for the United States. Unfortunately, however, during the past few weeks the action of the American government in recognizing the independence of Panama has produced renewed feelings of mistrust in the minds of some Canadians. Mr. J. M. Clark, in a speech at Toronto, referred to the possibility of the United States attempting to absorb Greenland, and as this would involve complications with regard to alleged rights over Newfoundland, serious consequences might result. If Newfoundland were to become allied with the United States, Canada would be shut in by alien land on the greater part of the Atlantic seaboard. Whatever natural advantages, therefore, might exist in the interior of the country would so far as Canada is concerned be utterly sealed up. This is an outlook that is most serious just now. For the past five years Canada has made astounding progress in the various industrial departments. It is now admitted by nearly all business men that such progress is almost at an end. There is an increasing uneasiness in the Canadian business world that bodes ill for further progress. Mr. Fielding, Finance Minister, has for some time foreseen the inevitable subsidence of the wave of prosperity, on the crest of which Canada has made such remarkable progress. He has more than once in his place in the House of Commons warned the country to prepare for coming changes. Many leading authorities have re-echoed his words. Mr. Tarte sees in the political situation at Ottawa a confirmation of the growing belief that the tide of prosperity has reached its full and that the ebb must soon set in.

The Chicago Strike.

The great street railway strike in Chicago was brought to a close with both sides practically in the same position in which they were

before the strike was declared on. The whole question involved was the recognition of the union. The men were, generally speaking, well paid; they were treated with consideration, but they demanded the company to recognize the union in the matter of employing and discharging the men. This the company refused; the strike was the result, and finally after an immense amount of money had been lost by both sides, the whole matter was settled by an arbitration committee. From every point of view this strike was deplorable. Already there are indications that the tide of prosperity in the United States, just as in Canada, is on the ebb. In New York and in many other eastern cities there is a stringency observable in the money market that is most ominous. The West has not yet been seriously affected, but it is only a matter of time when hard times will be felt here also. A strike, therefore, just at this time is to be regretted. By this we do not mean to imply that there was in reality no cogent reason for a strike on the part of the conductors and motormen, but we do say that it was unfortunate that the strike was necessary. As far as the evidence shows, so far as the men are concerned, the strike would never have been ordered. The men offered to submit the whole dispute to an arbitration committee; they hesitated for a long time; they appealed to the mayor and influential citizens, but the railway company absolutely refused to listen or to allow any board of arbitration to consider the case. The necessary result was the strike. This may be taken as an example of the stupidly selfish course that some corporations deem it wise to pursue. In such cases capital treats labor in a way that is utterly un-American. In this country every man has the right to state his side of the case, to present his arguments, and to be judged by his fellow men. To attempt to ignore these rights, therefore, is to treat a workingman as if he were nothing more than an unreasoning animal with no rights whatsoever, with no

court of appeals, is ridiculous. Arbitration has come to be regarded as the legitimate and fair means of settling disputes. From the Chicago strike, as well as from the repeated declarations of all reputable labor leaders, it is evident that the workingmen are thoroughly in favor of it. It is also evident from recent action of capital that the greater number of real enemies to the whole arbitration principle are the capitalists themselves. They have repeatedly opposed the system; they have in some instances endeavored to coerce their employes, and even in cases where they have been compelled to submit the question in dispute to an arbitration committee they have shown their contempt for the decision rendered by silently but surely, in the course of time, discharging all the employes involved in the trouble. Such a course of action is bad. It is to the moneyed classes, after all, that the greater number of men almost instinctively look for high citizenship, and high moral and political honor; and when they act in a way that is opposed to honor and justice then the results are disastrous. Labor has its faults, but the faults of a hard working man should as far as possible be condoned. Capital should be considerate, and especially so at a time when hard times seem to be imminent.

**The
Isthmian
Republic**

The President's message was indeed a surprise to many Americans. For some time there was the impression in the minds of many that it was almost impossible for Mr. Roosevelt to discuss any subject in a sober and statesmanlike manner. But, certainly, as Representative Foss said, this message is interesting. "We recognize that this is an era of combination and federation," says the President, "in which great capitalistic corporations and labor unions have become factors of tremendous importance in all industrial centers. Hearty recognition is given the far reaching beneficent work which has

been accomplished through both corporations and unions, and the line as between different corporations, as between different unions, is drawn as it is between different individuals; that is, it is drawn on conduct, the effort being to treat both organized labor and organized capital alike; asking nothing save that the interests of each shall be brought into harmony with the interests of the general public, and that the conduct of each shall conform to the fundamental rules of obedience to law, of individual freedom, and of justice and fair dealing to all." But what is probably of greater importance just at the present time is the explanation of the Government's action in recognizing the independence of the Isthmian republic. That this explanation is satisfactory all fair-minded Americans must unhesitatingly admit. There has been a great deal of hasty criticism passed upon the action of the Government in its apparent precipitancy in acknowledging the independence of what has been derisively called the "bantling republic." But a calm reading of the message will show all fair-minded men that there was no other course to pursue than the one actually followed. During the past fifty years the South American and the Central American states have been practically in a continuous state of anarchy. They seem to act utterly without thought, and to have no ideas whatever of what constitutes stability of government. Moreover, in the greater number of instances they have been controlled for the time being by men who have lacked the most elementary knowledge of what their duties are to the people over whom they have happened to gain control; and again in many instances they have clearly demonstrated to the world that their motives have been most sordid. These facts were clearly brought to the attention of the impartial public by the manner in which Columbia has recently acted toward the United States in the matter of the canal. As the President says, the Columbian government was treated with the greatest consideration, with more consideration

in fact than it deserved, and yet when the treaty was presented to the Columbian legislature it was rejected in a manner that was most contemptuous. When, therefore, Panama revolted, and when it became evident that the revolt was unanimous, there was nothing left for this government to do but acknowledge the independence of the newly organized republic. The canal will now probably be built, and the United States will be in possession of a most important means of commercial communication with the islands in the Pacific.

The Divorce Subject. During the past month a very laudable movement was inaugurated by the Protestant ministers of Rhode Island to put some sort of a stop to the rapidly increasing number of divorces. It has always been one of the greatest glories of the Catholic Church that it has never sanctioned divorce, that it has ever steadfastly held to the sanctity of marriage, and that it has in consequence always upheld the honor of the home. Marriage, according to the Church, is a Sacrament, and indissoluble except by death. The following figures will give some idea of the prevalence of divorce in the United States, and will certainly make every American citizen who respects his home and his country sincerely hope that the movement started in Rhode Island will be successful:

There are 30,000 more divorced women than there are divorced men in the United States, the official figures being 84,000 divorced men and 114,000 divorced women. The disparity is accounted for by the fact that men procuring divorcees or from whom divorcees have been procured, more often remarry than the women under like conditions.

The number of divorced men is largest in Indiana, which has 5,700. There are more than 4,000 each in California, Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, New York and Pennsylvania. Texas has 3,500 and Massachusetts 2,500.

South Carolina, the only state which has no law authorizing or permitting divorcees, has 275 divorced men among its residents, and South Dakota, a state which has become noted by reason of the facility with which divorce is granted, has 563.

New Jersey has, proportionately, a very small number—750, and Kansas, a much smaller state in population, a much larger number—2,165.

In Utah, where plural marriages were the rule among the Mormons until recent years, the number of divorced persons is 355, a little below the average, and Idaho, with about half the population of Utah, and a considerable proportion of Mormons, has 460.

The state in which there is the largest number of divorced women (divorced and not remarried) is Ohio, with 7,700; Illinois has 7,600, and Texas 5,800.

After Texas comes New York, and then Pennsylvania, Indiana, Michigan, Missouri, Massachusetts and California. All these have more than 4,000 each.

In some of the Southern states, Alabama, Georgia, Kentucky, Louisiana, Mississippi, North Carolina and Tennessee among them, the number of divorced women is twice as large as the number of divorced men.

In Alaska there are more divorced women than divorced men; in Hawaii there are more divorced men than divorced women.

Indiana, with a population 300,000 less than Massachusetts, has 12,000 divorced persons, and Massachusetts has 6,000.

New Sayings of Christ. Egypt, the land of mystery and of a history as ancient as history itself, has during the past month revealed another secret hidden for centuries in its venerable soil. A few years ago while making excavations in the sand-covered ruins of Oxyrhyncus, one hundred miles below Cairo, fragments of the poems of the famous but for ages unread poet, Bachelides, were discovered. The frag-

ments were written on faded and torn leaves of papyrus, but the preserved portions were legible, and made up almost complete poems. This "find" gave an impetus to the excavating parties, and within a short time other portions of long lost classical writers were found and deciphered. But it was in 1897 that the most remarkable, as well as the most interesting and important discovery was made. In that year was found a fragment containing eight sayings of Jesus. On account of the fact that every line begins with the words: "Jesus saith" the fragment is known as the Logia. The fragment begins with the number 11, and is as follows: "And then shalt thou see clearly to cast out the mote that is in thy brother's eye. Jesus said: Except ye fast to the world, ye shall in no wise find the kingdom of God, and except ye keep the Sabbath ye shall not see the Father. Jesus said: I stood in the midst of the world, and in the flesh was I one of them, and I found all men drunken, and none found I athirst among them, and my soul grieveth over the souls of men, because they are blind in their heart. Jesus said: A prophet is not acceptable in his own country, neither does a physician work cures upon them that know him. Jesus said: A city built upon the top of a high hill and established can neither be hid nor fall." A short time ago another discovery was made that opens up to the imagination inexpressible possibilities. This is also a first century papyrus and contains more sayings of Christ. The new papyrus is not so well preserved as the one found in 1897. But although it is in a mutilated condition, yet it contains a legible introduction which states that the sayings contained in the fragment were the words which Jesus spoke to Thomas. Like its predecessor, it is made up of a small number of "sayings," some of which are new and others are to be found in the non-canonical writings. According to Drs. Greenfell and Hunt who discovered the fragments, both this new Logia and the one

found in 1897 are fragments of collections that were made during the first century by pious Christians of the various sayings traditionally, but not canonically, attributed to Christ. Both on this account and also on account of their extreme antiquity the fragments are exceedingly interesting and important. While, of course, they cannot be considered in the same light as the canonical Gospel of Christ, yet they are instructive as indicating the sayings that some of the primitive Christians attributed to the Lord. For centuries our knowledge of the Christians of the first and early part of the second centuries has been somewhat incomplete. Any light, therefore, that may be thrown upon that important period in the history of the Church is certainly most welcome. And especially is it welcome at this particular time. Faith and devotion among the great masses of the people are not so strong and real as they were in the ages when the profession of Christianity meant really a separating of one self from the world. A knowledge, then, of the sincerity and of the reality of the beliefs of the early Christians will tend more and more to bring back in the minds of the men of today somewhat of the same mental state, and the consequence must inevitably be a higher and a nobler, a more spiritual as well as a more philanthropic course of living on the part of the successors in belief of the primitive martyrs and saints.

On Some Facts

BY THE EDITOR

IT is with a great deal of diffidence that every Catholic must approach the subject I am now about to consider. All the world of nature is, indeed, filled with mysteries. They meet us on every side; and not only are they external to us, but they penetrate within our very selves. The force that sets in motion the mechanism of our physical organism; the manner in which that force enables us to perceive beings external

to us: the strange power that enables us to meditate upon our own thoughts; all this intangible, unperceivable, but thoroughly real force within us is a mysterious fact. It is mysterious not in itself, but simply because, so far, it is utterly incomprehensible, utterly unanalyzable and inexplicable for us. And yet this fact, mysterious as it is, is as clear as limpid water in comparison with the fact about which I shall write, for this fact is none other than that mystery of all mysteries, the real presence of Jesus in the Sacrament of the Eucharist.

From the days when the primitive Fathers of the Church hinted this mystery under the carefully veiled language of the discipline of the secret down to the present day there have been innumerable essays, pamphlets, and books written to prove the Real Presence. The Old Testament has been analyzed from cover to cover for the purpose of furnishing texts that might contain an intimation of the mystery; the New Testament has been searched over and over again in order that all that it contains might be brought forth and arranged in a cogent manner; histories of the Church have been compiled in order to plainly manifest the unanimity and the continuity of the teaching of the doctrine; and, finally, the lives of Christians have been depicted for the purpose of showing the reality of the doctrine by its practical consequences. From all this it is plain that little if anything at all new can be written about this marvelous fact. We might, of course, write in the imaginative manner of a Faber, or we might do what all our preachers do, on, for instance, Holy Thursday night, namely, write down a synopsis of Wiseman's treatise, and thus seem to be presenting the ancient doctrine in a new dress; but even this has been done so often that it is beginning to pall.

I shall not, therefore, attempt to prove the doctrine of the Real Presence from the Scriptures. It can certainly be proved from the New Testament; but for one who has made a spe-

cial study of the Scriptures there are so many cognate subjects connected with the explicit texts relative to the doctrine that must be explained, that in a short article like this it seems better to take the Scriptural proof for granted. The Higher Criticism has already advanced far in its analysis of the New Testament; there are now exceedingly difficult problems of which those who are familiar only with Wiseman's book never dream, but which must be examined and solved before a rational proof can be offered. That they may be solved there is of course no doubt; but this is not the place to attempt the solution. As the title of this article shows I shall, then, simply consider the Eucharist as the fundamental fact of Catholicism. From that fundamental fact I shall deduce others that mark off Catholicism from all other forms of Christianity. I am therefore considering Catholicism just as it is to-day. Although this is only a relative position of view, relative to us, for Catholicism is so connected with the past that in reality its whole history seems to be the history of it as it actually is at present; yet even from this relative position of view certain facts may be legitimately deduced.

The first fact to be deduced is the resultant unity of Catholicism. All over the whole earth are scattered members of the Church. From the Atlantic to the Pacific oceans great Catholic cathedrals raise their spires to the sky; from England to India, and in the forests of Africa is a vast multitude of Catholics daily reciting the same prayers and assisting at similar liturgical services. They differ in race, in language, in habits of thought, in manners, but all are united by a common belief, and by an essentially common expression of that religious belief. In Africa as in India, in England and in California there is, in the rude wooden church as in the magnificent cathedral, concealed within the tabernacle on the altar the Host that envelops the same Jesus Christ. It is this fact that unites all those millions

of men, women, and children scattered all over the earth. It is the absence of this sacramental presence of Jesus from the churches of all Christian sects that explains their disunited condition. The churches of the sects are nothing more than individual meeting-houses. Prayers ascend, indeed, from them; but there is wanting the uniting prayer to the Present Christ. There is just now an attempt being made by members of several sects to bring about a united Christendom; but all such attempts must necessarily be futile. Christendom can never again be united until all Christians bow down again before the living Christ in the Eucharist. In Catholicism we have the fact demonstrated. To say, therefore, that a united Christendom must depend upon a united belief in the Eucharist is simply to enunciate a legitimate conclusion from a demonstrated fact.

From this unity of Catholicism depending upon the universal belief in the Real Presence may be inferred also the moral power of Catholicism. That the Catholic Church is a great moral power in the world is admitted by all. No matter how much a man may be opposed to the doctrines or the policy of the Church, he must admit that the power of the Church to-day is enormous. The Church is a compact organism; it is capable, therefore, of acting as a unit, and when its energy is directed toward an object there is no scattering of forces, no useless expenditure. The object must some time or other be attained. In the social world the effect of this tremendous power is visible everywhere. The divorce evil, for instance, would have assumed a far more terrible aspect than it does at present if the moral power of Catholicism was not being exerted to crush it. The Catholic Church stands solidly for the sanctity and the indissolubility of the marriage contract, and as the marriage contract is at the basis of all society, so does the Catholic Church stand for all that is best and holiest in society. Because it stands for what is best for the social life of men, it also

exerts its tremendous power to stem the current that is carrying many into the bottomless ocean of socialism. The power of the Church is exerted in the guidance of men toward the great end for which they have been made, and since socialism makes the end of man consist in earthly happiness, so necessarily must the moral power of the Church be exerted against such a system. It is plain that no other religious system in the world has the united organization to possess such an influence. It is also on account of this great influence that the Church is so relentlessly attacked by socialists and by so many sects. They know that there is an organized force capable of doing much, and it is against this organized force that they direct their attacks. But all these attacks are like the beating of the spray upon a rock. The spray is scattered about and vanishes, and so ultimately will all be scattered, and so will all vanish who unrighteously hurl themselves against the massive organism of the Church.

From the moral power possessed by the Church it is not difficult to account for the effect produced on the lives of the members of the Church. It is a fact well known to a large number of employers that the Catholic young men and women are more honest, more reliable, and more industrious than are the young men and women of any other religious denomination. The reason is because they are under the influence of a religious force that is a perceptible fact. The Catholic Church is something very real and very tangible. Its doctrines are enunciated as vital truths. Neglect of those truths means risking eternal salvation; and so deeply is this aspect of the Catholic religion impressed upon the minds of the members of the Church that the impression can never be completely erased. The consequence is that, though a Catholic may suffer many and severe moral falls, yet there is always in him the consciousness that some time or other he must arise and repent, and therefore there is a restraining ele-

ment that tends to keep the greater number in check.

These then are some of the consequences of the great fundamental fact of Catholicism. They all flow from the doctrine of the Real Presence, and, since they are such real, living facts, the doctrine from which they depend must have vitality in it also. That it has, the unbroken testimony of the

Catholic world gives witness. Jesus is really and truly present in the Eucharist. He is there just as He was when He walked upon the earth centuries ago. We cannot see Him now; but we have the consciousness that He sees us, that He cares for us, that He regards us with the same loving kindness with which He regarded His chosen friends in the days long gone by.

CHRISTMAS WISHES

BY WM. J. FISCHER

Mother!

I wish for thee,

Those early, fresh, white peaceful
hours,

That come down the black aisles of
night,

Like silent nuns, with cheerful,
bright

Thoughts, fresh, for flowers!

I wish thee, dear,

A happy mind—that no grief, gray.

May haunt the quiet valleys fair,

Where God glad shepherds, in his
care,

Thee, day by day!

I wish thee, dear,

A warm, warm heart—that joy full
sweet

May find a place to summer in,

Far from the bustle and the din

Of lowly street!

I wish thee, more!

May rhapsodies of deepest bliss

Fill all thy day! May present years

Give thee a glimpse of other spheres

To sunlight this!

THE CHURCH and TEMPERANCE

BY JUDGE WALTER J. GIBBONS



ONE of the greatest evils that confronts the world to-day, and one that is so prolific in its evil results, is intemperance.

It flaunts all over our land, and no people or home is free from its blight. It enters the homes of the rich and the hovels of the poor with the same impunity. It strikes down the ablest of our statesmen, the most eloquent of our lawyers, the most brilliant of our physicians, the most skilled of our mechanics, the brightest of minds in the different vocations and professions, and last but not least among the unskilled labor of our land.

Men starting out with the brightest of prospects, possibly just from school or college, with brilliant futures to achieve, become addicted to the use of intoxicating liquors, first by using it moderately, but afterwards and particularly on social occasions, they use it immoderately, so that in a short time it becomes a habit, or in fact a disease which it is very hard to stop or to cure, unless a man has more than ordinary will power. This we know is the exception and not the rule.

The most prolific causes of intemperance as we see it to-day, is the stamp of approval that society sets upon the use of intoxicating drinks and their use at the tables, both in the homes of the wealthy and educated, who should set a better example, and at public banquets.

How many young people visiting the homes of their friends are offered the glass of wine or the glass of beer, as a special mark of hospitality? I have known young men take their first drink while making a social visit to their friends. They thought it was all right, never dreaming of the danger that lurks in the glass. But being offered

by their friends, they had a right to think it was proper, and besides they might not want to offend them, or possibly did not have the courage to refuse it, even if they knew what evil effects might come.

The banquet, where hundreds of men are sometimes present, does not seem complete, according to society as it is to-day, unless there are different kinds of wine on the table, to be partaken of with the meal.

Various reasons are assigned for the presence of wine. One is, that being a banquet, and the cost of the tickets being considerable, some drinks must be provided, and usually something out of the ordinary, such as the different brands of wine and champagne.

Another reason assigned for the presence of wine on the banquet table, and which I consider a very dangerous one, is that in partaking of it, the tendency is to make the banquetters mellow.

We can readily see what effects of frequent banquets will have upon men, and the immediate danger that confronts them.

It would be a great move for society and the committees that have banquets in charge if they would not offer wines or liquors as a mark of hospitality to their friends, and to banish it forever from the banquet table, thereby saying to the world that hospitality can be offered without giving to their friends wines or liquors.

And banquets can be given without the use of wines or liquors, and enabling those in attendance to enjoy the good things that are said with a clear mind, and an immeasurably better physical condition.

The next great cause of intemperance is the treating habit, a great Amer-

ican institution. It is most insidious and baneful in its effects. It not only entices the man to drink a great deal more than he ever intended, but it also empties his pockets, and he spends the money that he absolutely needs for necessities.

How often have we heard of men going to a saloon to take just one drink, and arriving there they meet four or five, or possibly six, of their friends, because the American saloon is the meeting house where men are wont to meet their acquaintances. He is glad to meet them and he invites them to join him in a social drink. They acquiesce, and his different friends in turn order a round of drinks, so instead of the one drink he intended to have, and which might have satisfied him, he has five or six, and then he becomes exhilarated.

Am I drawing the picture too strong? Ask anyone of those who are slaves to this habit and he will tell you no. We American people are altogether too extravagant, and this treating habit which is one species, and the most dangerous, should be curtailed.

How are we to do it? It is the cause of most of the intemperance of to-day. It is a habit that under the guise of friendship and good fellowship lures men on. It has become a habit in our everyday life. Obliterate it and the miseries that are caused by intemperance will be almost abated.

How are we to abate this habit? It must come about by education and a good public sentiment. Education is working wonders for our people, and we are fast coming to the front as a nation of intelligent and well educated people. The "I will" spirit of the American people has caused them to forge ahead in the different branches of industry and commerce, in fact she has been able to offer a solution to nearly every problem. May we not hope that they will take up this habit of treating and place upon it the stamp of disapproval.

Our leaders of thought, which included the newspapers, should take up the matter and keep pounding at this

habit, until it would be considered bad form to treat. When that day comes we shall be a great deal safer because a source of evil has been removed.

It is absolutely necessary for a man to be a sober and industrious man if he wants to succeed.

In nearly all the railroads of the country rules have been promulgated which prohibit employes in the operating departments to drink either on or off duty, and that rule is pretty generally followed in the other departments. The railroads which are charged with the greatest care in the carrying of the passenger, discovered that in a number of instances accidents were caused by men operating trains being under the influence of liquor. They determined to adopt stringent rules. It was not a matter of sentiment. They could see a great loss in business by reason of accidents and large sums of money were mulcted from them in damages. They knew that if the brains of those who were operating trains were free from the effects of liquor that there would be less accidents, and also that the men would be in a better physical condition.

Large employers of men throughout the country are adopting this rule, and when the applicant for employment fills out his application, one of the questions is, "Are you addicted to the use of intoxicating drinks." If the applicant answers in the affirmative he is not apt to be employed, but if he succeeds he is not trusted with that implicit confidence that he would otherwise be if he was a total abstainer.

If perchance, the applicant requires a bond, he applies to a surety company for same, which examines the fitness of the applicant for the position he is seeking, and also his habits, principally in regard to drink and its concomitants. If the applicant is a drinking man, he finds it hard first to obtain a position, and second to obtain a bond.

Such being the conditions as they exist to-day, what are we doing or what are we going to do to bring about a better condition? While it is true that our economic conditions are fostering total abstinence on account of the scar-

city of work for drinking men in good positions, it is necessary that the benefits of total abstinence should be preached throughout the length and breadth of this land as the panacea for a great many of the ills and faults that human nature is heir to.

Temperance is good, but total abstinence is better, said the late Cardinal Manning. We know of the wonderful work of Father Mathew and the great good that he accomplished in Ireland, England, Scotland and America. We know it is a matter of history that he gave the pledge to six or seven millions of people and planted the seeds of sobriety, which have yielded a most bountiful harvest.

The work that Father Mathew inaugurated more than fifty years ago is just as necessary to-day, and is carried on earnestly and vigorously by the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America, with its twelve hundred societies and approximately one hundred thousand members. But this membership does not include all the membership, or nearly all the membership, of total abstinence societies which for some inconceivable reason have not affiliated themselves with our National Union.

For instance, there is the League of the Cross of San Francisco, an organization of young men with a membership of ten thousand.

In nearly every state in the Union there still remain a number of societies that have not yet affiliated with us. Then there are hundreds of thousands who have taken the pledge but who do not join the societies.

This magnificent organization, spread over our broad land, is carrying on this great work of regeneration and elevating the moral standard of the people. Among the means upon which the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America relies to spread its principles and increase its membership, are the power of example, the influence of good example, and kind persuasion by our members upon our fellow Catholics and frequent approach to the sacraments.

Our aim is that each member's life and conduct shall be a convincing lecture and inducement to all whom it may concern. Kindness, conciliation and impressive object lessons are our chief resources.

The Catholic Total Abstinence Union of Illinois, which is one of the subordinate Unions, is carrying on an aggressive and what looks like a successful work. The Union numbers more than sixty societies, with a large membership, and those societies are scattered over the state. They embrace boys, girls, ladies and men societies.

The great aim of the National Union to-day is to organize the boys and girls in juvenile total abstinence societies. We are receiving great assistance from the bishops and the priests of the country, who give the pledge to the children at Confirmation or at first Communion. The boys and girls of to-day are the men and women of to-morrow. Armed with the total abstinence pledge, they grow to be total abstinence men and women, who will wield a powerful influence.

I have found where the juvenile societies are organized that the total abstinence movement is in a healthier condition. Take the great Archdiocesan Union of Philadelphia, with its 170 societies and 17,000 members; the Scranton Union, with approximately 10,000 members, who are principally coal miners or their sons, and we know that the great anthracite strike would never have been won by the men if they did not practice total abstinence. The Connecticut Union, with its ninety societies and 6,000 members; the Boston Union, with its 5,000 members, and the Springfield, Mass., Union, with the same membership. Then the new Dubuque Union, organized less than two years ago, with its Happy Home Leagues throughout the state are to-day one of the most flourishing unions in the country.

Another great work carried on by the National Union is the organization of the students in the seminaries into total abstinence societies and the orga-

nization of the priests into an organization last year at Pittsburg, following the adjournment of our National Convention. This particular work is carried on with vigor and the venerable Father Subenfor Chu Lios met with great success.

In the special lines of total abstinence work we have the Knights of Father Mathew of St. Louis, which was organized twenty years ago and has a large and influential membership in Missouri and Illinois.

We must therefore organize our boys and girls in juvenile total abstinence societies all over the country.

And what about the work of the ladies in our total abstinence movement. We have found them a most valuable ally. In any parish where there is a ladies society, acting separately or as an auxiliary to the men's society, the movement is in a healthy and prosperous condition. We are seeking the assistance of the clergy, asking them to call a meeting of their parishioners to form a total abstinence society. Our organizations being in their nature religious, it being obligatory upon our members to approach the sacraments at specified times and a spiritual director to be appointed by the pastor, being one of the officers of our societies, we have a right to expect a most generous response to our appeal. As laymen we have duties to perform, and every man, woman and child can do something. We are expected to live good lives and as an attribute we should illumine our lives

with good deeds. There is none of us but should try and do something to relieve the burdens and try and correct the mistakes of others. A life is mispent unless we can point to something where we were instrumental in helping others in some way. The laymen working earnestly and zealously with the priests can perfect this magnificent organization and augment its membership to such an extent that its influence in the community will greatly strengthen the total abstinence sentiment. The priests are the real leaders, because the people look upon them as leaders in all things, moral and religious. Organize all who believe in total abstinence into one great organization, because in organization there is strength. Agitate more generally the necessity of teaching the children in the schools the effects of alcohol on the human system. Let the temperance and total abstinence societies throughout the country give an "open meeting" at least once a month and make it as public as possible, have some good speaker deliver a lecture on total abstinence, encourage other societies like the Knights of Columbus to place restrictions which will drive out liquors from their entertainments and banquets, encourage the boys and girls and men and women to join the total abstinence societies, and with this large army working for sobriety and happy homes the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America will be able to extend its sphere of usefulness in the making of a more sober people and a better citizenship.



CHURCHES OF ROUEN

BY MARY R. GRAY

BARELY a hundred miles from the sea on the banks of the winding Seine, in the lovely country of Normandy, stands its old capital, Rouen, once one of the most picturesque cities in Europe. Much of its quaintness is gone, for many of the old houses have been torn down and replaced by new ones, many of its rambling streets have been widened, and the ancient moat which formerly surrounded the city has been filled in and made into a boulevard; yet, it is a place replete with interest for traveller, student, and artist. In the Middle Ages it was a great ecclesiastical center with some of the finest churches in the world within its walls: to-day beside what is left of its ancient splendor stand smoking chimneys, and everywhere is the rattle and bustle of business, for modern Rouen is a great manufacturing city, "the Manchester of France." However, in her monuments of stone we still may read much of the artistic and religious life of that old time which is gone; despoilers, Revolutionists, restorers, and Time not having effected the utter ruin of all her art treasures. Naturally the greatest interest centers about her churches.

In a general way the history of one is the history of all. They were erected in humble wise by pious hands: they were pillaged, burnt, and rebuilt, re-burnt and rebuilt, again re-burnt and rebuilt, then remodeled and rebuilt, and so on time after time, their destroyers, as in the case of the Normans, becoming their reconstructors. The old stones the builders used over and over again, adding to them and gradually changing the style of architecture, giving to the old material new life, modelling it into newer forms and grander uses until they accomplished the great

Gothic edifices, the glory of the Middle Ages, our precious heritage.

We reached Rouen late in the afternoon of a pleasant day in midsummer, and, choosing a hotel near the station, had little or no opportunity to see much of the city except the "Tower of Joan of Arc" on our way thither: but dinner over, we sallied forth on a tour of investigation. Strolling toward the center of the town at the end of one of the tiny narrow streets, we caught a glimpse of the cathedral. Shut in, as it was, from our point of vantage we could see only a part of the magnificent west front, masses of stone lace-work and towers. As we approached the great edifice which fills one whole side of an open square and looked up, its enormous spire literally reached the blue of the heavens. A flood of evening light played on its slender turrets, tall towers, lace-like carvings, beautiful stained glass windows and statues—all were of exquisite beauty. The old cathedral, the sanctuary which pious hands fashioned with a devotion we moderns find hard to understand, filled us with awe and wonder, and, after gazing at it for a time, we strolled back to the hotel, picturing to ourselves the wonderful days in which art and religion were so closely united, and questioned with the poet:

"Who shall withdraw the curtains of the past

Beneath whose shade eternal secrets lie?

Ask of the midnight storm and wandering blast,

Their only answer is a long-drawn sigh."

The next morning we started out again. This time the cathedral was ablaze with brilliant sunlight and about it was the hum and bustle of business.

One or two market women were depositing their market baskets just outside the door preparatory to going in to say their prayers, one or two more, their devotions over, were coming out to resume their work. The great building is in the form of a cross and has a chevet. There are seven towers, two on the facade, two at the end of each transept, and one in the center. It is commonly said in France that "the portal of Rheims, joined to the nave of Amiens, the choir of Beauvais and the tower of Chartres would make a perfect church." The cathedral of Rouen does not equal any one of these mentioned in its peculiar excellence, but taking them as a whole is quite as fine, if not finer than any one of them. There is a confusion of styles about it, but that is not to be wondered at when we consider that the building of the different parts occupied quite five hundred years, and, that being the production of periods far remote from each other, they express diverse convictions in art. The front, with its airy magnificence, is most impressive. On the central tower is an enormous spire four hundred and sixty-four feet in height which was put up in place of a wooden one which was burned in 1822. It does not harmonize with the rest of the building and is its one great blemish.

Flanking the main facade are the "Tour de Buerre," with its open stages, projecting upper divisions and octagon on the summit, and the old "Tour de St. Romaine," which is also of exquisite workmanship, but more severe in style. The story goes that the "Tour de Buerre" was built with the donations of the faithful, who had permission to eat butter during Lent. The main portal has a sculpture representing a "Jesse," or genealogy of Christ. Jesse sleeps at the foot of the composition, and from his side issues the stem of a tree whose branches sustain statues of his descendants. At the top is the Blessed Virgin with the Christ child in her arms. The arch-volt inclosing this carving has three lines of statues standing under cano-

pies of pierced work. These represent the chief personages in the Christian faith and are intended "to suggest to the worshipper on his entrance into church the sufferings and sacrifices which have been made for him ere the church was prepared and made stable."

We entered by the west door. The view of the interior was most impressive. We could see without interruption four hundred and eight feet to the altar of the Lady Chapel behind the main altar; on either side was a vista of lofty pillars and pointed arches, on which the light, streaming in through one hundred and thirty-five great windows, played in iridescent colorings. One remarkable thing about the interior construction is the absence of a triforium gallery. The arches which spring from the pillars of the aisles are surmounted by a second row, occupying the space ordinarily held by the triforium gallery, and above these are two more rows, then a clerestory, making a sweep of five lines of horizontal arches. On the sides of the church and around the choir are twenty-five chapels, containing interesting monuments. We stood and gazed at the vast edifice, untroubled by sacristan or guide anxious for a fee. In the organ-loft the organist was practising, and before starting on a tour of inspection we sat down to listen to his playing. Volumes of enchanting, solemn music filled the great empty church. Musing, we thought of the beautiful sonnet:

"The city's burning heart beats far
outside
This dim cathedral, where the mystic air
Vibrates with the voices of impassioned prayer
From generations that have lived and died.

Calm saints, despairing sinners, here
have cried
To heaven for mercy; myriad lives
laid bare

Their secret places, yielding to
Christ's care
The burden, where his sacraments
abide.

Soft from the jewelled windows falls
the light,
Touching the incense-laden atmo-
sphere
To glory, while a deep antiphony
Rolls from the organ to the arches'
height.

To soul and sense a presence liveth
here,
Instinct with power of immortality."

Like most cathedrals, the origin of this one is shrouded in mystery. Saint Mellon founded the first Christian church in Rouen on the spot where the "Tour de Saint Romaine" stands, so authorities say. The one early indisputable date about which much history centers is the year 912, the time of the baptism of Duke Rolf in the cathedral, a fact which proves the existence of a cathedral. Authorities by dint of much research and casting of probabilities agree that the cathedral was St. Mellon's church, but even from this day on the record is not an unbroken one. After Duke Rollo's conversion to Christianity he gave large sums for enlarging the church and his children and grandchildren continued the work until finally, in 1063, it was finished and dedicated to Notre Dame by the Archbishop Maurilius. In 1200 the edifice burned to the ground with the exception of some of the lower parts. The rebuilding progressed slowly. John Lackland, King of England and Duke of Normandy, assigned funds for the work—the one meritorious act of his life—but his donations were insufficient. Two centuries passed, then Pope Leo X. granted indulgences, the Chapter of Rouen contributed much of its plate, and the King of France aided by gifts to raise the money required for its completion, and the Cardinals d'Amboise took the matter in hand. The elder built the central doorway of the

west front and the southwest tower, and to crown his work made an enormous bell, named Georges d'Amboise after himself, which he hung in the "Tour de Buerre." So wonderful and of such importance was it deemed that a religious ceremonial accompanied its moulding. The great thing, ten feet in height and thirty feet in diameter, weighed sixteen thousand pounds and required thirty strong men to pull it, and then when they put forth their best efforts, it gave a scarcely audible sound. On the occasion of the visit of Louis XVI. in 1786, so vigorous were the ringers in trying to give him a resounding welcome that they cracked it. A few years after this, during the Revolution, it was melted up and cast into cannon and medals bearing this inscription: "Monument de Vanité. Detruit pour l'Utilité. L'An II. de l'Egalité." It is said that the casting of "Georges d'Amboise" so affected the moulder, Jean le Masson, that he died of joy immediately thereafter. His tomb, a simple slab in the floor placed in the lower end of the nave, we took pains to find. Carved on it is the figure of a bell and this verse:

"Cy dessous Gist Jean le Machon
De Chartres Homme de Fachon
Lequel fondit Georges d'Amboise
Qui Trente six milles Livres poise
Mil cinque un jour d'Aout dixième
Puis mourut le vingt et unième."

In the Chapel "Petit de St. Romaine," near the door is the tomb of the great Duke Rolf. An inscription on the black marble tablet above the arcade reads: "Here lies Rolf, the first duke and founder of Normandy, of which he was at first the terror and scourge, but afterwards the restorer. Baptized in 912 by Francon, Archbishop of Rouen, and died in 917. His remains were at first deposited in the ancient sanctuary, at present the upper end of the nave. The altar having been removed, the remains of the prince were placed here by the blessed Maurille, Archbishop of Rouen, in the year 1063."

Exactly opposite on the other side

of the nave in the "Chapel of St. Anne" are the remains of his son, William Longsword, who was assassinated by Arnulf, Count of Flanders. Both are tombs of fourteenth century work.

Passing on we came to the tomb of Richard Coeur-de-Lion against the railing of the choir. The enormous effigy now resting on it was lost for years, although the church authorities had in their possession inscriptions telling where it was, but it was not until 1858 that they made any effort to find it. Then by simply looking on the floor of the choir they discovered the effigy where it was hidden to escape the fury of the Huguenots, who pillaged the church in 1562, near by they also found his heart in a leaden box. The statue is an immense recumbent figure more than six and a half feet in length, roughly hewn out of a single block of limestone. The feet rest on a lion couchant, a square cushion supports the crowned head, one hand is entirely gone, the other in part. The monarch, who cuts such a romantic figure in history, wears a close-fitting tunic bound round the waist by an embroidered belt, and has over this a long mantle. Richard gave only his heart to the people of Rouen. This was kept in a beautiful silver urn in the church until 1250; then, money being required to ransom Saint Louis, this urn was melted and the heart put in a leaden box. The body, presented to Fontevrault, later was removed from there to the cathedral.

On the left, before going into the Lady Chapel, in the thickness of the wall is a tomb having on it a recumbent figure, said to be the monument of Archbishop Maurice, who died in 1235. A legend says that in a fit of passion the bishop killed his servant with a soup ladle. Repenting of his sin when he came to die, he bade his servants "not to bury him in the church, neither to put him outside," and to solve the difficulty occasioned by these contradictory orders they placed his tomb in the wall.

The real treasures of the cathedral,

monuments of exquisite design and workmanship, are in the Lady Chapel behind the high altar. The first on the left is to the memory of Peter de Brézé, Count de Maulévrier, Grand Seneschal of Anjou, Poitou and Normandy, and next to it one to Louis de Brézé, also Grand Seneschal of Normandy, grandson of Peter and husband of the famous Diana of Poitiers, who had it erected in 1531. The lower part is a sarcophagus, having on it a nude white marble figure of Louis, which well expresses in limb and face the rigidity of death. At his head kneels Diana in widow's dress, and at his feet stands the Blessed Virgin with the Christ Child in her arms. Black marble columns with alabaster capitals and bases support this sarcophagus, and above under an arch stands an equestrian statue of the Seneschal in full panoply of war. The most interesting of the inscriptions reads as follows:

"Hoc, Lodoice, tibi posuit Brezoe sepulchrum,

Pictonis amisso moesta Diana viro,
Indivulsa tibi quondam et fidissima
conjux

Ut fruit in thalamo, sic erit in
tumulo."

Yet despite her vows, the "fidissima conjux" was buried twenty leagues away at Anet, where after Louis' death she built a beautiful home.

Next to these tombs is one of the finest places of monumental carving in existence, the magnificent memorial to the Cardinals d'Amboise, uncle and nephew, which was erected by the latter in 1525, while he was still Archbishop. The sarcophagus is of black marble and on it kneel the two Cardinals in robes of state. Above them stretches a baldachino of superb carving, behind them is a bas-relief of St. George and the Dragon; at the sides stand groups of saints, and above are the Apostles.

Most Gothic monumental art preaches a lesson either of hope, repentance or resignation, but the lesson, if any, which this inculcates, is hard to read.

The most to be seen is the contrast between splendour and death. Splendid these Cardinals were in life, particularly the elder one, and splendid, indeed, is the memorial which they erected to mark their final resting-place.

The altar-piece, "The Adoration of the Shepherds," by Philippe de Champagne, is the only fine painting in the church. The choir has eighty-five curiously carved stalls of fifteenth century work. From the north transept a beautiful staircase with balustrades of delicate filagree work, having all the lightness and boldness which characterize French Gothic, leads to the old library, now an unused room.

Few churches contain monuments of more diverse character than those found here. From the grave mark of Rolf and the lozenges of stone set in the pavement to designate the burial-places of the illustrious whose tombs were destroyed by the fury of the Calvinists to those of simple citizens, like the bell-moulder, we find an ample number of memorials. Much of history, too, clings to the place, for the old cathedral is closely linked with the lives of many of the greatest Frenchmen. To picture to one's self some of the beautiful pageants of old, to decorate the old church in its gala attire of tapestries and gold furniture, to see the altar ablaze with light and the clergy in robes of state marching in solemn procession, does not require a very vivid imagination. And, too, at times the darker scenes, which have stained the house of God, for example, the murder of the Archbishop, Pretextat, in his pulpit, to satisfy the revenge of Fredegonde, and the desecrations wrought by Revolutionists, come to mind. Before leaving for a moment we stood at the doorway to take a final survey. The great cathedral

"Seemed all on fire within—around;
Deep sacristy, and altar's pale;
Shone every pillar foliage bound."

When we came out, following guide-book directions, we went through the Place de la Calende into the Place de la Haute Vieille Tour, where we found

the monument of St. Romaine, a small Renaissance structure with a double flight of stairs leading up to an open portico. Here the far-famed ceremony called "La Levée de la Fierté de St. Romaine" took place—a custom which originated in the time of St. Romaine, whose life and work were so intimately associated with the early history of Rouen. Consecrated Archbishop in the year 630, he left the Court of Clotaire II., where he was brought up, to put down idolatry in Rouen. Success crowning his efforts, he was given power to work miracles, and among others accomplished the destruction of Gargouille, a monstrous dragon which infested the marshes just outside the city and terrorized the entire community. This beast ate men, women, and children. When he flapped his great wings he leveled crops to the earth; his pestilential breath dealt death on all sides. The Archbishop, distressed to see his people so harassed, decided to make an attempt to destroy him. From the pulpit he begged for volunteers, but, there being none, he induced a criminal condemned to death to go by promising him his life if the dragon spared it. The pair sallied forth, the saint taking his pastoral staff, the criminal his serviceable sword and shield. When the monster saw the saint and sinner approaching he rushed at them, making fearful outcries and spitting fire from his mouth and nostrils. The prisoner raised his sword, but the Archbishop made a sign of the cross and uttered some words in Latin which completely cowed the dragon. Thereupon the Archbishop took off his stole and placed it around the beast's neck: then passing him over to his companion bade him lead Gargouille into the city, the which he did, and later, in the Cathedral Square, amid the rejoicings of the assembled people, they burned the monster at the stake and threw his ashes into the Seine. The name and the fame of this deed spread all over France. King Dagobert, hearing it, sent for the Archbishop, that he might hear from his

own lips the story, and bestowed upon him what is known as the "privilege," that is, he granted the Cathedral Chapter the power of pardoning one criminal sentenced to death each year on Ascension Day. The ceremonial, simple at first, grew in pomp. After the Archbishop's death, his relics, kept in a casket called "*La Fierté*," were carried in a solemn procession which went from the cathedral to the old monument and back. This custom was not done away with until the time of the Revolution. Butler, in his "*Lives of the Saints*," says this story has no traces in the life of the saint before the fourteenth century, and adds: "The figure of a serpent called *Gargouille* seems here, as in some other towns, originally to have meant the devil overcome by Christ. The deliverance of the condemned criminal was probably intended for a symbol of the redemption of mankind through Christ."

The old cathedral, with its wealth of history, legend, and art treasures, is first in interest among the churches of Rouen; there are others, however, quite as closely linked with the past, each one of which has some especial claim to our attention.

Near to the cathedral stands St. Maclou, sometimes called "the eldest daughter of *Monsieur l'Archeveque*," a beautiful small church in the most elegant fifteenth century style. There we next went. Almost smothered by the old buildings which press closely upon it, it does not show to advantage. Its most beautiful feature is a wonderful porch with carved doors, sumptuous specimens of Renaissance art, the work of Jean Goujon. The middle one has a tympanum representing the Last Judgment. In describing it, Ruskin says:

"The subject of the tympanum bas-relief is the Last Judgment, and the sculpture of the Inferno is carried out with a degree of power whose fearful grotesqueness I can only describe as a mingling of the minds of Orcagna and Hogarth. The demons are perhaps even more awful than Orcagna's, and

in some of the expressions of debased humanity in its utmost despair, the English painter is at least equalled. Not less wild is the imagination which gives fury and fear to the placing of the figures."

After feasting one's eyes on the long sweeping lines of the interior of the Cathedral, the shortness of the nave makes St. Maclou appear very small and cramped; and, too, much ornamentation, particularly a gilt plaster *bal-dacchino*, gives it a tawdry effect. The stained glass is all old and much mutilated. A winding staircase of exquisite carved stone-work leads to the organ gallery, but placed at the front of the church in rather a dark place it shows to advantage only when the great doors are open. Formerly this was one of the most important of the churches of Rouen, for here the sacred oil-vessels were kept and distributed throughout the diocese, and in general on the occasions of religious celebrations the cross of St. Maclou led the way, taking precedence of all others. Coming out, we went down the Rue Martainville to the old cemetery—the finest of the cloistered churchyards of which Rouen once had eighty,—now a schoolyard covered with gravel and shaded by lime trees. The old sixteenth century half-timbered cloister buildings, two stories in height, with quaint dormer windows, red tiled roof, and external staircases, which enclose it, are used for a school. From an old man who followed us to gratify his curiosity as to what we were going to do with our kodak we learned that only the poor children come to this school, kept by the Sisters, and that it was vacation time. In the dark passageway leading into the yard we failed, on account of the light, to get a picture of a curious old carving showing Death carrying off Adam, but with the carvings on the galleries we were more fortunate. Undisturbed by gendarmes or small boys, we took snapshots to our hearts delight. Symbols of death,—skulls, mattocks, shovels, picks, cross bones,—these figures repeated over and over again, form the

frieze of the galleries, each pillar has a figure of Death carrying off his victim. Death on the walls, the dead underneath our feet, a Sister in solemn black moving about in one of the upper rooms, an old man tottering on the verge of the grave, we felt that it needed brilliant sunshine and the noise of laughing, romping children to enliven the gloomy surroundings of the "Aître de St. Maclou."

From here we went to St. Ouen. Larger, more perfect and more harmonious as a piece of architectural work, is the grand old church standing in a large open space of ground. Once it had a Benedictine monastery connected with it, the oldest in Normandy, but this was suppressed in 1806. The history of St. Ouen is similar to that of other churches in Rouen. The first stone of the present edifice was laid by Abbé Jean Roussel Marc d'Argent, the twenty-fourth abbot of the monastery, in 1318. Most of the building was done within twenty-one years, the rest, with the exception of the western towers and porches, which were added in 1846, were finished before the beginning of the sixteenth century. The fact that the church was built mostly within the period of a single generation and that it has one unaltered design gives it a unity of composition and execution unusual at this time. St. Ouen is one of the most perfect Gothic churches in Europe. Its most beautiful exterior feature is a lofty tower with an octagonal open-work lantern capped with a crown bearing a design of fleur-de-lis, and supported by flying buttermesses. Concerning this tower authorities differ. Ordinarily what Ruskin says is accepted without a murmur of dissent, however, in this case the consensus of opinion is against his ultimatum, which he words as follows:

"I do not know anything more strange or unwise than the praise lavished upon the lantern; it is one of the basest pieces of Gothic in Europe—its entire plan and decoration resembling and deserving little more credit than the burnt sugar ornaments of elaborate confectionery."

The sculptures of the great western front are interesting. On the central gable is the statue of St. Ouen and in the gallery the Abbot St. Wandrille; then come the Archbishops Flavius, Ansbert, Maurille and Geoffrey, and the Abbott St. Germer, alternating with the Dukes of Normandy, Richard I., Richard II., William the Conqueror, Henry II., and Richard Coeur-de-Lion. Above the door is the Holy Trinity, on the central pillar our Blessed Lord, and the Twelve Apostles, and on the side portals the patron saints of the diocese and the monastery, friends and contemporaries of St. Ouen, and the founders and benefactors of the monastery. However, more beautiful than these is the elaborately carved "Portail des Marmousets" on the south side, so named from the figures of animals in the heading. The bas-relief above the door is divided into three parts—the Burial, the Assumption, and the Entrance of the Blessed Virgin into Heaven.

On the south side of the choir is an old round tower, probably part of the original edifice finished by Abbott William Balot and dedicated by Archbishop Geoffrey in 1136. It is two stories in height, divided by billeted mouldings, and the history of the Abbey calls it "La Chambre des Clercs." In the beautiful old garden surrounding the church Joan of Arc made public recantation for her errors before the citizens of Rouen. One could multiply the stories and details of the exterior indefinitely, describing the masses of ornate carving, the deeply recessed old windows, towers, arches, statues and spires, and the wonderful play of light and shade on the beautiful work, did not the interior claim attention. Entering the old church and standing at the western door we could see uninterruptedly the length of the building. On either side of the broad, lofty nave is a long vista of marvellously slender clustered columns which first support pointed arches, then ascend to the very roof. Where the transept crosses the nave the great tower rests on four sheaves

of pillars, each composed of twenty-four slender shafts—a wonderful union of strength and grace. The sides of the church and the clerestory are curtains of beautiful glass. No tawdry decorations, no side chapels, mar the sweep of the long lines, or detract from the beauty of the peculiar blue-gray color of the stone of the walls. This color, it is said, is due to the smoke of the forges kept running here during the revolution, when the church was desecrated. At that time the glass was not removed because it kept out draughts, and the choir screen, which the armourers whose trade was similar to the iron workers greatly admired, was left undisturbed, hence the state of preservation of St. Ouen today. It was almost midday: the sun sent its beams in through the jeweled windows. Softened, richly colored tints played on the clustered columns and fell in long lines on the stone pavement, flashed on the altar lamp and mingled with the cold grey-blue of the walls, making an exquisite symphony of color.

The old sacristan came to greet us and motioned for us to look into a benitier near the door. Obeying him, we saw a beautiful picture—the church in miniature, with every detail of carving softened and glorified in the reflection. Then he took us to “The Apprentice’s Window,” and, pointing to the pentapha in it, told us the story of the master-mason, who in a fit of jealousy killed his apprentice because he considered the work which he had executed too beautiful to be done by anyone except himself. For this awful deed he was publicly tried, condemned, and executed, but, repenting of his sin, he received the last rites of the church, and in consideration of the services which he had rendered the good fathers allowed him to be buried in consecrated ground. He and his pupil lie together in one of the altar chapels, near the lovely window which was the cause of their death. An inscription on the artists tomb reads:

“Here lies Master Alexander Berneval, master of the mason works of the King. Our Lord, of the bailliage of

Rouen and of this church, who died in the year of grace 1440, the 5th day of January. Pray God for his soul.”

Huguenots, Revolutionists and Time have wrought havoc in St. Ouen, but have left uninjured its chief treasures—the windows, the choir screen, and the church itself, which stands today one of the most perfect pieces of Gothic architecture in existence.

Beyond the confines of the town under Sainte Catherine is St. Gervais on the foundations, one of the oldest Christian buildings in France, and originally beside it were a palace and a monastery. In the hall of the old monastery William the Conqueror died, and immediately after his death, deserted by friends, family and physicians, menials plundered his body while it lay naked and unattended. A marble slab in the outer walls of the church tells the story. A curious thing about the exterior of the apsis is the fact that it is obtusely angular, “faced at the corners with large rude columns, some of which are Doric, others Corinthian, and other as wild in form as the fancies of the Norman lords of old.” One column has on it a carved eagle, a design of Roman origin. The long dark crypt is of remote antiquity. Round it runs a plain stone bench, and in the walls are the tombs of the first Archbishop of Rouen, St. Mellonus, one of the Apostles of Neustria, and St. Avitien, his successor. St. Mellonus died in the year 514, and for more than five hundred years his body rested here, being finally removed to Castle St. Pontoise “lest his canonized corpse should be violated by heathen Normans.” In the diocese of Rouen this saint is honored with particular veneration. Many are the stories told of his miracles. His feast and that of his companion, St. Nicaise, is celebrated on the second of October, when their labors are commemorated with this hymn appointed for their festival:

“Prime vos canimus gentis apostolos,
Per quos religio tradita patribus;
Errorisque jugo libera Neustria
Christo sub duce militat.

*Facti sponte suis finibus exules
Húc de Rouleis sedibus advolant:
Merces est operis, si nova consecrent
Vero pectora Numini."*

Saint Godard is famous for once having possessed the finest painted windows in France. At the time of the revolution, when the churches of Rouen were suppressed, all its rich windows went to St. Ouen and to St. Patrice, but when in 1806 the church was reopened the finest two were restored. St. Vincent, formerly called St. Vincent-sur-rive, once held possession of the salt measures of the town, which were kept in a small tower at the entrance to the church. As each boat laden with salt passed up the Seine it stopped at the church and gave a certain quantity to the parish of St. Vincent. This toll is still levied but is paid by the yearly sum of one hundred forty livres. The services are attended by the Norman aristocracy when they visit the city.

On the opposite side of the Seine, in the faubourg St. Sever, is a modern church on the site of one which was originally built in the time of Richard the Fearless, grandson of Rolf, first duke of Normandy. Then the sepulchre of St. Sever, the Bishop of Avranches, was in a tiny church in the forest near Mont Saint Michel, and was served by only one priest. Hither two pilgrim priests from Rouen went to visit the sacred tomb. Inflamed with excessive zeal, they plotted to carry off the body of the saint, but the priest in charge, overhearing all that they said, prevented their doing this. Annoyed at their lack of success, they went back to Rouen, obtained the Duke's permission to recover the holy relics, and, armed with this, returned to the chapel in the forest, and, amid the tears and the remonstrances of the good priest and his tiny flock, carried off the body. As they journeyed home, a number of times they found that when they put down their burden it became so heavy that they could not move it until they vowed solemnly to build a church, when its weight lightened. Finally, on reaching Emendre-

ville, now St. Sever, the usual vow failed to lighten the shrine; it remained rooted to the spot, so there they built a church which they dedicated to the saint. A shrine very old and very beautiful, but scarcely the one of the miraculous journey is now in the Museum of Antiquities. In the modern church there remains not a single relic of the past.

Of St. Nicholas, the most popular church in Rouen at the end of the last century, only the ruins of the foundation are left. The patron saint of this church had the power, it is said, to cause all young maidens who addressed themselves to him to marry. Can we wonder at his wonderful popularity? On the sixth day of December, his fete day, all the young girls prayed with fervor before his statue and took part in an elaborate celebration which consisted of marching about the church in a procession carrying tapers and chanting this song:

"Patron des filles, saint Nicholas,
Mariez-nous, ne tardez pas.
Donnez mé un homm', bonn' sainte
Vierge,
Et mé j'vous donn'rai un eierge;
Donnez-le mé bientôt
J'vous l'donnerai ben gros."

St. Laurent's tower serves a secular purpose, being used as a shop by a dealer in wood carvings.

About Notre Dame de Bon Secours on the heights overlooking the city there centers much interest, for here in the open square in front of the church is a statue to Joan of Arc. An electric tram carries one up the steep hill very near to the church, which occupies the site of a little twelfth century chapel built by Abbe Geoffrey after ten years of perseverance in collecting funds. Modern in every way, it is more beautiful on the exterior than on the interior, where all the coloring is painfully glaring and inartistic. The gilded statue of Joan commands a charming view. Below lies the city with its churches and spires, tall chimneys, white houses buried in greenery, the Seine winding its tortuous way

through the country, the forest of Rouvray, and the plains of Sotteville, dotted with villages. On this the Maid forever looks down, the Maid whom the poet has apostrophized in these words:

"Oh! Captive maid upon the hill-top lone

Keeping perpetual vigil o'er the land
Thy young heart broke to save, forever stand

Clothed in immortal whiteness, and o'ershine

By the wide heavens—a victim to atone

By thy pure consecration for the crime

And shame, and madness of wild, warring time.

Yea, stand through all the ages to command

From out the vast unseen by the strong plea

That clasps those fettered hands, a bright array

Of holy shapes, whose white wings silently

Shall lead thy dear, loved land upon her way

To victory divine on fields of life
Where Light and Darkness wage supernal strife."

Here on the hill-top we ended our tour of the churches of Rouen. Though the city is no longer "the city of churches" which it once was, sufficient remains of its past glory for one to see all that the French Gothic architects knew of church building, to feel the myste ry and wonder of the days in which religion and art went hand in hand.

THE CANADIAN NORTHWEST

BY HONORABLE B. W. SNOW

THAT a mistake should be a strong man's chiefest claim to lasting fame is indeed the irony of fate. Sir Donald Smith, now Lord Stratheona, is said to have testified before a Royal English Commission that the great stretch of land now known as Northwest Canada, from Winnipeg to the mountains, and from the international line to the Arctic circle, was especially adapted by soil and climate to the growth of muskrats. This sneer will prove as famous as Proctor Knott's epigram that a railway for Duluth would run from no place to nowhere, and down grade both ways. Duluth cuts quite a figure these days and when Proctor Knott, the orator, congressman and governor, is forgotten he will have sure claim for remembrance in his magnificent error of judgment.

The noble lord's mistaken estimate of his country will be quite as long re-

membered as will his magnificent services in other directions. For nearly 200 years the Hudson's Bay Co., under its royal charter, practically exercised all functions of government in the great, and to the world unknown, Northwest, and this "company of gentlemen adventurers of England," as their patent ran, preferred to leave the country undeveloped, a barter ground for furs. For this reason the belief that it was a land of lakes, woods and wild animals, with eight months of ice and four more of poor sleighing, was encouraged.

Against the claims of these fur traders the evidences of agricultural possibilities offered by the few travelers and observant traders who from time to time visited it, received as little attention as is now given to well authenticated stories of wheat being grown by missionaries and traders on the Nelson and upper Peace rivers, 500

miles north of today's most northermost railway settlement.

We now learn that agriculture in a desultory way, including wheat growing, has been practiced at some of the company's trading posts for a hundred years, but the traders and trappers wanted no agricultural invasion of their rich field of barter, and so the world never heard of the capabilities of the soil.

Wonderful as this company was, and no other corporation has ever equalled it in power, wealth and intelligent management, it could not forever hold as a wilderness so vast an area of productive land. The never ending waves of human progress could not be forever barred, and the opening of the Canadian Pacific railway in 1885 was the beginning of the end of the Hudson's Bay Company's rule. A railway built as a strategic measure and as a concession to a patriotic sentiment clamoring for an independent national position, has been followed by an agricultural and industrial development that makes it one of the dividend-paying lines of the continent. The commercial intelligence which has always governed this wonderful company is illustrated by the price obtained for the surrender of their rights of government.

The responsibilities for government and police were assumed by the Dominion at a time when in the natural order of things they would become severe, and in exchange for the burden thus given up the company was given a title in fee to two sections of land in every township into which the surveyors should divide the territory.

This means the permanent ownership of one-eighteenth of all the land, with its enormous increment in value consequent upon settlement and agricultural development, in exchange for its old right to trade and trap, and bear the expense of such governmental administration as was necessary.

The area of the Canadian Northwest is so great that its general features of soil and climate are wonderfully varied,

ranging from smiling and fertile agricultural areas to barren wastes, from forests to open prairie, from swampy wastes to rugged mountains, and with meteorological conditions almost equally varied. Between Winnipeg and the Rocky mountains the country is divided naturally into three great divisions, practically plateaus, with a somewhat uniform elevation and running from northwest to southeast. The first of these plateaus or steppes comprises the valley of the Red river and Lake Winnipeg district, and lies entirely in the province of Manitoba. The width of this division is about 50 miles, with an average elevation of about 800 feet, and contains about 7,000 square miles, the greater portion of which is unsurpassed as wheat land, being practically a continuation of the wheat growing conditions that mark the Red river valley to the south of the international line. With the exception of the district around Lakes Winnipeg and Manitoba, which is low, sandy and of little agricultural value, all of this first plateau is old settled, and will develop agricultural territory, and it may be dismissed as being no part of the "new lands" of Canada.

The second plateau, with an average elevation of some 1,600 feet, is about 250 miles in width, sloping gently toward the northeast, and contains an area of something like 105,000 square miles. Upon this plateau lie the lands suited to a diversified agriculture, ranging from a scrubby forest growth to an open park country, and having in northern Assiniboia and southern Saskatchewan the only important area of clear prairie land available under natural conditions for agriculture, in all northwest Canada, and it is here that the swelling tide of immigration is fast opening up a new agricultural empire.

The third plateau comprises the whole country westward from about the 107th meridian to the foothills of the Rocky mountains, the elevation increasing from about 2,000 feet in the east to 4,200 at the western limit. This great district is naturally adapted to

pasturage and grazing, being generally too high and with too deficient rainfall for arable agriculture. It is now and will continue increasingly a land of flocks and herds, the range district of Canada, though something has been done and more will be in the southwest portion between the main line of the Canadian Pacific and the international boundary in the way of irrigation farming. In the north also, in the immediate valley of the Saskatchewan river, from Edmonton eastward along that great stream there is an important territory on this third plateau where natural agriculture may be practiced.

The political diversions of the second and third plateaus which deserve consideration on account of agriculture and therefore settlement possibilities are Assiniboia, Alberta and Saskatchewan. Athabasca and Keewatin, immediately to the north, are little known, and while there are records of wheat growing in scattered localities of each, they may be dismissed as at least possessing no interest for this day and generation.

When the Dominion superseded the Hudson's Bay Co. in governmental control of this region there followed the establishment of a system of government remarkably adapted to facilitate the settlement of the country. The form of government of our northern neighbor is better suited to the exercise of those paternal features especially needed in a new country than is our own, and this characteristic has been carried to a point beyond anything attempted or even suggested this side of the boundary line. In advance of settlement the machinery of government is in full play; courts of justice are everywhere established, and the rural police force is sufficient to maintain order and render secure life and property, even at the points of farthest settlement. Schools are established and maintained as rapidly as the population in any district requires educational facilities. Money raised by taxation is supplemented by grants from the general dominion government and is expended

for the construction of public works, education, fostering agricultural societies, encouraging the importation of pure bred stock, agricultural education and experiment station work, as well as all other ordinary functions of government. In return for this governmental care the settler pays taxes at a very low rate upon his land only, there being no taxation of personal property. The deficiency between the nominal tax levy and the cost of administration is made up from the Dominion government.

The pioneer in a country thus governed has manifest and manifold advantages not enjoyed by the men who settled our own western prairies. He finds the government already there, with law, order and justice firmly established, and there is ample government without the burdensome excess which is sometimes found under our own system.

The safe farming district now open for settlement lies on the second plateau, east of about the 107th meridian. This includes eastern Assiniboia and Saskatchewan and western Manitoba, though that portion of the first and last named lying immediately along the Canadian Pacific line, may be almost regarded as old settlement, having been cropped for from 10 to 20 years, and boasting at Indian Head and Moose Jaw of the largest initial wheat shipping points in the world. The available country lies north of this line, extending to the timber belt some 250 to 300 miles to the north. This covers the prairie and park country known as the valley of the Saskatchewan river, the center of the present American invasion of Canada. The watershed of the north and south branches of the Saskatchewan river is a valley comparable in extent and future possibilities only with the valleys of the Mississippi and Missouri rivers, sloping from the International boundary and the Rocky Mountains north east to the Arctic regions and Hudson's Bay, with the northern limit of its agricultural value perhaps as little understood as was the

western possibility of American agriculture when Prof. Powell laid down the dictum that the 100th meridian marked the limit of successful agriculture. It must not be understood, however, that all of this great valley represents good arable land. That idea would be as much of a mistake as was the old idea that it was all a land of ice and snow. The greater part of the watershed of the south branch west of the 107th meridian is available only for grazing or ranching purposes, while north of the junction of the two branches is a vast country of brush, timber and swampy areas. The true prairie country fitted for agriculture is comparatively speaking limited in extent, and at the present rate of settlement it will only be a matter of a few years until it will be occupied. The strong, luxuriant grasses of this great valley made up the northern feeding ground of the countless herds of buffalo that moved south over the western plains as winter advanced, and their deep-worn trails and bleaching bones even at this day bear mute testimony to the grazing possibilities of these northern plains.

The American invasion of Canada is no mere figure of speech. The tide of immigration now sweeping into the Northwest Territories is a movement of population comparable only to the great waves which for four generations swept the States from the Atlantic to the Rockies, carrying with them the center of population and political power. Thrown back by the arid belt marking the west of our great plains, this movement of population is now just beginning to turn toward the north west, north of the international line, and the United States becomes for the first time a country of emigrants as well as immigrants.

The tides are yet far from equal so far as numbers go, the United States getting from Europe last year some 800,000 immigrants and giving to Canada according to railway count at the St. Paul gateway some 45,000. In matter of value as citizens, or as an eco-

nomie proposition, the balance is against us. While Americans protest, and justly, against the aggregation of misery, ignorance and wretchedness dumped upon the Atlantic coast, they are giving their northern neighbors experienced farmers—intelligent, trained in western agriculture, good citizens—the thrifty, progressive sons of the men who turned our raw prairie into an agricultural empire and who now seek new homes with a patrimony of money and experience which their fathers lacked.

The agricultural occupation of the Saskatchewan valley is lacking in the spectacular features that characterized the settlements of our prairies. The prairie schooner, with its freight of women, children and household plunder and its attendant train of driven farm animals is missing, and with it is gone the romance of homeseeking. Emigration and land settlement is now simply a business proposition, conducted under the high pressure and absence of sentiment that characterizes the twentieth century. Instead of the slow winding wagon train, weeks on the road, with the romantic settings of the evening camp fire, the settler now comes in a Pullman, is driven over the land in livery teams, makes his selection and returns to his old home to prepare for his migration next spring to the new. A striking result of this changed condition is the greater individuality of the settler. In the old days the necessity for association for purpose of mutual defense and assistance limited men in their choice of location and bred a spirit of mutual dependence. Now each settler goes where he chooses, influenced only by personal considerations, and the old community of interest is gone.

Gathered from a dozen states, the exodus attracts little attention here, but on the broad plains and in the new towns that are springing up overnight the reality of the American invasion is very apparent. During the year ending June 30, 1903, 31,062 homestead entries of 160 acres each were made in

Manitoba and the N. W. Territories, representing 4,969,920 acres of prairie land actually entered upon by permanent settlers. Of these fully 80 per cent. come from the States, and in the current year both percentage and number will be larger.

These figures, however, only represent part of the movement. Only sixteen out of the thirty-six sections in each township are open for free homesteading, the balance having been granted to railroads and other corporations and being sold at private sale. To appreciate the rapidity of private acquirement of Canada's lands to the area homesteaded last year must be added the sales of lands from the various land grants, making approximately this showing:

	acres
From Canadian Pacific grant	2,500,000
Qu'Appelle & Long Lake grant	1,000,000
Calgary and Edmonton grant	500,000
C. & N.W. Land Co. grant ..	500,000
Half Breed script	500,000
Homesteaded	5,000,000

	10,000,000

A fair sample of what has been accomplished and a promise of what is coming for several hundred miles through the watershed of the Saskatchewan river may be seen at Rosthern. Two hundred miles north of the International boundary, by latitude north of the southern shores of Hudson's Bay and by longitude as far west as Denver, Rosthern is the center of the most rapid and marvelous agricultural development ever known on the American continent. Located in the center of the broad valley between the north and south branches of the Saskatchewan river, which four years ago was practically virgin of the plow, it shipped

1,000,000 bushels of grain from its third crop, and will probably reach 1,250,000 this year. In the fall of 1897 the station of Rosthern was opened, and at that time not a building marred the prairie which swept to the horizon on either side of the line. There were thirty settlers in the whole district, thirty homesteaders on 1,300 square miles of prairie. To-day the town has a population of 1,000, blocks of brick, three banks, ten elevators, a roller mill, a dozen stores and two hotels, and all supported by the agricultural community tributary, recorded as reaching 25,000 souls.

The settlement here is largely of a racial colony character. The first colonists were Mennonites from Minnesota and the Dakotas, and their well-tilled farms and freshly-painted houses and barns proclaim good farming and successful farm management. Next in point of numbers comes the German Catholic colony, occupying 125,000 acres and numbering some 6,000 souls. These settlers bought land and homesteaded the adjoining government lands, so that it makes a single solid community of well trained farmers. These colonists came from around St. Cloud and Little Falls, Minnesota, and represent a very high class of colonists. These colonies are types of the thrift, intelligence and good farming, which the United States is contributing to the settlement of the Canadian Northwest, and what has been accomplished at Rosthern is now being done for 300 miles through this great valley.

It is too early to measure the possibilities of the Canadian Northwest, but an empire is there in process of building with natural resources and a character of population that will fit it to play a great part in the future history of the world.



OUR FRIENDS OF THE AIR

BY MARY GRANT O'SHERIDAN

IT is the last week in January, and zero weather. I have just heard my blue jay call twice; then again twice. I have often heard him do this after sunset. Now it is nearly half past 6 o'clock in the evening. The crimson sunset clouds have changed to inky black, and reach long, lank, hexenish fingers out into the narrow greyish circle of light crowning the entire southern horizon. Overhead, the heavens are dark—not one star—but beyond ice-bound Monona the city lights are bright and beautiful.

Will my blue jay call again?

I listen, and as I do so I fancy myself endowed with the power of augury, a weird and mystic "Sibyl of ye olden tyme," for my blue jay is one of the oscines and even the most unimaginative mortal, beholding this picture which Night has thrown upon the concave canvass of the sky to illustrate one of her unnumbered moods and this first sacred hour of the present one of her ever-recurring sovereignty might devise a pretty fable to breathe into crudulous, or shall I say superstitious, ears. For superstition did not die with the passing of the Cumean Sibyl. It still sits and broods over its kettle of boiling toads and bats in a secluded and unsuspected corner of many a heart. So might not even I, empowered by the weird inspiration of this winter evening prophesy and find believers?

But a quoi bon! My thoughts are rather retrospective; I will tell you the story of my blue jay.

Some half a dozen years ago the number of blue jays was in fair proportion to the number of other birds that came every year with the coming of spring to build their nests, warble their melodies, and live out their charming summer existence among the trees and vines, the shrubs and bushes surrounding my home.

I loved the blue jay. The dash and vigor of his bearing, his comical shrewdness, his aggressiveness, which, by the way, I have never seen carried to a point of cruelty; the unsurpassed sweetness of his song, all combined to make the blue jay an object of intense interest to me, even as a child, and how indignant I have been in later years when reading to find one author after another making the most disparaging statements about and allusions to my favorite. In fact the greater number of ornithologists would ostracise this beautiful crested creature.

"Blue, blue as if the sky let fall a flower from its cerulean wall." They would forever ban him from the charmed circle of well-bred birds, mindful of conventionalities, incapable of any departure from the appointed order of things, and adequately fortified against the possibility of the indiscretion which would exhibit emotion to the rude, skeptical gaze of an indifferent, egoistic world.

But, dear bit of blue! Your champion am I. Revilers all these folk I call, and will their tales defy.

My particular bird, the one whom I have deemed worthy of a biographical sketch, was born three summers ago. The nest where he and his four "Geschwester" first opened their baby eyes, was built in an ash tree, and near by grew a large low-limbed larch. When he had reached maturity he was the sole survivor of his family. "The ever-whirling wheel of chance" had indeed shown in their case how mutability doth play her cruel sports with the affairs of birds as well as men.

A vicious boy from the opposite side of the lake, with cruel gun, brought the proud and happy father from his leafy perch to the ground, where after a few struggles he perished before my eyes. I undertook to remonstrate with

the grinning urchin, but his companion, with a dramatic gesture, bade me behold the sign, "City limits," a few yards in the rear.

"And," said he, "when a feller gits this side of that sign he kin do anything he wants ter, and nobody dasen't touch him!"

I knew it would be useless to say more, and later in the summer when I saw this same biped stealing my apples I felt more than ever justified in my conclusion.

His opinion in regard to the city limits sign was but the popular opinion of a great many other inhabitants—not even excluding some high officials—of the town across the lake; and, on listening to it, the thought came to my mind for the hundredth time that the comprehensiveness and utility of the labor for municipal improvement would be very much greater were more attention given to the fact of the prevailing lawlessness of most small town suburban districts.

The small-town suburb is that portion of the earth's surface on which the policeman's star never shines, and about which he will complacently tell you if you seek his assistance: "It is not under my jurisdiction!"

It was the last Sunday in June. The weather was excessively warm. I did not attend divine service; I had given up my place in the carriage to a visitor from Chicago. I took a little book of poems and a low chair and ensconced myself under the shady larch tree. I wished to divert my mind from the uncomfortableness of the atmosphere by reading the musical words of the poet. Just as I came to one of the noblest lines I looked up and saw on the low limbs above my head five baby blue jays. Oh, how pretty and fluffy they were! and feathered only a little less brilliantly than their parents.

This was their first day out of the nest, and their devoted and ambitious father and mother were giving them a lesson in the use of their wings.

Such fluttering and extravaganeies of motion! Such pretty blue jay baby

talk! How like human nature it all was, and it was very beautiful when its purpose was considered. Calling to her nestlings with all the sweetest terms of endearment in bird language. Mother Blue Jay slowly spread her wings and flew very slowly to another branch not more than a yard away from the one on which she sat. Father Blue Jay waved his wings and fairly tumbled about between the horizontal limbs, making one think of a stalwart human father playing juvenile games with his 3-year-old.

I had not been watching this interesting performance very long when Mother Blue Jay decided I was too inquisitive. The baby talk came to a sudden end. A few words of warning were spoken in an entirely different tone, and in a few moments the young birds who had been sitting three close together on one limb and two on another very near by, were scattered in different places and some hiding from my sight behind the trunk of a tree.

I sat very still and observed all their motions. After nearly two hours of unremitting labor, carried on with affectionate patience and enlivened by much baby talk, the parent blue jays succeeded in transporting their entire family to a large apple tree fifty feet or more distant.

The heat as the day advanced became very great. Maybe the birds are thirsty, I thought. I procured a tin plate and went to the well to fill it with water. All around the rim of the great water tank sat sparrows chirping as only sparrows can chirp. The wind mill had stopped turning when the tank was full to within about three inches of the top, and the water was just beyond the reach of the unfortunate thirsty little birds. I filled a wooden trough which was on the ground near by with water and soon after had the satisfaction of seeing some little brown heads lifted up in thanksgiving for the sparkling liquid as they quenched their thirst. The plate, filled with water, I set on the ground not far from where the blue

jay family were, and then went into the house, where I could see and not be seen. Great was my pleasure when the old birds found the water and one by one brought the little ones to drink.

I have told you of the untimely end of Father Blue Jay. I shall always blame the cat for the mother bird's disappearance soon after the death of her mate.

Before the coming of autumn there was but one of the five "mitherless bairns" left. How I wished that one would stay all winter! He was not at all afraid of me, often remaining within a short distance of me and conducting himself as if unconscious of my presence. He would not fly even when I walked directly under the tree in which he was.

But he went away and for three years I did not see him nor any other blue jay in this vicinity except that occasionally one would come and stay for a short visit.

I could not wonder at my bird remaining afar from the spot where "unmerciful disaster" had so followed his kith and kin, but I could not account for the disappearance of other blue jay families which had fared more happily. It must be they were driven away by their jealous neighbors. However, I lived in hopes that some time there would burn within the breast of my bird friend, no matter where he roamed, an ardent desire to behold once more the scenes of his childhood. I was not disappointed.

Last May a little piece of land which I can see from my windows had been ploughed, and no sooner had the ploughman left than a beautiful blue jay alighted and began an industrious search for worms. My feelings on beholding him were simply ecstatic. I watched the beautiful bit of blue life hopping around for awhile, then I said aloud: "You dear creature; I hope you'll stay, and surely you have a mate somewhere. Why isn't she with you?" But when he heard me off he flew, and the blue of his wings soon melted into that of the May heaven.

There were many other birds living on my grounds, to whom I was accustomed to talk, and they never flew away except sometimes to make a little circle through the air and alight again on the spot from which they started. They always sang the merrier, as if to acknowledge the compliments I paid them. I was not pleased to have my blue jay treat me so indifferently, and I hoped his human neighbors heretofore had not been of the kind which inspire only sentiments of fear.

Several days went by and, although constantly looking for my crested friend, I did not see him. Then one morning I heard a sound resembling grinding of teeth and a tempest in a teapot combined. I hastened to look out my open window. There was my blue jay on the ploughed ground, and a cat-bird darting at him and pecking him. I rapped on the window, as I have seen mothers do for naughty children. The blue jay swiftly departed with the cat-bird in close pursuit. The cat-bird did not go far, however, for I saw him a few moments afterwards sitting in a hyslop crab apple tree which grew on the border of the ploughed ground.

About two hours after this my attention was again attracted by a commotion out of doors. My blue jay had returned and brought with him five others. They hopped and flew hither and thither over the late scene of the ploughman's labor. They perched in some grapevines, then back they flew to the ground. They asserted themselves fearlessly and definitely: "We shall spend the summer right here," they said. There is a splendid chance to make an easy living. What a fine lot of sunflowers and hollyhocks that will blossom and go to seed bye and bye. And a lovely dead hickory tree. There is also every facility for nest-building, and, moreover, we shall not be terrorized by any cat-bird!"

There was no break in this jay demonstration and conversation for many minutes; then, all at once, united attention was given to my especial friend,

who, mounted on a tall, bare pole, uttered an ecphonesis, a bird chamade, and after a pause he seemed to say: "Speak now or forever after hold your peace!"

Not the least interesting figure to me and to the blue jays also, I think, was the cat-bird, who occupied about the very spot in the crab apple tree as that to which he had flown after his hand-to-hand, or shall I say bill-to-bill, battle of two hours before. Here, as in a fortress, he kept very quiet, moving his body hardly any except to constantly vary the position of his head. There were many birds of his kind not far off, whom he could have summoned to an encounter. Why did he refrain? I think he as well as myself saw the ludicrous side of it all. Was it not Pater, who, writing about Charles Lamb, said there were twenty-one divisions of the ludicrous? And I am sure the cat-bird, although perhaps not capable of such complete differentiation as Pater, has, nevertheless, a remarkable sense of humor.

I now started for my walk, confident and happy in the thought that the blue jays would spend the summer with me. I have never wished to be accounted among those of whom the prophet Isaiah said: "Seeing many things thou observest not," and I have always been able by means of good use of ears and eyes to bring back with me from my walks both country and city, stores of mental and moral as well as physical energy; and to the many blue jays and other birds that have greeted me from roadside and tree top during my strolls I hereby tender sincere thanks for the pleasant thoughts and inspirations they have always given me.

My peregrinations over paludinous stretches of landscape have always given me great pleasure. Some people with no mind for detail or investigation insist that marshes are monotonous. I have found them productive of endless, wonderful variety. Many of the loveliest blossoms choose a marshy habitat. The pteridologist always delights in places paludine, for there he

can revel in the ferns peculiar to boggy ground and the edges of woods bordering marshes are always fringed with many different kinds of these beautiful plants, the spores of which are supposed in fairy lore to have the power of making their finder invisible. As a Gaelic poet says:

"The fairy's tall palm-tree! the Heath
bird's fresh nest,
And the couch the red deer deems
sweetest and best,
With the free winds to fan it, and
dewdrops to gem;
Oh! what can ye match with its
beautiful stem
With a spell on each leaf which no
mortal can learn,
Oh, there never was plant like the
Irish hill fern!"

The bobolink prefers a marsh to almost any other place of residence, and that is why I call our big marsh that is bound from edge to edge by two shining ribbons of railroad rails "the bobolink marsh."

It was my good fortune on this day of which I speak, when I finally went for my stroll, to meet one particularly friendly bobolink. He was perched on the top of a railroad fence post. As I approached for fear of alarming him I walked very quietly, making no sudden movements and passing him very slowly, never lifting my arms nor moving my body except as necessary for locomotion!

How he did sing! When I got very near to him he gave two or three queer little notes that spoke somewhat of fear, but when I had passed he turned himself round and round, lifted his head, rose in the air a few yards, settled again seemingly possessed of transports of delight. I stopped and talked to him, praised his song, sang a few strains myself, whistled a little melody. He was apparently wild with pleasure, and when I reluctantly hurried on he was still singing his inimitable song.

A half mile further on a less poetical incident contributed to the interest of my jaunt. I saw a crow on the track midway between the rails. The mo-

ment I looked at him he flew with a fearful squawk, very unlike the greeting of his cousin the boblink, to the flat top of an adjacent fence-post. Contrasting crow and bobolink as members of the same family, I did not wonder that someone wrote, "God gives us our relations, but kindly permits us to choose our friends." The crow on the post was followed by three or four others, all cawing fiercely. They all stood in line, facing out from the track on contiguous fence-posts. The one I first noticed was nearest to me; with his bill he violently hammered something held in his claws, and finally lifted it up in his mouth, still holding it in his claws and screeching. His movements were perfectly imitated by all his companions, although none of them had any prey.

As I approached within about ten yards, crow number one lifted his captured three-quarters of a yard of garter snake in his bill and flew away to a little grove of second growth black oaks near by, followed by his companions. The motif which led to this most amusing and highly histrionic display of imitative powers I think no one could rightly divine; but I am inclined to think that the eutania sirtalis was intended as a meal for the entire squad of black squakers, and thinking that I too might have a secret penchant for this dish, served a la corvus, they sought to divert my attention and make it impossible for me to determine which crow was in possession of the table d'hôte dinner.

Was it that unsleeping moralist, Carlyle, who said: "There is a part of ethics which possesses all attraction for me—the compensations of the universe. The equality and coexistence of action and reaction. All prayers are granted and every debt is paid." But no matter who said it, it is a wise saying and worthy of all credence, and holds as good in bird as in human sociology.

The contentious cat-bird who filled the blue-jay's arrival so full of turbulence had chosen a lilac bush near

the scene of his attack in which to build his nest. It was a drizzly, cloudy day, the air was filled with birds in flocks, in pairs, and singly, flying in great ellipses, whose longest diameter would be about a quarter of a mile in length, sometimes mounting to great heights, but generally keeping at a distance of from forty to eighty feet above the earth. The cat-bird and his mate were busy building their nest, sometimes helping themselves to the plentiful supply of string, bits of cloth, paper, horsehair, and other materials which I had placed where they could be available; and, sometimes unaccountably ignoring home treasures, and flying yards away for a single straw or bit of dry grass. To the scene of their house building came a beautiful shiny blackbird, vivacious, piquant, naive was he, with a spice of malice in his make-up. He perched on a wire clothesline near by, and I could plainly see that he was laughing at the cat-birds and saying sarcastic things at their efforts. When they went away for a bit of string or tiny twig he flew into the lilac bush and I could imagine his sleek black sides fairly shook as he looked at the half-built nest. Back and forth he flew, into the bush and out and all the time uttering the queerest little exclamations intermingled with snatches of very pretty whistling and singing. Finally he drove the cat-birds away entirely and began to demolish their nest. I opened my window—the nest was just below to one side of it—and chased him away. He flew first to the wire clothesline and then to the crab apple tree. He looked right at me, unafraid, and when I thought me of how superior his power of vision was to mine I confess I felt a certain uneasiness at being so surveyed.

But, oh, how merry and defiant he was! He stood on one leg and shook the other and the whole half of his body. Then he stood on the other leg and whistled and sang, when he heard a mew, mew from the home-returned exiles. I took some of the credit of the

cat-birds fine family raised that summer to myself, and "where would you be only for me?" I often said to them, as opening the window I looked down at the little gymnopaedes.

Late in the fall all the blue-jays excepting my hero went away, leaving him behind. For a while his only companions were some Canada woodpeckers that had been attracted to the place by a couple of dead trees, in which they hammered away by the hour. My friend did the same, but his hammering was not confined to the trees. Old posts, pieces of board; even the roof of an old shed—he flew from one to the other, administering every now and then a few energetic whacks from his strong little bill. He spent a great deal of his time near my southern window, where there was no snow and where every day I put some food for him. How I enjoyed seeing him push the snow away, first to right, then to left, with his bill while hunting for the frozen crab apples which lay under the tree in which his cat-bird foe had perched to watch him in the early spring. Every time he changed his location he announced it by his two-note call, and this gave me so much pleasure that I shall pronounce it a musical production.

No doubt some outre music teacher can find no technical term within the range of musical nomenclature by which to designate so unpretentious a melody. But this shall not in the least deter me from holding my own opinion.

As has been said: "A scientific definition sometimes hits the mark as accurately for the head, as it shoots wide of it for the heart." Hence the meaning which a word sometimes has for one could never be written in any dictionary, let the writer be never so logical or learned. And a teacher of music and literature whose heart is somewhat sans contre-poids is sometimes the poorest person in the world to go to in order to learn the classification or value of things musical. One finds oneself in the position of Walther in

the well-known Wagner opera and the worst of it all is there may be no Hans Sachs to come to the rescue.

Now I will give an extract from my diary: "Sunday morning. It has been very cold for the past three days. I have not once during that time seen my blue-jay, although I have looked time and again out of the window for him. I have noticed Yndling, my neighbor's handsome cat, reconnoitering the premises, can it be he has made a feast of *Cyanocittus Cristatus* "

Yesterday the big walnut tree near the railroad bank was cut down, the day before the dead hickory near the south east corner of the house.

Monday morning. This morning it was much warmer than yesterday. I had only been up a few minutes when I heard my dear blue-jay scolding. No wonder, for his favorite places for recreation were the walnut and hickory trees, and I know he got many a good bit to eat out of them.

But to find them gone! I was afraid he would leave the vicinity in disgust. So, feeling very glad he had not been assimilated by the neighbor's cat, I hurried to the window, threw out some bread-crumbs and a piece of apple, dropped them down as unostentatiously as possible by the side of the house, and stayed out of sight so as to give him a chance to help himself.

Last Sunday morning I saw, to my surprise and delight, that he had a companion. They were flying around together, saying very little, but evidently happy. Unlike many other birds, the female blue-jay's attire is identical with that of her mate.

Where had she been all this time? Maybe on a lecture tour. Next spring I shall watch for the nest of this happy pair and hope to be the best of friends, not only with them, but with all the blue-jays in the neighborhood. And now I shall lay down my pen, and go out to look at a dear little chickadee that has been singing for the last half hour in a bush beneath my window.

ON THE WHIRLPOOL

BY DOLOROSA KLINE

THE level rays of the early morning sun traveled over the even stretch of field and meadow until they came to one of the most charming rural abodes in the state. Here at the low French windows of the well appointed library they seemed to stop and creep slyly through the open pages of books and papers scattered about the short square table, and the tall, erect figure of the man seated there. Nearly two and thirty years had passed over the dark head of Clyde Dunleith, writer, critic and explorer, and he was now, as admiring friends decided, in the zenith of his fame and fortune. His brown face, somewhat rugged from exposure and hardships in foreign climes, whither in previous years he was wont to journey, might still be counted handsome, and intellectual it certainly was. The heat was so excessive this August morning that he had thrown off his coat, and with shirt sleeves rolled up to the elbows, plied his pen on page after page of manuscript with a vigor that was, to say the least, inspiring. So busy was the writer with this latest production of his fertile mind that he did not notice the curtain in the arched doorway being looped back nor the appearance there of a small, almost childlike, figure, elfishly attired in a gown of gauzy white material; a pink and white face, framed in yellow hair, laughing blue eyes, and a pensive red mouth completed the pretty picture, as, leaning inside the door, their owner uttered the two words: "My Clyde."

Immediately the pen ceased in its operation, and Dunleith, looking up, held out one hand, while with the other he caught up his lounging coat from the chair and quickly drew it on.

"I was so warm, little girl," he said, apologetically, "I had to take it off, but you will excuse me I know. What does my sunbeam want?"

His wife needed no other bidding to enter than that outstretched hand and kindly voice, but yet, slipping to his side, she rested her arm on his shoulder, and said again, "My Clyde."

"Well, what is it sunbeam?" he inquired glancing with some amusement into the great blue eyes trustingly lighted to his "Am I intruding?"

"Now, every time you come to see me here you ask me that, and every time I tell you no. Surely, my Katherine could never intrude on me. But what's it? Those servants causing you trouble, or are any of your pets ill, or perhaps your pocket money needs renewal?"

She shook her head, while all the while her eyes were running over his freshly written manuscript. "Wrong every time, Clyde," she said at length. "You know very well if the servants bothered me I would send them right away, and you would provide me with some others, and if my birds were ill I would hardly be talking as I am now, and if I had not pin money enough, I would just ask you right out for some more."

This was said in a gentle voice, but withal such a saucy air that her husband threw back his head and laughed heartily, a thing he seldom did, for, after all, what was she but a child, nineteen her last birthday, and since their marriage, not a year ago, he had done nothing but spoil her, if that was possible.

"Of course you would, sunbeam," he said, patting the daintily bent head, "but I was always stupid in guessing

contests, so you will have to tell me your wish. What is it on my paper which seems to be taking your fancy?" She pressed her cheek against his, in the peculiar caressing manner all her own. "It is about your paper I want to speak, my Clyde. Clyde, promise me you will not have any more of this 'In the Whirlpool' printed. The title is simple, but oh, Clyde, what lies beneath it?" "Who told you?" he asked, growing suddenly stern, and putting the manuscript out of her reach. "Did you sully your eyes with it, or who dared in my absence to meddle with my work? Katherine, have you been naughty?"

She drew her hand across his cheek. "Now, Clyde, you are cross, and I am frightened. No one has touched your papers but myself, and, Clyde, let me tell you what I did. I took these last chapters of 'In the Whirlpool' to Father Ryan to read, because, you see, the Fathers of the Church have to know what to recommend, and what to condemn in reading matter for their spiritual children. Father Ryan read them carefully and was sorry that he could not approve of them."

Anger, annoyance and scorn showed in turn on his severe visage, but one look into the childishly fair face caused a change to come over his own, and he repeated softly: "You took it to Father Ryan?" "Yes, Clyde, when you went out fishing yesterday I carried the manuscript to him, because, you see, I was afraid from the way you spoke of it to Mr. Randale at dinner on Sunday of what it was like; indeed, all of your new work is not all it should be. But, Clyde, why have you written this, when your own life contradicts it? Everyone knows how good you are, although you never go to Church, and scarcely believe in God." She was delightful in her arguing mood, and he was thoroughly enjoying it, disposed to be angry though he was.

"When we were married, little girl, I was satisfied to have the ceremony performed by your priest, good white-haired Father Ryan, because, staunch

mite of a Papist that you were and are, you would not have it otherwise, and I could never, nor would never, prevent you from practicing your religion, whose rational truths even I am forced to admire, but when it comes to having my literary efforts, which are the keys to my rather particular conscience, criticised by said priest, I call a halt. On his honor as a gentleman, when he has not troubled himself about the printed portion of my work, already in the market, Father Ryan should not have looked into the unfinished ending. But I am glad it was his and not your eyes which rested on these pages, for they are not intended for the innocent nor the purified, such as you are, Katherine."

An interruption occurred to stop their conversation by the appearance of a neatly attired maid, who handed in a packet of mail. When Clara had gone, Dunleith placed the newly arrived letters on his desk. His wife replied to his last remark. "Now, Clyde, Father Ryan did not want to read your 'In the Whirlpool' without your permission, but I begged, as a favor to me, that he would do so, for you know you have always told me that what is yours is mine, so I did not think differently with regard to your stories." This came with so much truth flashing from the blue eyes that Dunleith kissed her on the forehead, saying: "My flower of the Convent, I suppose I cannot be angry any longer with either you or Father Ryan?"

"No, Clyde, the good Nuns used to tell us that forbearance and forgiveness were necessary to all of us, and you could not be put out with me. It makes me so nervous, and Dr. Lenord said you must be careful of me, because I am not strong, and God might call me from this world at any time."

Was she placing before him now her physical frailty in order to better accomplish the end for which she had come? But well he knew that she was speaking truly, and a pained look crept into his gray eyes. "God would not be so cruel as to take you from me,

Katherine. Where in the great wide world would I find solace if my Convent flower was gone from it," and he drew her close to himself, as if even the cold figure of the Grim Destroyer was lurking in the curtained doorway ready to bear her away.

"You have your books, your fame, to live for, Clyde, and perhaps I will yet be only a burden to you. Sometimes I wonder if you are ever sorry that you married me." "Hush! This gentle head must not have such thoughts. Before I took you for my own, everywhere I had searched a pillow for my heart such as a man expects to find in the wife of his choosing, but I failed. Then I returned home, in our own verdant California, and here at the Convent, where angelic women teach all that is beautiful and holy, I met you on your commencement day. Then Clyde Dunleith's boasted coldness vanished like vapor in the sunshine, and his spirit grew warm under the magic influence of the sweetest girl who ever drew breath, and is still growing so, in the daily companionship of the loveliest wife it has ever been man's lot to have."

It was the full outpouring of his noble adulation to her; never before had he spoken so fully. She did not know that never again on this earth would she hear such words from his lips, for ere the next rising of the sun her beautiful soul was to take its flight to that land where the wicked cease to trouble and the weary find rest.

She smiled happily, but shook her head. "Now, you flatter me, but it is pleasant to have such pretty things said to one," then growing serious again, "Clyde, if I am so much to you, then do as I want you. Call in what you have had published of this work and destroy the remainder, that will do so much harm, and keep to your old principle of writing only what is good. I am nervous now, and somehow there is a queer feeling near my heart."

"I thought we were done with that subject—that old book of mine—sunbeam. But, Katherine, why have you asked me this, something which for the

first time in our blissful union I must refuse you. Is not our felicity and my work two different things, and have we not understood from the beginning that neither was to mar nor make the other? People now are wanting color. Delicacy they consider old-fashioned, at least those whose morbid tastes allow them no souls. I need not cater to such, of course, because in will and in fortune I am perfectly independent, but for once I am catering to them, and maybe it is a small speck of vanity for me to say that I pride myself on my word-painting. There is more yet, sunbeam; its publication is my last, for I intend now to retire from the lists of the world's successful authors, and spend with you the golden summer of life in one grand, continuous holiday. What odds if I have written indiscreetly? Does not everyone know what my daily living is like under the spell of you, my sweet saint, and excusing both you and Father Ryan for what you have done, Katherine, for once I must refuse your request, at any rate I cannot ask my publisher to go minus the rest of my serial for his magazine."

She looked up into his face with quiet resignation in her eyes, and was about to make answer when, suddenly, without any warning, her head fell forward, and his horror stricken eyes saw a narrow, red stream issue from her lips and trickle to the floor.

"Katherine, what is the matter?" he cried, with such sharp anguish in his voice that the domestics came running from their various posts. "My God! Have I hurt you?" And, turning to the terrified servants, shouted: "Bring Dr. Lenord!"

Dunleith carried his wife to the couch, begging her to open her eyes and speak to him, but the blue-veined lids refused to rise, and the red blood continued to flow through the half-shut lips.

"'Tis a hemorrhage, sir," said Clara, the housemaid, as she helped her master to lift the fair head of the sweet, gay mistress they all so loved; "I know it because me young sister died of the same." But he seemed not

to hear the doleful remark, and an odd trembling that some blight was to fall upon his life, not in the future, but now, almost unnerved the tension of his whole strong body. Gently he supported her head, and with his handkerchief tried to stop the flowing, which seemed so cruel in its constancy, but it was of no avail. Therefore, he groaned with relief when a few seconds later Dr. Lenord, a thin, spare man, entered the room and hastened to the couch. One quick glance, and the experienced physician knew Death had almost set his seal there, and that if he could restore animation it would be only for awhile.

"For the sake of all that is dear to me," the husband cried, "be quick, doctor, and tell us what the trouble is!"

"Hemorrhage," said the physician, abruptly. "Upstairs right away, Dunleith; I'll see what I can do for Mrs. Dunleith." Still trembling, the strong man lifted the frail form, and bidding old Susan to follow him, Dunleith bore his wife up to her own blue and gold room.

There for two hours the physician applied his professional skill and succeeded in arresting the hemorrhage, and at last consciousness was returned to his patient.

"Her priest had better be brought, Dunleith," he said, when he noticed the fluttering of the eyelids, which presaged the quickening of the dull senses. "There is grave danger, and her relatives, if she has any, must be sent for immediately." "She has no living relatives—my poor Katherine—except an aunt in California, whom, I fancy, will not be much disturbed over the news I might send her to inconvenience her aimless leisure life, so she will not be troubled, and my wife is all my own. I prefer that Mrs. Vinton, our oldest friend, should be called."

He smiled bitterly as he thought of Katherine's worldly relation, who had undertaken to educate her penniless orphan niece at the Convent in his state and then washed her hands completely of her when, after her graduation the lovely girl had changed her name for

his, and become mistress of wealth and a fine old home, instead of going with her aunt to satisfy her selfish life."

Then the grief settled back into his face, and, crushing the hand that rested on the coverlid in his own broad palm, he whispered hoarsely, "But, doctor, has it come to this? Do not tell me Katherine will die!"

Sympathetically, the physician stretched out his hand to the man of fame, and saying bluntly: "Sh! her eyes are opening. They must not meet yours first, lest seeing you will excite her," drew him out into another room, leaving Susan alone with her mistress.

At first Dunleith rebelled at this, but seeing Doctor Lenord had something particular to say to him, submitted, and together both men approached the window of the pretty sunlit room. "Yes, Dunleith," said the physician; "if you will have the truth, your wife is dying. Her dissolution is a matter of only a few hours, a day or so at the most. Another might recover from this first hemorrhage, but she cannot."

"And it is I who have caused all this. I gave her the shock which brought it on my sweet saint." A tearless sob came from his dry throat, and then he told Dr. Lenord of the objectionable book; her efforts to dissuade him of its continued publication; his refusal to accede to her request, and now the result. But this Dr. Lenord would not credit. "No, Dunleith, you must not blame yourself, although your wife may have been a little excited in the argument, she has received no shock severe enough to cause this. The hemorrhage has been coming on for some time, and has only been kept from her by the delicacy and care with which she has been always surrounded. I never did promise you a long life for your wife, for never in my long experience have I found it in such a fragile frame. Poor girl! it will be hard for her to go, for she has had a garden of roses devoid of thorns, but words are useless, and the truth has been bitter enough to you. I am going, for there is nothing more to do at present. I will

send a trained nurse and call at the Presbytery and give Father Ryan a summons, for I understand sufficient about Mrs. Dunleith's faith to know that it is imperative for her clergyman to come. Go to her now, for I hear Susan crossing the hall. Your wife may be calling for you."

"Send Father Ryan, but never mind the nurse; I will have Mrs. Vinton do all for her," and, pressing the others' hand, Dunleith, hurrying from the room, passed Susan, who was indeed coming to call him, hastened to the bedside of his suffering wife. White as a waxen lily, she lay perfectly motionless, and the features of the fair face, so bright and laughing but a few hours ago, seemed to have grown older and wan.

"Katherine," he whispered in a strangely broken voice; "Katherine, you will stay with me. Speak to me now." He leaned his brown face nearer to the pillowed head, and as if by magic the blue eyes opened widely, and she gave back to him the soft reply: "Clyde, I am atoning for it all. I am tired, Clyde, so tired I feel as if I never rested in this life. What was it? Did I faint?" Her words came from her lips slowly, as if speaking distressed her, and her eyes left his face and wandered wistfully about the room. "Hush! heart's own," he said; "you must not talk yet; Dr. Lenord has forbidden it. I will tell you all about it later."

"Dr. Lenord cannot do anything for me, Clyde. See how my hands are shaking, and did I not tell you that God might call me home at any time. What's that?" as she caught the gleam of a red spot on the coverlid. "Nothing," he said, doubling the offending spot under; "nothing, Katherine. Tell me, would you like to see Father Ryan?" and he wondered if death was really near, and if she was resigned to go. A new light of unspeakable joy broke over the pale countenance, and she turned her cold fingers through his in the old way, while Susan, quietly rocking to and fro in her chair, felt her eyes grow dim with tears. "You will

allow Father Ryan to come, Clyde; you have forgiven him all, and me—now you are helping me to atone. God will accept my sacrifice. Bring Father Ryan now, Clyde; yes, bring him now."

"He is here," her husband said brokenly, as he heard the hall door closing, and Clara came up, announcing "Father Ryan and Mrs. Vinton." Upon the latter appearing with her wraps still on, Dunleith went toward her. "I am glad you are here, Mrs. Vinton; I might have sent for you before."

"Indeed you should have. I am displeased that you did not," she replied, with that freedom that was hers by right of the long friendship between here now, so I will prepare things for her own family and his; "but I am Father Ryan." Mrs. Vinton was a Catholic. "Poor little one—your broken flower, Clyde," and, approaching Katherine's bed, the silver-haired lady kissed the girlish brow, and Katherine, looking up, smiled in response, but said nothing. Then Mrs. Vinton, with Susan's assistance, prepared the communion table, and Dunleith, leaving his wife, with anxious foreboding, descended the broad stairs to make known to Father Ryan that all was in readiness for him. Having the Blessed Sacrament with him, the good priest did not speak to Dunleith as they passed each other on the library threshold, but merely inclined his head, though his kindly eyes spoke volumes of sympathy for this stray son, adrift in the waters of unbelief in this hour of trouble.

Alone in his library, the writer folded his arms and for a brief few minutes contemplated the fatal manuscript lying as he had left it two or more hours before open on the table. Then, setting his lips firmly, Dunleith tore the bulky pile into shreds and consigned them to the waste basket at his feet.

"Cursed stuff!" he said, "what demon ever moved me to write you! Is now to the only fit place for its reception. It will retire from the lists with a nearly clean record, anyhow, and that gold-gathering publisher who induced me to begin it can be easily paid

off for its cancellation by my giving him the sum that will satisfy even his penchant for vulgar coin. But, good heaven! is she drifting from me? No! No! Dr. Lenord is wrong. While there is life there is hope." He could hear the servants talking in subdued voices out in their hall, and he knew it was of the mistress they all adored, lying now so still and quiet on her couch, and receiving perhaps for the last time spiritual consolation. No happier household than this of Dunleith Place, presided over by his wife of not more than nineteen summers, existed in California, but now she was away from it, as it were, and the house was lonely. Her husband could not bring himself to believe that she was dying. "It is impossible," he thought. Never caring for social enjoyments, she had entertained but seldom in the gray stone mansion, but had been perfectly happy with him alone, her practices of the religion she loved, her deeds of charity, her flowers and birds.

Father Ryan came down, and, leading him to the paper basket, even before he asked how the sufferer was, Dunleith pointed out to the priest the torn manuscript.

"There, Father," he said, "has perished the end of my first and last mistake, if I am not too late. With her you have shown me the wrong, and I am repentant."

Well pleased, Father Ryan shook the grieved man's hand. "So you harbor no bitter dislike toward me for the undue liberty I seemed to have taken in regard to your work? God bless you, my son, for doing this, and may He

sustain you in the trial that is coming."

"You believe the same as Dr. Lenord—she cannot live?" and again his strong form trembled, as it had when the first blow had fallen.

"I do, my son. I have fortified my spiritual child with the holy rights of the Church, and prepared her pure soul for its long journey. Never have I witnessed such submission to the Divine will as in her when I told her she was going home. You are the one tie that would make her live, but she knows it cannot be, so you must be resigned, my son, and do not disturb her, if you can help it, with loud grief. She is not suffering now, but I hardly think she will see the morning of another day. Go to her, for she has asked for you." They shook hands, and the priest passed out, and the sorrowing man returned to the chamber, where for the rest of the day he remained with his dying wife. Mrs. Vinton, hovering near, was the one who first saw the change Dr. Lenord told them to expect coming over the pale face so dear to them all, as, putting her hands into his, she breathed softly into the gathering shades of night.

"It is dark, Clyde, but the day is breaking. God is good, Clyde; I am young to die, but I have received Him in the Sacrament of His Love; I go to Him and will pray for you."

Her eyes were opened wide, and settled on his, from which the tears were heavily raining, for he knew there was no hope now, as the film of death was over her, and she seemed to grow oblivious to his presence. At midnight she died.



A FLOWER'S LIFE

By Mary Allegra Gallagher



A daisy saw the world at morn— . .
That night I went its way,
Found it securely locked in bud,
As if one little day

Was quite enough of earthly life,
For simple souls to see;
Ah! how I envy, little bloom,
The time marked out for thee.

Oh, I would gladly give my years,
For one day fair as thine
If, guiltless as thy petals, I
Could fold these hands of mine.



THE WORLD OF RELIGION

The Christmas season is the time when in an especial manner the human nature of Christ is brought vividly before the minds of all men. The idea of the great and mighty God at this time of the year becomes softer and as it were tinged with the tenderness and kindness that are characteristic of a beloved friend. This peculiarly human phase carries us back almost unconsciously to those really human beings whose lives were passed in caring for Him during the years of His childhood. And certainly among all those who looked down upon the infant face as it was pressed close to her breast there is none more worthy of veneration now than His mother. For, as Bishop Hedley says: "Mary repeats Jesus to us, and at the same time repeats Him with an instructiveness and a touching efficacy which result from the profoundness of the difference between them. The Sacred Heart of Jesus burns with Divine love and worship. So does the most pure heart of Mary. But in Jesus it is the Divinity which enkindles the consuming fire. In Mary there is no Divine Nature to keep up by absolute power and necessity the perpetual flame of perfect charity. In her, heavenly work is the redeeming grace of Jesus. She is the chief and the grandest scene of its power and efficacy. So with her purity and sinlessness; in her they are that of the handmaid who bows before the sweep of the Divine tempest which the purity of the Divinity set in motion when it touched the humanity it had chosen. Jesus suffers, because He wishes by suffering to add an intensity to the Act of His Heart which it could not otherwise have had. Mary suffers, but her suffering is chiefly compassion for Jesus, and its effect is to draw her nearer to Him. As regards us men and our salvation, Jesus reveals God's mercy, heaps act on act to satisfy for our sins, suffers from the beginning to the

end in order to make us love Him, and gives us His heart as a pattern of purity and self immolation. And Mary, anointed with the same blessed unction as His most blessed Soul, is filled to overflowing with a similar love for men and women; reveals God's mercy in new aspects and in lengthening perspective; offers her good works and sufferings to merit for us with a merit that is real, yet entirely the fruit of the Precious Blood; loves us with a human love, as Jesus loves us, but also with a sympathy of her own, arising from her being a creature like ourselves; and gives us for our model all her lovely qualities and virtues, which differ from Him as the light of the moon differs from that of the sun. Remembering that the well being of our souls depends upon our apprehending God's mercy, love and purity, and that the Incarnation is the Divine means for enabling us to do this, it is easy to see how the blessed Mother of Jesus repeats in her being and in her life all that Divine message, all that precious revelation. Our souls, therefore, cannot spare her. How many of us are touched by the thought that a creature of God, a woman, a mother, should have been lifted so high that her purity is absolute, her love surpassing imagination, her heart transcending all thought, and her nearness to Jesus incomprehensible, and that all this comes about by the mercy and love of God for us? O Heavenly Father, revealing Thyself in Mary, from my heart I give Thee thanks that Thou dost send me so sweet and moving a message. What must be the treasure of love hidden behind Thy incomprehensible light, when this gracious vision of Thy handmaid is so beautiful and so attractive. Give me Thy grace to find in Mary, by devout meditation, nothing less than Thyself, my Father and my only Friend."

THE REASONABLENESS OF FAITH

By the Editor.

THERE is, probably, no word in the whole religious vocabulary which has been so misunderstood as has been the word Faith. Systems of theology of the most diverse kinds have been constructed on a basis built from ideas derived from a wrong interpretation of the word; men have gone through life, like a boat on a placid sea, with consciences peaceful, and with hope strong in them, but with an utterly false notion of religion, because the idea they had of faith was false; persecutions, too, that stain the pages of history, have very often been the fanatical outbursts of emotions confused with a religion founded upon an irrational faith; and, finally, individual men have been compelled silently to suffer under the insidious accusations of those who were mentally incapable of distinguishing faith from credulity or superstition, or even local ecclesiastical custom. Again, there is a large number of writers, and a class of scientists, that are continually endeavoring to bring discredit upon faith; they have, indeed, produced such an impression upon the minds of many, that faith is viewed as a relic of the mental state of childhood, and as a condition of mind so opposed to the proved facts of life as to be unworthy of a serious man's consideration. To offset this effect some ecclesiastical writers have expended their energy in laboring to arouse greater devotion in the hearts of the people, and have in consequence aided their opponents by suggesting the opinion that emotional and devotional-religion are synonyms of faith.

Now, in this paper I do not intend to prove the existence of faith. As soon as I shall give the definition of it the reader must look into his own mind and there, unless his environment, or his education, or his mental condition is bad, or has been neglected, or is abnormal, he will find the reality of the thing defined. I presume, of course, also that the reader who thus looks into his own

mind has already received the grace that comes with the acceptance of Christianity. In this paper I intend to show the reasonableness of faith. That this is very necessary now is plain. It is a well known and constantly repeated complaint of many religious leaders of the time, that the people are not as religiously disposed as they formerly were, that they care little any more for the devotional indications of religion, that they are drifting toward a state of pure materialism. It is time for this complaint to stop. The people are to-day as really religious as they ever have been; but the people of to-day demand the reason of things. They understand that their emotions are frequently whimsical and the result of momentary excitement, they know that emotional religion is very often extravagant in its effects, they know, too, that some prevalent opinions about the spiritual world cannot be reconciled with known facts, and, therefore, they have become skeptical. But they have not become irreligious. The world has outgrown the childish stage; it has become mature; and the methods of religious teachers must be adapted now to the capacities of men. It is the reasonableness of religious truths that must be manifested; and when this has been done then the devotional adjuncts of religion will be acceptable.

Faith, then, may be defined as follows: It is a supernatural and theological virtue disposing the mind firmly to assent to everything revealed by God, because He has revealed it. A complete understanding of this definition is necessary not only on account of the subject itself, but also because faith is the foundation on which, so far at least as we here on earth are concerned the whole religious world is based. Before explaining the definition, however, I wish to eliminate some opinions that might come in the minds of the reader. This definition of faith is not a definition given by the Catholic Church, but is also a definition that has been drawn up after analyzing the relation of the objects of faith to the mind, and of the process of the mind in perceiv-

ing the objects. Moreover, faith here is not taken in the sense of the things or beliefs that exist outside of the mind. It is not, for instance, taken in the sense attached to it when a man speaks of the faith of childhood. It is not to be understood as meaning the collection of beliefs accepted by a man; nor is it to be understood in the sense of trust, or fidelity to promises; but it is to be understood strictly in the sense attached to it in the definition. According to the definition, then, faith is something permanent; it is an infused virtue, which means simply that it is an acquired habit of mind. It is different, therefore, from the act of faith every Christian should make. For faith is the state, as it were, of the mind, while the act of faith is merely the transitory manifestation of that state. Now, this state of mind is not a purely natural one. The object to be attained is supernatural, and therefore the state of mind must be proportionate to the object. And not only is the object supernatural, but the motive influence causing the state of mind is supernatural also. This makes clear the reason of the insertion of the word "theological" into the definition. A theological virtue is one that has God for its object and that owes its existence to some attribute or other of God. I have all along referred to faith as a state of the mind. This is rather the actual result of faith. Faith itself, like the lever that raises the stone on the mountain top and causes it to roll downward, faith is that externally acquired habit that effects permanently the mind in such a way that it is adapted for some definite perception. Finally, the definition states the object of the mental assent is, whatever has been revealed by God, all these truths manifested to the world by means of revelation, and, of course, all those truths necessarily but implicitly contained in the revealed truths; and it states also that the reason of the mental assent is to be found not in the revealed truths themselves, but in the fact that God Himself has revealed them. It is the authority of

God that induces the mind to assent to the truths.

This, then, is the definition of faith. Before going on to show the reasonableness of it, it is necessary to write something more about its object. As was stated, the object of the mental assent is truth revealed by God. Now, this truth revealed by God may be presented to the mind in two ways. It may be directly and explicitly presented by God; or it may be revealed implicitly and then be explicitly formulated and promulgated by the legitimate and divinely appointed representative of God on earth. When it is thus indirectly revealed and is presented by the legitimate representative, in a legitimate way, then the faith, from its object, is called "Catholic." When a truth has been explicitly revealed and has not been officially promulgated by the earthly representative of God it is said to be an object of "divine" faith.

From the definition it has become clear that faith implies two facts: the virtue that disposes the mind to assent, and the object authoritatively revealed. Its reasonableness, then, will depend upon the credibility of the certainty of the object. If the certainty is not sufficient to cause the mind to assent to it, and if, nevertheless, the mind does assent, then there is not reasonable faith, but there is credulity. Now, merely to state that, with regard to faith, the object is certainly true because it has been revealed by God, to merely state this is sufficient to show the reasonableness of faith. Moreover, when it is further stated that the motive of the mental assent is the authority of God, then the reasonableness of faith will be more apparent.

But the mere statement is not enough for my purpose; it might, moreover, lead the reader to infer that I had confused the act of faith, or the act of actually assenting to a revealed proposition with the virtue itself, with the permanent habit about which I am now writing. For this reason I shall refer to the fact that authority is a legitimate source of certitude. That it may,

indeed, cause the mind to become habitually certain is plain from daily experience. We are not only certain of what is seen, but also of an innumerable number of other facts that have never been seen, and that can never be seen. No one for example doubts that George Washington ever lived, nor does any one doubt that there is such a city as Rome, yet George Washington has not been seen, nor has the city of Rome been seen by every one. This absence of doubt is certitude derived from the testimony of others. It is not the same kind of certitude we have from the proposition that, two and two make four, but it is just as absolute. The mind is disposed to assent, and it does so unhesitatingly.

But just here is this most important fact: The mind is disposed to assent to a proposition on the testimony of others; but that testimony at some time or other must have been examined and found to be reliable. And as it is with the testimony given by men, so it is with the testimony given by God. It is not meant that man is worthy of being placed on a level with God, and there capable or worthy of judging the acts of God: it is simply meant that in a reverential and honest way the testimony vouchsafed men by God should be examined and then judged. That this may be done may be inferred from the fact that God Himself has set forth the reasons that should induce men to accept unhesitatingly His authority. He has revealed His existence by direct revelation; but He has also so constructed the visible world that His existence may be inferred from it, and thus the revelation may be verified. He has given mankind the Bible containing His direct revelations; but He has also furnished the natural means whereby the credibility, the authenticity, and the integrity of the Bible may be proven. The authority of God, then, may be tested. When it is tested either by the individual himself, or by the acceptance of the results of others, then the credibility of the objects of the authoritative utterance is assured, and a

firm assent to their truth is both legitimate and reasonable.

In showing this reasonableness of faith I have, as I said, taken for granted the existence of the virtue in the Christian soul. I have not, therefore, dwelt upon the fact that the virtue is infused or permanent, or supernatural. All these qualities I have assumed. Nor did it come within my scope to show faith in its relation to the infallible utterances of the Church. The same arguments that apply to faith under its aspect of divine faith, apply also to faith as Catholic. And as I have taken the existence of faith for granted, so I have not concerned myself about its qualities; its infallibility, its necessary obscurity, or its freedom. But with regard to its reasonableness this much more may be said. The reasonableness will be more apparent the more carefully the virtue is examined. To examine it requires introspection, and this introspection can best be facilitated by repeated acts of faith. Consideration of the act of faith will tend to develop the habit, and thus it will become more firm and clear. Another result also will follow. The more completely developed is the habit of faith the nearer does man attain the supernatural world. Faith is a divine gift, and the more the gift is valued the more abundantly will the grace of God be bestowed. And, after all, that is the whole end of the virtue, to make men know that there is a God, and to make them, here on earth, become partakers of the glory of God by obtaining the grace that will ultimately enable them to see God Himself, and to understand the truths that are now dimly seen through faith.

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SPIRITUAL WORLD

BY THE EDITOR

THERE is something exquisitely beautiful in the spring time of the year. Only a little while before, the sharp, cold wind was beating against the houses, and catching and hurling the snow along the city's streets; the gray, cloudless sky hung

low like an icy cloak over everything; the trees, bare and gaunt and swaying under the wind and their burden of snow, seemed to indicate places where Death had passed; and in the heart of everyone as he went forth to his labor, and toiled during the dreary day, there was a chill that made the life blood flow slower, and took away the energy and strength needed for the journey home.

But with the coming of the spring comes a change so marvelous that it seems to have been wrought by the potent touch of a magician's wand. Under the warm rays of the sun the snow quickly melts away; the dreariness that had settled down upon the streets is gone; the wind becomes gentle and soft, the trees raise themselves toward the gloriously-colored sky, and silently and mysteriously the tiny buds emerge from the branches, and men know that the new life has come into the earth again. Yet it is not merely the contrast between the dull, cold days of winter and the bright warm days of spring that makes the season of the year so exquisitely beautiful. Beauty is a quality that appeals not only to the external senses, but also to the mind. The old Greek statues are beautiful not only because they are images of beautiful human beings, but also because their symmetry, their perfect outline, and poise, and feature correspond to the ideal human form and feature that are in the mind. And so it is with the season of Spring. It is beautiful because it is the season of the resurrection of Nature. To the mind it is typical of the transition from death to life. It is the season that spreads out plainly before the eyes the history of the making of the universe. For the history of the universe is the story of the passing from chaos to order, from dead things to living beings, from the low to the higher. It is the story of origin, growth, and development.

Now from the purely natural point of view, just as St. Paul says, we may prove the existence of the supernatural world. St. Paul says we may prove it

from the "things that are seen" and so we shall do it.

Development from the lower to the higher state is to be found throughout the whole visible universe. On our own earth the science of geology, for instance, has shown that the successive strata are indications of the gradual formation of our globe. It shows the process that has taken place in the past and that is now taking place. It indicates the fact that a development has taken place, that a gradual improvement, if so we may call it, has gone on from the time when the earth was a molten mass hurled from the sun until the present time when it is capable of sustaining life. But geology indicates only the inorganic development of the earth. It stops at the brink of the gulf separating the rock from the organism that has life. Life itself, bridge over the chasm separating the inorganic from the organic in whatever way we wish—it is a stupendous development. But even with the infusion of life the development went on. The principle or whatever that is which we call life, remained the same; but the form that enveloped it developed. In the beginning that form was most insignificant. The tiny creature, so weak and frail that it must remain close to earth, so simply constructed that it seemed to be little more than an inorganic particle endowed with a new kind of force, was the primitive bearer of life. Gradually, however, and very slowly that primitive form advanced along the scale toward higher forms; it raised itself from the earth. The marvelous difference between it and the inanimate world was plain. The organism became more complex, the plant, the insect, and the animal developed.

But the end for which the earth advanced from a burning mass of gaseous matter to the state in which it could sustain life was not yet attained. The earth had become too beautiful for the mere animal. Its massive mountains, its forests, and its fair flowers, so sweet, and lovely that they seemed to shrink from the touch of anything

less beautiful than they—all these had not sprung forth to be roamed over, torn down, and trampled upon by animals wild, ferocious and revelling only in the pleasures of instinct. A further and more wonderful development was needed.

This more wonderful development was reached when the first human being appeared upon the earth. So wonderful was it that it could be called a development only in the defined sense in which organic life was a development from the inorganic world. For, although the human being in his physical constitution may have been a development from the animal organisms around, yet the infusion of the new kind of life marked him off distinctly from the animal as well as from the inorganic world. The development was a development in the order of creation. The earth had now produced a perfect being. Long ages had passed while the silent, mysterious process of preparation had been going on; the dead rocks had been piled one upon another; mountains, valleys and seas had found their proper places; the green shoot with life in it had sprung from the ground; the animal had appeared amid the tangled, untrodden forests, and, finally, there stood forth, with his head raised high, and his arms stretched forth to the silent sky above him, the perfect work of nature, yet with something more than Nature gave—the Man.

That the law of development did not cease with the production of the perfect man is plain from an examination of the objects of the faculties, or of the additional kind of life, that marks him off from the beasts of the field. Those faculties are the mind and the will. The object of the mind, or of the intellect, is truth. To give an adequate definition of truth is impossible; the desire to define and grasp it has been the most necessary incentive to human progress. For human progress, after all, means no more than an advance in knowledge, in the understanding of things, and in the adapta-

tion of such things as are understood to human needs. From the beginning the mind has looked out upon things curiously, it has sought to find out what things are, and, inasmuch as it has found what a thing is, in just so much has it grasped a portion of the truth and has advanced. That the mind has not yet grasped all truth, that it sees some things darkly as through a glass, is evident from the fact that human progress is still going on, and is more evident from this that many things are known to be facts that are not understood. And an examination of the object of the will shows, too, that the law of development has not ceased. The object of the will is, good that is proportionate to the faculty. That this object is not attained by pleasure or by happiness, may be inferred from this; that pleasure soon palls, and that happiness does not last. The craving, or the longing, remains. It remains simply because nothing is so completely good as to satisfy perfectly the longing of the will; the mixture of earthly ingredients in all pleasure and happiness detracts from the complete enjoyment demanded by the will.

Now these two facts, namely, the intellect does not attain the truth it is capable of perceiving, and the will does not obtain the good it unceasingly longs for, are proofs that a higher development itself requires such further development. All through the inorganic and the purely animal organic world the law was in full force; all through the physical and instinctive growth of man the law was paramount, and, therefore, it is utterly improbable to assume, as there is no basis in all the rest of nature for the assumption, that in the case of man's higher life the law of development ceases. The evident conclusion is, that man's higher nature, his rational and volitional life, must develop and attain a state wherein the requirements of such life are perfectly fulfilled. That such a conclusion is legitimate is cogently demonstrated by the existence of such a state. The existence of God being assumed, the ex-

istence of the world where truth and good are found in their perfection necessarily follows. No limit, it is true, can be drawn for God. Every phenomenon of nature exists under His sustaining power, and, although invisible yet, He is as truly present as though He could be seen with the eyes; still with reference to His invisibility it may be said that the consciousness of His presence is more acute in the invisible world than it is here upon earth. God is perceived there in the splendor of His attributes. He is surrounded by the glory for which all creatures were made, and within Himself does He contain all for which the mind of man longs. He is, indeed, the beginning and the end.

This invisible, or spiritual world is where the development of man's higher life ends. The whole history of human experience demonstrates the truth that here upon earth the fullness of truth needed for perfect intellectual life can never be obtained, and it demonstrates the other truth that, neither can complete happiness be ever found upon earth by the will. The intellect and the will are faculties of the spiritual soul, therefore, their complete development can be found only in the world that is akin to them—in the spiritual world. It is found there, because there is God.

However, although human experience, and the whole course of nature, point so unerringly to the end of human development in the spiritual world, and although reason may draw the certain conclusion that there is a real spiritual world, yet revelation has made the reality of the spiritual world more certain. The whole object of revelation has been to draw aside a portion of the veil that conceals the world of spirits from the world of flesh. It has been

vouchsafed to men in order that they might not lose heart, and in order that they might the more vividly remember that all around the world they could see there was another world which their spiritual life craved. Revelation was simply the message from the higher life to the higher part of man; the voice of God speaking from the invisible kingdom of the soul. It is this voice that the soul hears continuously, and it is the sound of this voice that enables it to understand the reality of the life to come. For the words of revelation make manifest the great truth, the soul that hears the words is already living in the spiritual world. The kingdom of the invisible God is not only outside of us, far from our material bodies, but it is also truly within us. The soul is spiritual. By its nature it is an inhabitant of the spiritual world.

This fact, then, the reality of the spiritual world, which we have shown in accordance with the teaching of St. Paul, and the destination of the highest part of man for that world, is impressive. To fully comprehend all that it means is impossible now. But the more the mind thinks upon it the more impressive does it become. All around this world that is so real is another world just as real, for it is the world of God. And within our own selves does that unseen world penetrate. Within us is the living soul that makes us even here on earth inhabitants also of the invisible world. The more the mind reflects upon this, the more conscious it becomes of the everlasting permanence of that world, the more forcible and awful are the words of revelation telling us that we are temples of the Holy Ghost, and that we have been made unto the likeness and image of God.



LITERARY DEPARTMENT

"BEGINNINGS OF CHRISTIANITY"—By
Thomas Shahan, D. D., Professor of
Church History in the Catholic University, New York.

THE STUDY OF CHURCH HISTORY.

Church history just now is one of the most important studies our school teachers and young people should engage in. It is true that there are some departments of knowledge that at the present time are most worthy of the serious attention of all who are interested in the betterment of our material condition, as, for instance, political economy, sociology, both as a practical and a theoretical science; Biblical criticism, and the like. But for the present we think that hardly any of them surpass in importance that branch of Church history. The reason for this is the present condition of the religious world. All around us we have sects, denominations, and religious schools of thought, that are constantly putting forward in the most public and popular manner the beliefs and the peculiar tenets that they advocate. It is true that, from a practical position of view, they exert very little influence on the Catholic mind; nevertheless, the continuous repetition of their assertions must in some way or other leave an impression of some sort on the mind of every seriously thinking man and woman in the community. It is to offset such influence that the study of church history is so important just now. The existence of dogmatic religion implies the existence of an historic church. And this is why I am now advocating the study of church history by our school teachers, young men and women. It is in order that they may be able to trace through

the centuries that have passed since Christ and His apostles enunciated the great fundamental truths of the real religion, the development of those truths, and their crystallization into definite dogmas. Church history, of course, like all other human history, is made up also of the records of men. It embraces the stories of their lives, and of the work that they have done for the furtherance of the human sides of the church; but the men are nothing more than the human agents through whom the Spirit of God has operated, and, therefore, while they may be interesting in themselves, yet they must be viewed in their proper perspective, they must not obscure the real end in the study of church history, namely, the study of the development of the facts of religion. The realization of this truth will enable the student to understand better the otherwise mysterious phenomenon that so frequently is apparent in the history of religion, namely, that at times unworthy men have been used by Providence for advancing far, and rendering more intelligible, and even for defending the religious dogma that is destined for the acquisition of spiritual salvation by men. It is, therefore, the history of God's revelation to mankind that must be studied, and not the history of the men who gave it to their fellow men. And, from an intellectual as well as from the spiritual point of view, the history of the dogmatic development of religion will be most beneficial. The young man or woman who has made such a study will have a certain knowledge, and will be able to do, what the Apostle advised all to do, to give a rational and intelligent account of the faith that is in him.

Book Notes

The Oxford University Press (Henry Frowde) have nearly ready "The Origin and Growth of the English Colonies and Their System of Government," by H. E. Egerton.



A gossip, but not ill-natured book is Mr. Henry J. Morgan's "Types of Canadian Women." It embraces about three hundred and fifty biographical sketches, and is profusely illustrated from photographs. (Toronto: William Briggs.



"Edgar or From Atheism to the Full Truth," is an interesting and accurate exposition of the teachings of the Catholic Church, by the Rev. Louis von Hammerstein, S. J. (B. Herder, St. Louis.)



"Rome and the Renaissance," translated by John Dennie from the French of Julian Klaczko, contains an interesting account of the Pontificate of Pope Julius II.



Six years before his death, Pope Leo XIII appointed Count Soderini to prepare a documentary history of his pontificate. Unrestricted access to the material in the several archives in the Vatican has been granted to the Count, who announces that the work will be ready for publication some time in 1904. It will appear simultaneously in Italian, French, English, and German versions.



A Vienna newspaper reports that the Austrian Academy of Sciences has voted the sum of 4,000 florins to Dr. Rudolf Walker a privat-docent in the University, and one of the librarians for the purpose of preparing a new edition of the letters of Aeneas Sylvius, afterwards Pope Pius II. The editor has been engaged on the work since 1899, having made several journeys to Italian libraries during which he found a large number of hitherto unpublished letters of the great humanist. This is to be a thoroughly complete and critical edition in four volumes, and will appear on the fifth centennial of Aeneas Sylvius, October 18, 1905.

"Ballads of Valor and Victory," by Clinton Scollard and Wallace Rice, is a collection of poems that have the true ballad ring to them. The rushing melody of the poems is thoroughly in keeping with the valorous deeds they recount. (Fleming H. Revell Co., Chicago.)



"Portraits of Julius Caesar," by Frank J. Scott is an interesting book for the student and the man of general culture. It contains more illustrations than any other book ever written on the subject of the features of the famous Roman general. (Longman's Green & Co., New York.)



Among the important books of biography published during the month are Mr. John Morley's "Life of William Ewart Gladstone;" "Benjamin Disraeli," by Wilfrid Meynell; "Autobiography of Seventy Years," by Senator Hoar; and "Reminiscences of the Civil War," by General John B. Gordon.



The development of the industrial education in Germany, says the Nation, during the last quarter of a century, has been remarkable. It appears from the latest Consular Reports for September that while in 1882 there were only 22 industrial schools in Saxony, there are now 287. In Hesse there is not a single village, no matter how small, in the whole country, which has not an industrial school of some kind, generally with workshop for actual practice. In Baden fully 20,000 apprentices are learning how to make clocks and cotton, woolen and silk goods. The Prussian State railways have schools in all the large cities for the purpose of teaching apprentices every subject which has anything to do with the building or repairing of railway cars, etc. Each apprentice in these schools receives a remuneration of 20 cents a day, which is put out at interest until the end of his three years, when he comes into possession of both interest and principal. In all Germany pupils of both sexes are taught forty-four different trades and industries.

"Old Quebec: The Fortress of New France," by Sir Gilbert Parker, is a delightful recounting from intimate knowledge of the many dramatic incidents in the history of this quaint city. (Macmillan Co., New York.)



"Vacation Days in Greece," by Rufus R. Richardson, contains a series of sketches of great informal charm, told from the picturesque rather than from the archeological and scholarly point of view, although the two are so judiciously combined that the book will be indispensable both to the student and to the general traveler in Greece. (Scribner's, New York.)



"The Blood Lillies," by W. A. Fraser, is a story of Canada. The scene is the north country of Canada beyond Winnipeg, and the characters, each drawn to the life, are the frontier Scotch and French Canadians, Indians and half-breeds of that romantic region. The atmosphere of a strange and romantic land is everywhere felt as a quality of the story which, dramatic and pathetic in a remarkable degree, illustrates the manners and habits of a wild and picturesque community with vivid power. (Scribner's, New York.)



"English Country Churches" contains a collection of one hundred views chosen by Ralph Adams Cram, architect. Many of the most useful and beautiful of the smaller English churches, which represent a type thoroughly adapted to American needs, are shown in this collection of eighty-seven exterior and thirteen interior photographic views of churches in the Norman, Early English, Decorated and Perpendicular styles. (Bates & Guild, Boston.)



"The Great Encyclical Letters of Pope Leo XIII, Translations From Approved Sources," with a preface by the Rev. John J. Wynne, is an exceedingly important work. The great letters of the late Pope to the Christian world are here collected and presented in an attractive form. They are of interest not only to the clergy, but also to the educated laity. (Benziger Bros., New York.)

"A Pleasure Book of Grindewald," by Daniel P. Rhodes. (Macmillan & Co. 6s. net.)—Mr. Rhodes calls his volume a pleasure book," possibly to exclude the more serious subjects with which Grindelwald has been connected, for it has been the seat of notable conferences. The book naturally divides itself into a summer and a winter part. On both topics Mr. Rhodes will be found a well-informed and judicious director. He has wise words to say about needless risks in climbing. The tale of accidents which must needs come—that, for instance, of the Fearons with their two guides, whose ice axes were struck by lightning—is long enough without unnecessary additions. The Waterhorn, it will be remembered, is the characteristic Grindelwald mountain, and it has a large death-roll. Just now readers of Alpine books will be probably thinking of the winter season. If so, they will here find an attractive picture of its delights. The illustrations are numerous and good.



"Chota Nagpore," by F. B. Bradley-Birt, B. A. (Smith, Elder Co. 12s. 6d. net).—Nagpore, in the Central Provinces, has been administered by British rulers for about a century and a quarter. A somewhat haphazard system brought about a rebellion in 1820; after this the Government was more intelligently organized and far better managed. The population consists largely of aboriginal tribes, among whom the Kols, the Mundors and the Santals are the most important. A considerable portion of these aborigines are more or less Hinduised, for though Hinduism is, in theory, an hereditary, not a proselytising religion; in practice it has its converts. There is a great multitude of Brahmins, and some of them earn their living by acquiring disciples. They practise a sort of adoption giving candidates a sham pedigree so to speak, which connects them with the genuine stock. Others of the tribes offer a promising field to Christian missions. Here the secular motive is the feeling of the savage, who has no elaborate defense of spiritual pride, that the missionary is one of the ruling class. Mr. Bradley-Birt has studied the legendary lore, the history and the present life of the people with good effect, making a highly interesting and instructive account of the region and its inhabitants.

"Chester," by Bertram C. Windle. (Methuen & Co. 3s. 6d. net.)—Chester is one of the most picturesque and also one of the most ancient dwelling places in England. There are many "Chesters" in England, but this is the Chester, the camp, dating its origin as far back as the Roman occupation of Britain in the second half of the first century of our era. It was always a military post, and when the Roman armies left Britain naturally decayed. In the sixth century it had practically disappeared. In the tenth century or before, it recovered some of its old importance—a place so situated could not long remain unoccupied. In the sixteenth century it became a bishopric; the great event of the seventeenth century was the famous siege. In 1648 a worse enemy than the army of Parliament assailed it; it was desolated by the Plague. Mr. Windle tells the story of the city, past and present, in an interesting way, and he is well helped by the skillful pencil of Mr. Edmund New, which furnishes the illustrations.



"Letters From South Africa," by E. D. Scott. (Sherratt and Hughes. 2s. 6d. net.)—Mr. Scott, after a variety of travel experiences, went on an ivory-trading expedition to King Lewanika. The letters during this time (1894-95) occupy the first eighty pages of the book. On the outbreak of the Boer war he went out as correspondent of the Manchester Courier, reaching Cape Town in December, 1899. He saw as much fighting as he could contrive to bring into his day's work; Enslyn, Paardelberg, Driefontein, Lydenberg, and Reitfontein are among the names of the places at which he was under fire. He saw the war at an end, was present at the Proclamation of Peace, a scene which he described in a letter to England, and was on the point of returning home when he met with one of those accidents in which we seem to see the irony of fate. He dropped a cigarette case on the line while his train was in siding, descended to pick it up, and was killed by its suddenly moving on. E. D. Scott was not a professional journalist, and had no literary training, but he described what he saw, and he saw many things. It is interesting to be told that he was a warm defender of the concentration camps.

"Coins of Ancient Sicily, by G. F. Hill, M. A. (A. Constable & Co. 21s. net.)—Mr. Hill need hardly apologize for popularizing a subject which is specially his own. Popularization is objectionable only when it is not founded on scientific knowledge. The interest of this book is, of course, primarily artistic. But the historical element is not by any means unimportant. The relations of the Sicilian Greek cities, so important in Hellenic history, appear in their coinage. So do their internal politics. A Greek citizen was very jealous in the matter of his coinage. Rulers who became proverbial as tyrants did not venture on tampering with the coinage designs. The name of a tyrant does not appear till the time of Agathocles (310 B. C.); when Hicetas succeeded to the despotism, after a brief interval of freedom, he deferred to popular feeling by using, not the genitive, indicating possession, but the nominative, as of the holder of office. The portrait appears for the first time in the days of Hiero II. (269 B. C.) Mr. Hill puts his facts and criticisms in a very lucid and orderly way.



"After Worcester Fight," By Allan Fea. (John Lane. 15s net.)—Mr. Fea reprints the five "Boscobel Tracts,"—i. e., "The King's Narrative," "Blount's Boscobel," "Whitgreaves Narrative," "Ellesdon's Letter" (addressed to Lord Clarendon), and "Claustrum Regale Reseratum: or, the King's Concealment at Trent." In his introduction he gives an account of these documents, and states some difficulties connected with them. He adds a description of the existing relics, and of the pensions, gifts, etc., with which the king afterwards rewarded those who had rendered him service. These people were not disposed to regard the virtue of loyalty as its own reward. In 1668 the sum of £23,524 4s. 2d. is officially stated as set aside for this purpose. Charles is said to have neglected many who sacrificed much for him. To reward adequately a whole party was clearly out of his power, but for the definite services of individuals he was not ungrateful. Of course, there were endless attempts to swindle him. In the "Appendix and Addenda" various cognate matters are given. Mr. Fea has left, we imagine, very little to be said on this subject.

"Rabbi Shalom on the Shores of the Black Sea," by Jaakoff Prelooker. (Simpkin, Marshall & Co. 4s. net.)—This is a story in which the proportion of fiction is probably small, describing the New Israelite movement and its relation to Jewish Orthodoxy. An Orthodox Rabbi is hospitably received in the home of a Jewish family, where the mother holds by the old ways, but the young people have opened their eyes to a newer light. A good many things happen during his brief stay with them—he is on pilgrimage to Jerusalem, it must be understood. He goes to a meeting of the new sect and hears various things that astonish him not from his compatriots only, but from Stundists and others, for Russian Dissenters are glad to avail themselves of the limited tolerance which the police extend to the New Israelites. A Jew has certain privileges, but anyone who leaves the Orthodox Church has none "Their property is taken from them, employment is refused to them, and in numerous cases they are dying in hundreds from disease and starvation." The book has many interesting things in it. We may add that the author is the editor of a journal, the Anglo-Russian which is designed to give opportunities denied in Russia to the setting forth of liberal views.



"Back to the Mines," by Fisher Vane. (Hutchinson & Co. 6s.)—Mr. Vane tells us in this volume his experiences as a miner in South Africa. They seem to have been a little diversified, but he is much more communicative about his failures than about his successes. "One of the many syndicates in which I interested myself from time to time was less a failure than the rest." This is about the best he can say about his ventures, and unless it is an almost singular instance of the figure of speech which the grammarians call *meiosis*—a rhetorical minimizing—mining cannot be considered a good business. As for the book, it would have been much improved by a stern pruning of luxuriant description. The personal hardships of bad food, bad lodging, etc., might have been described once for all, and then left alone. Still, we carry away a distinct impression of the life and work of the worker at the mines. Mr.

Vane holds the balance between Boer and Outlander with commendable fairness. He has a good word to say for Kruger, the Kruger, i. e., of the Transvaal, not the Kruger of Brussels; and he is emphatic in his condemnation of the Hollander proper, the political and commercial adventurer who imported himself from Holland.



"The Grand Duchy of Finland," by the author of "A Visit to the Russians in Central Asia." (T. Fisher Unwin. 2s. 6d. net.)—This sketch of the history of Finland appears opportunely. Alexander I. (March, 1889, is a misprint for 1809) spoke of the country as "placed from henceforward in the rank of the nations, governed by its own laws;" Nicholas I., though disposed to the "Russification" policy, respected his brother's promises; Alexander II. reverted to his uncle's convictions—his reign is described as Finland's "Golden Age;" Nicholas II. has not the courage and consistency of his namesake. "By a curious coincidence the invitation of all nations to a peace conference at the Hague was made by the Emperor Nicholas II. in the same week as his call upon Finland for an unconstitutional and enormous increase to her army."



"The Sea Shore, by W. S. Furneaux. (Longmans & Co. 6s. net.)—Mr. Furneaux deals with his subject in a businesslike manner. After some preliminary remarks on the field of operations he proceeds to describe the methods which the young student must use—how he is to search the rocks, etc.; how he is to use the angling rod—there is some good advice as to making friends with travelers—how he is to construct and manage his marine aquarium. He then proceeds in the seventh and following chapters to deal in succession with the principal forms of life, beginning with the Protozoa. After the Protozoa come the Sponges, then the Caelenterates (jelly fishes, anemones, etc.) Chapter 10 is given to star fishes, sea urchins, etc., and chapter 11 to sea worms. It is needless, however, to follow every topic. It will suffice to say that in chapter 14 we reach the "Marine Vertebrates." Chapters 15 and 16 deal respectively with "Sea Weeds" and "Flower-

ing Plants of the Seaside." This is a very rough outline of a most painstaking and useful book.



"Religion in Homespun," by F. B. Meyer, B. A. (Isbister & Co. 3s. 6d.)—Mr. Meyer deals with many matters of daily life—the care of children, duty to servants, Sunday observance, trade morals, personal habits, and so forth. He is always plain, practical and sensible. On the subject of Sunday observance, for instance, he recognizes the difference between the absolute best and the relative, tells us what he would like in his own family, and would allow elsewhere. And he can heartily praise men from whom he differs not a little, as Father Dolling, though the gulf between the theology of the two must have been wide. We shall not make any quotation from the book. It is in its even, consistent good sense that its merit lies.

"The Struggle for Sea Power," by M. B. Syngé. (W. Blackwood & Sons. 1s. 9d.)—This is the fourth part of an excellent series entitled "The Story of the World," and intended for the "Children of the British Empire." It takes in some sixty years from the career of Clive down to the fall of Napoleon. The great sea fights of the last decade of the eighteenth and the first decade of the nineteenth centuries form, of course, a prominent feature in it. The story has to be greatly compressed, but the author has done well in telling a few things in outline, and the work, which is well printed and suitably illustrated, is not unworthy of its great subject.



"A Christmas Wreath" is a collection of poems appropriate to the Christmas time, by Richard Watson Gilder. The book is set forth in a new style, with border decorations and a new title page. (Century Co., New York.)



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Letter on Labor.

One of the most important and far reaching letters that the late Pope Leo addressed to the Christian world was the one on the condition of labor. In that remarkable encyclical he clearly pointed out the mutual relations and duties of capital and labor, and showed the essential need of both for the right conduct and regulation of modern society. In his recent letter Pope Pius has taken up, reconsidered and rearranged the subject matter of his predecessor's letter, and has added certain remarks that are most opportune. This discussion of labor matters, and the relation of capital to labor, by the Pope in the first year of his pontificate plainly show what we have all along maintained, namely that the Catholic Church is intensely interested in everything that pertains to the working man, and in everything that will bring about peace and harmony in our present unsettled labor conditions. In his letter the Pope reduces the teachings of the Catholicism on the subject of property rights, and especially the philosophy of Pope Leo's encyclical to nineteen precepts. Society, he says, is composed of unequal elements, from the human and social point of view, its only equality being in a common redemption by Jesus Christ, and the individual responsibility of the members to God. The right to own property, to enjoy it in a reasonable manner, to dispose of it in a legitimate manner, is an incontrovertable natural right. This right is necessarily acquired by labor, and then the Pope goes on to consider the relations between the man who has already acquired property, or the employer, and the man who is working

to acquire property, or the employe. In treating this phase of the question a sharp distinction is made between justice and charity. "The following are obligations of justice binding on the people and the working man: To perform fully and faithfully the work which has been freely and according to equity agreed upon, not to injure the property or outrage the persons of masters; to abstain from acts of violence even in the defense of their known rights, and never to make mutiny of their defense. For the capitalist the obligations are: To pay just wages to his working men, not to injure their just savings by violence of fraud or by overt or covert usuries; not to expose them to corrupting seductions and danger of scandal; not to alienate them from the spirit of family life and from love of economy, and not to impose upon them labor beyond their strength or unsuitable for their age and sex." All other obligations are classified under the head of charity, and rich and poor, the employer and the employe, are exhorted to practice this Apostolic and truly Christian virtue. The letter closes with an admonition to catholic writers to remember when defending "the cause of the proletariat and the poor, not to use language calculated to inspire aversion among the people for other classes of society. Let them refrain from speaking of redress and justice, when the matter comes within the domain of charity only." And finally it is ordered that these fundamental rules contained within the letter "be transmitted to all Catholic committees, societies and unions of every kind. All these societies are to keep them exposed in their rooms and

to have them read frequently at their meetings. We ordain, moreover, that Catholic papers publish them and make declaration of their observance of them, and, in fact, observe them religiously; failing to do this they are to be gravely admonished, and if they do not then amend let them be interdicted by ecclesiastical authority."

Trouble in France. With the beginning of the New Year the educational trouble in France has reached an acute stage. In 1900 the so called law of

associations, ostensibly aimed at all corporations, went into effect. The real object of the association law, however, was to abolish all religious corporations or communities by compelling them to apply to the state for authorization. This was done for no other purpose than that the French authorities might extirpate from France all religious instruction. During the past three years the law has been vigorously and rigorously enforced; large numbers of religious teaching communities have been driven from the homes that they have occupied for centuries; many schools are closed and the probability is that the inhabitants of the country districts, especially, will again relapse into the state of ignorance that characterized the peasantry a hundred or more years ago. Moreover, in the case where a state school has been placed on the site of a closed religious school the burden of taxation has been increased. The ministry admits that when its scheme has been fully carried out the taxes will be increased annually by \$5,000,000. From a foreign point of view the whole matter is of extraordinary interest. Looked at in some phases it is difficult to understand. Outside of one or two large cities it was commonly believed that the French people were exceedingly religious and generally intelligent. It is true that their history has shown them to have been volatile, fickle and easily moved by whimsical motives. But it was formerly believed that behind their whimsicalities and fickleness they had some

steadiness of character, and at least some independent force. It is now evident that the French people have no independence whatsoever. They have apparently in a willing manner allowed a small clique in Paris to abolish their schools, to throw them back into the dark valley of ignorance, and to impose upon them new and heavy taxes. Here and there a small band has talked and gesticulated, and then dispersed to their homes. Evidently something is wrong with the French people. Militarism is either crushing their spirit or they have sunk into a dead, inert mood that will surely work destruction in the future. Even now their enthusiasm and their extravagant outbreaks over trivial subjects have made them ridiculous before the whole civilized world. Their Chamber of Deputies has become one of the most extraordinary continuous performances on earth, and it is difficult to see how, unless a great change takes place, the French people will regain in the future the position they are in danger now of losing. It is certainly time to throw off the apathy that has come over the nation. France is a republic, it may be one only in name, but if it is really a republic then at the next elections new men should be put in office, men who are not dominated by sordid motives, nor by the applause of a small clique, but men filled with love for their country, for the welfare of their fellow countrymen, for the moral training of their children, and for the God Who shall one day call them to account for the laws that they may make and promulgate.

Americanizing Canada. The enormous resources of Canada, and especially the Canadian Northwest,

almost invariably produce a disquieting effect upon visitors from the Homeland. Principal Reichel, of the University College of North Wales, who recently visited this country with the Moseley Commission, lately expressed the fear that is uppermost in the minds of the majority of English visitors. According to him the Northwest Terri-

tories should be immediately settled by Canadians, because on account of the large numbers of Americans who are yearly invading the territories, establishing homestead and permanently settling there, the danger is imminent of the whole section becoming Americanized and of being in consequence appropriated by the American government. This view is not only shared by native born Englishmen, but also by many Canadians. However, Mr. Smart, Deputy Minister of the Interior, has no misgivings on the subject. He holds that the Americans settling in the territories are contented with Canadian institutions and have no desire to see them replaced by any other. The resources of the Canadian Northwest are certainly immense. As yet they have hardly even been discovered. The almost unlimited deposits of buried treasure have scarcely been touched; only a bare fringe of fertile plains has been turned over by the plow. A mere patch of 2,500,000 out of the 229,000,000 acres of fertile land in Manitoba and the three southern territories of the northwest yielded 67,000,000 bushels of wheat during the past year. In a way this will indicate possibilities for quickly acquiring wealth that are most enticing. And when we consider the great change that has come over the manner of living of those who entered the northwest territory only a few years ago then the outlook for emigrants is even brighter. Ten years ago the settlers in, for instance, Alberta, had scarcely anything. The necessities of life were barely obtainable. Frequently the wide, unsheltered prairie, with the clear sky above, formed the only dwelling place. Now, however, an immense change has taken place. The settlers have large, comfortable homes, luxuries in the way of food and clothing are easily obtainable and are utilized, enormous herds of cattle are raised with very little expense and are easily disposed of at enormous profits, money, in fact, is plentiful. All this is now becoming widely known, and in consequence the tide of emigration has set in with a steady, persistent flow. It need hardly be said that the greater

number of these emigrants have been and still are Americans. They have come from all parts of the United States, and especially from the country districts of the Eastern States. They are bringing with them the indomitable persevering qualities that have become a distinguishing characteristic of the American people. Moreover, they are bringing that other quality, the "push," that has made the American people dominant in trade over all other peoples in the world. The result, therefore, is not hard to discern. Of course it is not meant that the Canadian Northwest will necessarily become ultimately Americanized, or American territory; but it must be admitted that the characteristic American qualities possessed by the American settlers will undoubtedly tend to bring forth from this most fertile and productive land all that it is capable of producing, and will tend to place Canada among the great commercial nations of the world.

On Liberalism.

In his speech before the Catholic Woman's League in Chicago, Archbishop Quigley said: "The supreme and fundamental error of the age is liberalism." In many of his encyclicals the late Pope called attention to this same fact; and now since his death it is evident that many of the fears which he expressed with regard to the further spread of this peculiarly modern dangerous influence have been realized. By liberalism, of course, is meant a disregard, either implicit or explicit, of the binding character and of the unvarying truthfulness of the dogmas of the Church. By it also may be understood that tendency to lean toward and, in a way, cater to the religious systems that are outside of the Church. For many this, in fact, seems to be the only phase of "liberalism" that they possess. In other words, it is nothing more than a manifestation of the ancient, but ever new, vice called human respect. If ever there was a time when the vice of human respect could gain or retain friends, could smooth the path to pre-

ferment, could win honors or emoluments, certainly that time is not now. There never was an age when men respected and esteemed one another for independence and straightforwardness more than at the present time. A man is esteemed now as much for the steadiness and sincerity of the manner in which he upholds his belief and maintains his opinions, as he is for the value of the belief or opinion that he holds. Wavering and fickleness in religious belief, mugwumpery in political opinions, unsteadiness of purpose, are now thoroughly despised. In religious matters, especially, is the "catering habit" despicable. Religion, after all, is the one great fact that all right minded men consider as of vital importance. Upon it depends the condition of an existence that shall be endless. To trifle with that religious belief, therefore, to shade it down, to endeavor to harmonize it with all kinds of religious beliefs, even though of an essentially contradictory kind, to trifle in this way can do nothing more than to bring both the religious belief and the trifier into contempt. The Protestant certainly can never admire, much less be convinced by the Catholic who is constantly trying to show the similarity between the two forms of belief, or to minimize the binding character of the Catholic dogmas; nor can the Catholic esteem the sincerity of the Protestant who considers all religions alike, who has no clean cut convictions of his own, who views with complacency the proselytizing of all religious denominations. Sincerity is what all men to-day demand. The age of bigotry has passed, and along with it the age of controversy. What is wanted now is not argument so much as fact. A man to-day can do much more good, can more readily convince others by merely showing that he himself is thoroughly convinced than by arguing, controverting, and shading off until doomsday. Catholics, therefore, no more than Protestants, should be ashamed of their belief; they should not waver, should not "cater," should not tone down their belief. The Church can stand without leaning on any other religious body; for centuries it has

stood in spite of every form of opposition; its members, if they wish to rely on anything, can certainly do no better than to rely on and stand solidly with their own Church.

Criminal Study.

The article in this number by Mr. John L. Whitman is exceedingly important and worthy of the most serious attention. Mr. Whitman has during the past twelve years been connected with the Cook County Jail, first as Guard and later as County Jailer. So many and great improvements has he inaugurated and successfully carried through, and so much good of a permanent kind has he accomplished that he is now known throughout the whole civilized world as one of the greatest practical criminologists living. His treatment of the criminal has certainly been unique. Not so very long ago the man or the woman who had fallen in the social scale, and who had become amenable to the law, was considered and actually treated as a menace to society, as an enemy to law and order, as essentially dangerous to every law abiding citizen, as in fact an outcast. The jail into which he was literally thrown was a most hideous place, a place to which in a very literal way could be applied the words of Dante, "He who enters here must leave all hope behind." In a dungeon, noisome and fetid, with hardly a glimmer of sunshine to bring back memories of the brighter and happier side of life, the criminal, sometimes guilty of only a slight misdemeanor, was made to feel, in a manner most brutal that he was a social pariah, and that the only road open before him was that which led constantly downward into the slums to death. Through the noble and unselfish, and oftentimes most disheartening labors of Mr. Whitman, and the men who have imitated his methods, a great change has now come over the jails of our cities, and in fact over all the jails of civilized countries. The buildings are in every point of view sanitary and healthy, they are well ventilated, and in the winter time are com-

fortably warm, the food is good and nourishing, the cells are spotlessly clean, and the prisoners are given all facilities that make for cleanliness of person. These, however, important and necessary as they are, are merely the material side of the great reformation that has been brought about in jail life. A systematic effort is now made at what is called moral improvement. The truth has been seen that crime and disease belong practically to the same category, and that in order to eradicate the sense of criminality from a man crime must be treated in the same careful way in which a malignant disease is treated. Certainly this is a most fruitful subject for serious thought. By considering crime as a disease it is immediately brought from the abstract and almost impalpable position that it formerly occupied to a position in which it may be studied as something that is tangible, something that may be examined and investigated and observed in the same way in which some recognized physical ailment and disease is observed. It is this fact that Mr. Whitman brings out in a powerful and convincing manner in his paper, and it is the development of his line of argument, as well as the personal reminiscences that are scattered over the pages of his article, that make his paper exceedingly interesting to the general reader and exceedingly important to practical philanthropists and jail custodians.

Real Criminals.

The two articles in this issue, one by State Senator Clark and the other by Mr. John E. Shepherd, of the Chicago and Illinois Underwriters' Association, are suggestive not only for the inhabitants of the city in which the terrible disaster that they discuss occurred, but also for the people all over the country. Burning of theatres and other unforeseen accidents that involve the loss of a number of human lives have, after all, an interest that in a measure is only local, nevertheless they may teach a lesson that is of the greatest value to every part of the country. During the past few

years the number of lives that have been lost in railway disasters, in fires, and in many other ways has certainly been appalling. For instance, during 1903 the loss of life from railroad accidents was 4,090, as compared with 3,165 in 1902, 3,699 in 1901, and 1,409 in 1900. The number of seriously injured was 5,170 as compared with 3,407 in 1902, 3,265 in 1901, and 4,070 in 1900. In addition to the loss of lives on steam roads 573 have been killed and 2,697 injured on electric roads. In fires during the past year 1,792 human lives were sacrificed. All these causes of death were accidental in a measure; but in a great majority of cases the investigation that was afterwards made clearly showed that sufficient care was not exercised, or that definitely established laws and ordinances had been knowingly violated. This is the particular phase in disasters and accidents that carries a lesson to all civilized communities, irrespective of the locality in which the so called accidents occurred. The laws and ordinances of nearly every State and city in the country cover their particular subjects in a thorough and satisfactory manner; the trouble is not with the ordinances, but with the men who are bound as public enforcers of the ordinances, to see that the ordinances are strictly and impartially enforced. As District Attorney Jerome, of New York, said, the trouble in this country is not with measures but with men. Public sentiment should be wrought up to such a high moral tone that it will be impossible for any public official to neglect the duties of his office, to shirk his responsibilities, or to connive at covert violations of the laws. Such a high moral sentiment, moreover, would practically eliminate all temptation to violate law. In many cases neglect to enforce the law by those authorized to enforce it, is due to the criminal influence exerted by certain business or professional men in the community who know that their business or profession would be less productive of wealth were the laws which they intentionally violate enforced. Politicians and legislators would all be politically honest if the public were honest. While, then,

we must blame city or state officials for having neglected to perform their duty in preventing avoidable accidents, yet we must blame much more severely that portion of the public which is constantly holding out inducements to public officials to violate the law, and jeopardize the rest of the community. Of late there has been entirely too much of this tampering with the elected representatives of the people by wealthy corporations and individuals. Ordinances have been overlooked by officials because corporations paid them to overlook the enforcement of them, lives have been endangered and lost because private companies might lose money, the poor man cannot escape assessment and taxation because the rich corporation 'dodges' the payment of the full assessment or tax, and the financial committee of the city must get money somehow. It is time that a stop be put to this. Let all the people be honest and the laws will be enforced, and the number of accidents will be reduced to the minimum.

Who Gives? The announcement that the Knights of Columbus were ready to give \$50,000 to the Catholic University suggests

some interesting reflections. To charitable, educational, hospital and other institutions, who gives? During the past year the individual donations amounted to the enormous sum of \$76,934,978. Five men — Carnegie, Rockefeller, Phipps, Pearsons, and Morgan—have given \$31,000,000 of the total sum. In looking over the names of the other donors, and of the institutions that were aided, it becomes painfully evident that the number of Catholics who donate money or anything else to Catholic colleges or other institutions is exceedingly insignificant. So insignificant is it that it may be said that Catholics do not give. During the past year many small Protestant colleges received two and three times more financial help than has the Catholic University during the twelve years of its existence. In all our large cities are many Protestant hospitals, librar-

ies and other institutions for the sick and the poor that are willingly and liberally endowed; in the same cities are Catholic hospitals, kindergartens and nurseries that seldom if ever receive any help, that look in vain for donations, and that frequently are compelled to shut down on account of lack of support. And it is the same with regard to Catholic publications. In a large city like Chicago, with a Catholic population of 1,000,000, a Catholic paper or magazine should not find it difficult to obtain a circulation of at least 50,000. That such a circulation has not been obtained in the past is simply an indication of the fact that Catholics have not been in the habit of patronizing, much less donating anything to, the members of their own Church. Now for such a line of action no legitimate plea can be made. Catholics in this country have the same business chances offered every man, no matter what his religious beliefs may be; schools, universities, colleges, technical institutes, are wide open for all; bigotry exists in the majority of cases only in the pages of the weekly religious papers. And Catholics have made good use of the opportunities offered them. In wealth they can compare favorably with any class of any religious denomination. It is true there are no Catholic Carnegies or Rockefellers; but those men are the individuals who have no equals anywhere. They are geniuses in the commercial line; and geniuses are rare. Catholics can well afford to give; but they do not. As a class they do not seem to have the broad minded character of generosity that prompts a man to look out upon the world, and realize that he has obligations toward those who are not members of his own family. It is time for Catholics to abandon their unique and isolated position in society; to show that they appreciate the work that is being done for the betterment of mankind by contributing liberally to whatever will forward such movements. The selfish man is shunned by his neighbors; and the selfish class will sometime or other be shunned by society.

**Giving
a
Chance.**

What the majority of men want is a chance. Genius, talent, even industry, and capacity for unlimited toil really avail very little unless a man has the opportunity to manifest his genius, exercise his talent, and an object on which to work. During the past few years there has been set in motion a great movement in the direction of bettering the home conditions, affording amusements, parks, reading rooms and the like for the poor; all this is certainly good and most commendable. But, after all, what the American poor man and woman want is not help so much as better opportunities for rising by their own power from the position of poverty in which they are to some kind of a position that will enable them to live with a degree of comfort. On our streets to-day are many men, classed by the police and by philanthropists as vagrants, who have ability, are sober, and who would be willing to work twelve or fourteen hours a day were they only given an opportunity to work, or even to show that they could retain the most menial job offered them. It is true that in many cases these men belong to the vast army of "unskilled labor," and as unskilled labor is plentiful opportunities for all are lacking; still it is true that the greater number of these "vagrants" are men, compelled to sleep in the dreary halls of police stations or in cold hallways, simply because they cannot find work to do. Higher in the plane of training may be considered the young lawyer or physician. A bright young man may be graduated from a good medical school, the world may seem bright and fair to him, filled with opportunities that seem even now to be within his grasp, the spirit of ambition may be powerful within him, he may be ready and prepared to work for bread. In a city his new office may be on the top floor of a monster building; the only sign of his having come into a building already inhabited by two or three thousand people is the small white line bearing his name along with hundreds of other names placed

in the corridor at the entrance to the building. He cannot advertize, he is utterly alone, all he can do is to wait, and perhaps starve. All his learning, all his ambition, all his industry will count for nothing unless somehow or other he is given a chance to show what he can do. And as in our large cities, and even in our small towns and country districts the number of physicians is out of proportion to the demand for their services, the chance or the opportunity may never come and the brilliant young man is counted by the world among the failures that make the history of mankind a huge tragedy. Life indeed to-day without opportunities must necessarily be a failure. And unaided the opportunities are hard, very hard, to find. Long ago when we were young at the top of our old fashioned copy books was the line: "Grasp the opportunity of the day lest it be gone to-morrow." That may have been true in the days that are now gone for ever; the trouble with the present time is that there are very few opportunities to grasp. The reason is "opportunity" means that which is thrown in our way by one who has our interest at heart; and as very few now have the interest of anyone, except themselves, at heart the number of opportunities offered is small. Something should be done, however, in this matter. Selfishness should be eradicated from the heart and head. The old men who have successfully fought the battle of life should remember that it is much harder to succeed now than it was when they were young, when competition was by no means so keen and close, and in consequence they should try and help the young men to advancement. In such a course of action there is no charity, not even the conferring of a favor. The majority of the young men of to-day are willing to work, and work hard; they ask no favors, no preferment, all they do and all they must ask is that they be given a chance to show the metal that is in them. If after having been given an opportunity they fail, then upon their own heads must fall the blame. And

certainly it is a blame that is productive of mighty consequences. For the young man who fails to-day, through his own fault, there is no hope, no work, and nothing in this world but disgrace and then death.

The Beginning of Charity

By the Editor

EVERYONE who admits the existence of God and who understands what such an admission means, and who understands what is meant by the word "God," must necessarily admit that God must be loved. To Him is due all that we are, by Him have been made all the friends who are dear to us, this beautiful world of ours is the work of His hands, and certainly, therefore, from gratitude, if from no other motive, all men should love Him.

Such love, however, is not real charity, or, as I prefer to call it, real love. Charity is a Latin word that has lost the peculiarly charming meaning contained in the old Greek word whence it was derived. The old Greek word, it is true, literally meant those qualities that go to make up the idea of graciousness; but by a transferred meaning it also indicated the emotion aroused by that idea, and that emotion is best rendered by our English word "love." Real love, then, does not spring exactly from a motive of gratitude. Gratitude may have been one of the motives that first suggested it, but real love once it is imbedded in the heart means much more than gratitude; it is permanent, disinterested, gracious, it goes out toward its object like some beautiful angel, and envelops and holds fast to it for its own sake alone.

This is the kind of love the man must have who seriously meditates upon the idea of God. But, unfortunately for most of us, it is the hardest kind of love to acquire. The reason is because the might, the justice, and the invisibility of God seem to have made Him so dreadful, fearful, and far away that He becomes so abstract that it becomes difficult to love Him. God Himself knows this, and therefore in order that

all might love Him with the personal, affectionate love that a man has for a good friend, He sent Jesus into the world.

To show why Jesus should be loved is as impossible as it is to show why we should love our father and mother. A tabulated list of reasons might be drawn up, but they would never produce the effect known as love. The only way to learn to love Christ is to become so intimately acquainted with His history as set forth by the Evangelists that His personality and His thoughts and actions will become so clear to our mental sight that we can realize His character, and realizing it, love Him. As soon as true love of Christ is obtained God the Father, and the Holy Spirit will become truly lovable. Through Christ They will become very near us. Their goodness will be constantly manifested, They will become like powerful and helpful friends, always at our side, and thus gradually will come into the heart an abiding, dominating and affectionate love of Them for Their own Divine Selves.

But all this is so clear that I do not intend to write about it further. The law of love not only says, "thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart," but it says also, and this is the particular part of the law that I shall write about, "thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself for God's sake." In this part of the law we are not dealing with something apparently at a distance; we are dealing rather with that which affects actual daily life, and implicitly with the problems that are facing us every day of our lives. In other words, the second part of the law of love has been formulated in order to regulate our lives on earth. It is the law that should govern us in our relations with the men and women around us.

And yet it is the part of the law most frequently lost sight of. The greater number of sermons and church lectures are devoted almost exclusively to a manifestation of the reasonableness and the necessity of the observance of the first part of the law. But much of this is like talking to the air;

it goes on a straight line from the pulpit over the heads of the people; for no list of reasons will ever make a man love anything or some one unless he wishes from personal meditation to love. The object of the lectures and sermons is, of course, good; but the method is not practical or real enough. The result may be obtained more effectively by showing the necessity of observing the law in our common daily relations with one another, and then by indicating that this is done because we are all children of the same heavenly Father, and that therefore the love that we have for one another we must also have in a correspondingly higher and purer degree for God.

This method is more in accordance with true Christian humility. We approach God reverently through His works. We do not rush into His presence as if He were on a level with us; instead we gradually approach Him, purifying our love as we go along by exercising it in our dealings with those whom we see, until at last we can say to our conscience that we are honest, truthful, fair, kind and considerate in all our daily affairs, and that we are so disposed because we endeavor to obey the law of love, and by thus endeavoring have, if God sees fit, made ourselves in a measure more worthy of receiving the infused virtue of love of God.

Now to apply the test given us by the law of love to all our relations with one another is manifestly impossible here. I shall, then, take up only those relations that most frequently are carried on in such a way as to violate the law.

The first relation, therefore, is that involving financial relations. Money is probably the best test in the world of affection. The man who has money is loved by everyone—or, anyway he is respected by everyone. This may sound cynical; but, then, a great many statements of facts have a cynical sound to them. I shall not, therefore, directly consider the law in relation to the rich; but I shall consider the law in relation to the man who has little or no money.

That the law of love is being broken daily is plain to anyone who is at all interested in the working men. It is true that, as compared with the wages paid fifty years ago and with the home conditions of that time, the working men considered as a class are now better off than they ever were before. But it is also true that it is much harder to live now than it was fifty years ago. Working men as a rule are now fairly well educated, they read a great deal, they are conversant with everything that is going on in every part of the world, their horizon is broader, their minds are keener, and they require more of the comforts of life than did their ancestors. This has been realized by some employers and the result has been increased wages. But there are still some departments where wages are by no means sufficient. I may mention in particular the wages paid many of the coal miners of Pennsylvania, and the amount paid girls and men clerks in some of the large city department stores. It certainly is very difficult for a girl or young man, who has no one to lend a helping hand, to live on six or eight dollars a week. Again, it is difficult to understand how, for instance, a man who works in some of the Chicago mills is able to support himself and his family on nine cents an hour. And also from a business point of view it is difficult to see how a young man can be induced to take an interest in his work in a small grocery store or meat market when he is paid the sum of ten dollars and board a month.

These are violations of the law of love. They are violations that all are familiar with; and so grievous have they become that it is not surprising to see working men drifting into socialistic organizations that promise a rectification of their wrongs. To write on socialism does not now come within my province; but I shall say this about it here. The rectification it promises is sincerely to be desired. We all wish to see the man who works paid well for his work; we want to see him well clothed, well housed, and provided with legitimate sources of amusement; but

no right minded man will ever wish to see a working man a socialist. This is the opinion of every true working man. Labor unionism has rejected socialism; Mr. Mitchell and Mr. Gompers have frequently pointed out the truth that socialism as commonly understood and taught is nothing more than anarchism. Rectification of the violations of the law of love can never come through socialistic means. They must come through a re-enforcement of the law. The employer who respects his employes as he does himself will certainly pay him wages that will enable him to decently live. To say this may seem to be giving utterance to a dream thought. There is such a grasping, covetous spirit dominating all to-day that to talk about the adoption of a Christian law is like talking about the founding of a new Utopian city. But it is the only remedy. Either the law of love must be observed or there is no hope for the man who works. Labor unions may do much; but labor unions are themselves an exemplification of the law. The member of the union considers every other member as he does himself. This is one of the great ethical benefits that come from such unions. They show the practical side of the law of love.

In addition to the financial relations we have with one another there are also social relations closely connected with it; and involving violations of the law of love. The law of love is violated when a man does not receive his just wages, in like manner the law of love is violated when all that belongs to a man's character is not paid him. In other words, the law of love forbids defamation of character. This is a subject that is not considered seriously enough by all. Words in themselves seem very slight things after all; they are uttered with hardly an effort; at

the time of utterance their effect may hardly be perceived; they are quickly forgotten; and yet although so light, so empty, so fleeting, they very often carry a poison, and wound so grievously that the result is death. Death not only morally, but physically, has many times been the result of an idle word.

A change must be wrought here too. The character of a man is indeed all that he really has in this world. It is that which enables him to stand up and face the world. It is that which he leaves his children, and it is that on account of which his friends honor him. To utter a false word, therefore, against a man's character is criminal. That all know this to be true is plain from the manner in which such words are uttered. They are sent forth in the dark, are uttered in such a way that no one may know whence they came. They come like a knife blade in the back when a man is not looking. Defamation of character is a criminal violation of the law of love.

These, then, are some of the relations we have with others that plainly indicate the necessity of observing the second part of the great commandment. Life should be searched under the light thrown upon it by this law. Were the law strictly observed even from the purely natural point of view life would be happier. But something higher than mere natural happiness is aimed at. The observance of the second part of the law must be viewed as simply preparatory for the acceptance of the first part. Men should love one another as they love themselves; but they must do this for the sake of the great Father of all. Then, with that motive actuating them it will not be difficult to pass beyond our friends and neighbors, and through loving them still, yet fill the heart with the everlasting love of God Himself.



REFORMATION OF CRIMINALS.

BY JOHN L. WHITMAN.

THE jail is the place where a man who has been a transgressor (perhaps an unintentional one) is brought to a sudden realization of the vicious life he has been living. He has a chance and if properly impressed reflects and gets his first real impression of the law. Often it is there he realizes for the first time the dangerous path he has followed. At any rate, it largely depends upon the impression that is made upon him at the jail whether or not the punishment that is to be inflicted upon him will be of any benefit, either to him or to society.

I have often made a careful study of individuals representing the various classes that come under my observation as prisoners from the time they are first committed. I have watched the effect of the commitment and then the impression that was made upon them by the operation of the law as administered by the Court, and the treatment accorded them while in jail by the officials, and finally, after sentence has been passed and while on their way to the Penitentiary or Reformatory—when they are very apt to show their true disposition—the result of the influences thrown around them at the jail has been made manifest. The first endeavors made there to impress them with the fact that the intention of the law is not to punish out of motives for revenge, but that they are simply being restrained of their liberty for their own good in order to give them a chance to realize the mistakes they have made and to appreciate their weaknesses, are what tells the story. If the impression is made that the law and its administrators are anxious to help them overcome that weakness and aid them so

that they may become good and useful citizens, they enter upon the service of their sentence with the determination to profit by the experience and look forward to the time when they shall have paid the penalty imposed by the Court and will be given their liberty, benefited by their imprisonment and prepared to fortify themselves against the causes of their former downfall.

The study I have made on these trips has convinced me that no such thoughts as these enter a man's mind if he has been impressed with the idea that he is looked upon by the law and its administrators as not worthy of any consideration or aid in bringing himself up to a higher moral standard. On the contrary, he becomes more bitter and revengeful and looks forward to his release only to be avenged for what he considers unjust treatment at the hands of the law. Similar impressions are made upon those who go no further than the jail, but return to society after having felt the hand of law and been made either better or worse by the contact. If there has been awakened in them the moral obligations they are under to themselves, their God, and their fellow men, then they have been benefited as the law intends they shall and society profits thereby as well. If conditions at the jail and the treatment of inmates has been such as to embitter or cause them to entertain a revengeful spirit then they have been made worse and society will suffer accordingly.

I would like to use some figures to illustrate to you what this means to society. In Cook County Jail, Chicago, there has been during the last year a daily average of 525 inmates. There has been an average of 508

commitments each month, or a total of 6,096 for the year. There has been about the same number of discharges from the institution during that period. Out of that number 275 have been sent to the Penitentiary, 150 to the Reformatory, and the balance of 4,800 are those who return to society after having been in the hands of the law on an average for thirty-one days each. It is my aim in managing the affairs of that institution to do those things that will enable me to remove the hand of law from those 4,800 in such a manner as to send back to society, at least, unharmed either physically, mentally, or morally by their experience in jail, and at the same time leave a good impression of the law upon the whole number.

From close observation, especially during the last five or six years, I am satisfied that the majority have been benefitted. During that time there have been many movements inaugurated, all tending to elevate the minds of the inmates; to aid them in maintaining their self respect and cause them to aim higher in life than they had ever thought of doing before.

The principal movement of this kind was the organization of what is known as the Moral Improvement Association of Cook County Jail. Every thing that is done under the name of this Association is done for the moral improvement of its members, who are inmates of the institution.

I conceived the idea, and with the help of a limited number of the inmates, formed the organization and have carried out its aims and objects with a great deal of success ever since. I found that by consulting with representatives of the different classes of men always to be found in the jail I could keep in closer touch with the whole number and get new ideas of how the different classes could be appealed to; and also how I might deal with them collectively to better advantage, for, as all of you know, any show of favoritism leads to a breach of discipline.

As the chairman of this Association I have been able to keep in absolute

control of the various influences of the different classes and to destroy the influence of that class which, unless controlled, easily predominates and fills the very atmosphere with all that is vicious and vile.

From thirteen years' experience at the jail, and during all that time having made a thorough study of conditions as well as the character of the inmates, coming in personal contact with them both individually and collectively, first as a subordinate guard and then as a superior officer, I feel competent to estimate the power of influence of one class over another, whether for good or evil. Remembering the per cent. of convictions that is obtained against those committed to jail, but relying more upon personal observation and study, I would estimate that there is at no time more than 15 per cent. of the inmates who would exert a most vicious influence over the others, but I admit there are those who, if no restraint whatever was placed upon them, would naturally become leaders and violently desperate ones at that.

There are about 25 per cent. whose influence would never be bad, and if they exerted any at all it would be for good, but when not encouraged they simply stand in awe and fear, only wishing protection from personal violence.

The balance, or 60 per cent., are those who can be easily influenced one way or the other. Some, because of troubles, are broken in spirit, have lost heart and feel that now they are branded as having started on the downward road there is no more hope for them; others are ignorant, and if left alone will drop into the ways of the natural leaders. Still others are young and naturally inclined to evil (the would-be smart young men), who become fascinated with the life of the vicious and would soon be added to the 15 per cent.

You can readily see from this how quickly the evil and vicious influence of the 15 per cent. will predominate if not restrained, and you will say it is not an easy matter to restrain it under

the lax discipline enforced in jails, but it can be restrained and absolutely controlled; not by force or violence, or by extreme punishment, nor even by the cellular system, for there is no companionship more injurious than one's own thoughts, especially when one is placed under such a harsh, unnatural restraint. The first shock of it is not often or easily overcome and then in this class only by bitter, revengeful thoughts which permeate the atmosphere with a degrading influence and only tend to harden—never to soften—one's heart or make him receptive to good influences, if any should reach him.

But let them be controlled, while yet exercising their natural faculties, freedom of speech, action and thought. It can be done, gaining their respect and confidence and then convincing them that as they deserve consideration it will be given them. Then as they are being controlled, the better influence of the 25 per cent. will have an opportunity, and with the proper sort of encouragement will begin to make itself felt. The great majority of the 60 per cent. will be glad to yield under their better and more refining influence. Those who have lost heart will revive their broken spirits and a new hope spring up before them. The smart young man with evil inclinations can be made ashamed of himself, and oftentimes some of the 15 per cent. aid in doing that by convincing him that he is not as smart as he thinks; that he is not made of the sort of stuff, that which constitutes a real "tough."

The most of those who go to make up the 15 per cent. are the old habitual criminals and have seen enough of prison and jail life to know how to conduct themselves. If given an opportunity and made to understand that consideration will be shown them, if they take advantage of it, they are very quick in responding, and will exert a restraining influence over the wilfully headstrong, would-be smart youth with evil inclinations, and really hold him in check, so he will not by his wilfulness destroy the chances they

all have for gaining consideration and enjoying privileges granted them for good conduct.

Then here is the chance for the better influence of the 25 per cent. to get to work and the opportunity for the Moral Improvement Association to offer them the proper sort of encouragement. That is what the Moral Improvement Association is doing. It is destroying the influence of the vicious, it is keeping a restraining hand over the wilful, it is holding out a ray of hope to those who had lost heart and were broken in spirit, it is sending men out of jail, not crushed and disheartened, but with the determination to profit by their past experience and mistakes, and to fortify themselves against their own weaknesses in order to become good and useful citizens. This, too, causes them to have more respect for the law which once they violated, but the consideration shown them while in the hands of the law, has taught them their punishment was in no way revengeful. I do not mean by consideration and privileges given for good conduct, that this is a price paid for good behaviour as though for a commodity; but the inmates realizing that whatever is done in the name of the Moral Improvement Association is for the benefit of the whole number and that there are no selfish motives behind it, endeavor to derive as much benefit as possible out of it. Perhaps at first they only see the benefit in the way of privileges, but they know that those privileges must be well guarded in order to continue their enjoyment, and while enjoying them they are unconsciously learning to control themselves as they had never done before. At the same time they are really being placed upon their honor, but do not understand it that way, until they begin to feel the benefit, not only of the privileges, but of the consideration shown them, and in the meantime have become susceptible to an elevating influence.

If I attempted to picture to you the scene of one of the weekly meetings of the Moral Improvement Asso-

ciation you would hardly believe me. Imagine, if you can, from four to five hundred prisoners representing all the different classes—not even individual ones excluded—being marshalled into the jail chapel under the leadership of some of their own number, absolutely no official authority being used after the cell doors are unlocked; yet perfect decorum maintained. After they are all seated, I, as chairman, open the meeting. No other officer or guard being present in the room, and during the program not a boisterous action or word spoken to mar the proceedings. Reverence is shown where reverence is due; applause given when proper, and heartily, too; yet always within the bounds of propriety. The program is often two hours in length and most of the talent is developed and furnished among the inmates. The speaker is invariably invited from the outside and he is at all times given their undivided attention; his subject and remarks are discussed for days afterward in the several corridors of the jail, thus showing the interest taken by the inmates, not only in the entertainment afforded but in the instructions received. At one time upon making the acquaintance of a Presbyterian minister and finding that he was inclined to be interested in what was being done under the name of the Moral Improvement Association, I invited him to come any Friday evening that was convenient to him and address the members. It so happened the evening he came the manager of the Olympic Theatre was there with several vaudeville numbers, and when I realized the combination of the program I was fearful that the minister would object to appearing upon the same platform, following professional vaudeville acts. But I relied upon my wife, who was sitting with the old gentleman, to use her natural tact and keep him from getting the wrong impression of the situation. I might say that professional talent appear on those occasions in their street costume, and are selected by the manager of the theatre, who understands what class of performers are desired, consequently there is never

anything that might be construed as suggestive; but the word vaudeville to a minister is often sufficient to cause him to turn his back as though upon the devil, only on this occasion he looked on in silence and listened to what Mrs. Whitman was saying to him without indicating what his thoughts were. When the time came for me to introduce him I had no idea what impression had been made upon him, nor whether he in any way resented or objected to the company he was in. He acknowledged the introduction, and his first words were these, "Gentlemen, I was invited to come here and preach to you a sermon;" then he watched the effect of his words in silence a moment. The effect was most gratifying. Immediately he was given the most reverential attention, and he proceeded to give them a good heart to heart talk for half an hour or more. He told me after the meeting that he had never talked to an audience that gave him better attention, or seemed to be more in a mood to listen and profit by what he was saying than they were, and he realized that the entertainment afforded them preceding his talk put them in that mood. He acknowledged that had he been told before he came he would be asked to appear on the same platform following vaudeville acts he would have declined the invitation. And he admitted having previously entertained a prejudice against what was known as vaudeville, but not from personal observation as he had never before known just what vaudeville acts were. Not having seen or heard anything suggestive on that occasion, he appreciated the talent displayed by the performers and realized that it appealed to the audience under the circumstances in such a way as to get them in a receptive mood. They were benefited by his words, when otherwise they would not have listened or perhaps not attended the meeting at all. He wound up by saying that he did not know but that it would be a good plan to introduce vaudeville in our Protestant churches, at any rate, he said, "get all the ministers you can to

come here to see how you get the people to listen to good teachings; it will do the ministers good."

As a result of the influence of these meetings the attendance at the religious services held each Sunday has grown from fifty or sixty to practically the entire population of the jail, and a more attentive audience cannot be found in the city. Catholic, as well as Protestant, services are held, and any or all the inmates are at liberty to attend either service. Those who are inclined to follow their religious teachings are not hindered by the scoffing or jeers of the others. On several occasions at the close of a meeting of the Association I have made the announcement that several Catholic priests had kindly consented to come to the jail on the following Saturday afternoon or evening and give the necessary time to allow all who were Catholics and desired to take advantage of the opportunity to go to Confession. Those who desired could send their names to me through the guard or in a note. From forty to sixty have responded each time and the next morning when Mass was being said in the chapel and about four hundred inmates in attendance those men who were to receive Holy Communion would approach the altar from different parts of the room out of crowded seats. As they did so and knelt down before the altar and the priest administered Sacrament it made a most impressive scene. And to me it was very gratifying to notice that as the communicants returned to their seats and in fact during the entire service there was not a look or word of derision from anyone in the room, and many were not Catholics. I am not one, myself, but I believe in giving those in jail an opportunity to follow their religious inclinations, irrespective of what denomination it may be. They are not apt to do so if they are derided, as I have seen them before the better influence prevailed and that vicious, degrading atmosphere was cleared, as has been done. The attempts made under the name of the Moral Improvement Association to elevate their minds and cause their

thoughts to run through more wholesome channels, has borne fruit.

As adjuncts to the Association are the Women's Auxiliary, the Juvenile Club, and the library committee. The Women's Auxiliary is really a sister organization. While it adopts the same policies, carries on the same work, and holds weekly meetings, it acts independently of the original organization. Mrs. Whitman acts in the same capacity in that department as I act with the men. The results are just as gratifying and substantial reformation is apparent. Many women are to-day living good lives who had previously sunk to the very depths of moral depravity. They do not hesitate now in setting themselves up as living examples of the good that can be accomplished for the fallen by the influences promulgated at the jail through the workings of the Moral Improvement Association.

The Juvenile Club is presided over by Mrs. Clift, a lady who for years, without remuneration has done noble work among the women and boys. Even before the organization of the Association, she was a mother to many an unfortunate one who needed a true friend in the time of trouble. For the last six months she has taught the jail school, a class of about forty-five which are members of the Juvenile Club. Their ages range from sixteen to twenty years. No boys under sixteen years of age are sent to jail in our county, they are looked upon there only as delinquents and are taken care of through the Juvenile Court, an institution set apart for them. Consequently we only have the older class of boys to deal with. They are kept in school each week day. Hours of recreation are given, and a drill master furnishes opportunity for physical development. Patriotic lessons are given in the way of flag drills as well as instruction. They also hold weekly meetings in the evening, where entertainment is afforded them after the business of the club is transacted. Mrs. Clift has charge of all this, and is not assisted at any time by a guard or with any show of official authority. She has

absolute control over them because they love her as a friend and a mother and their respect for her is an assurance of good conduct.

The library committee has charge of the library in general; preparation of the catalogues, repair of books, distribution and collection of the same, and they see that all members of the Association have such reading matter as they desire, if it is such as has been deemed proper reading and is consequently in the library. Books are exchanged as often as the reader requests, so there is plenty of good, healthy diversion of mind furnished in this way. The library is maintained by voluntary contributions. Several consignments have come from newspaper offices, which contained books that had been sent there for review and which are consequently new and first class. The library proves to be a valuable adjunct to the Association.

As in contrast to the present state of affairs as I have thus briefly related them, I want to say just a few words about some things that came under my observation when I first became connected with the jail in the capacity of a guard, some fourteen years ago. My first impression was that whatever was accomplished in the way of maintaining discipline was done through punishment, or the fear of punishment; that one of the seemingly most necessary qualifications of a guard was his ability to defend himself and to strike terror into the hearts of those over whom he exercised his authority. The notorious, habitual criminal was the popular one among the inmates. He was the hero, whose example was emulated. He gloried in his popularity and used the prestige thus gained in protecting himself and his friends from detection when jail rules were violated, and when in defiance of the authorities. It was his vicious and defiant influence that prevailed, and no restraint, so far as his influence was concerned, was placed upon him; nor was anything done by the authorities to counteract that influence. So long as prisoners were safely behind the bars, under lock and key, and could through

fear or violence be made to observe the rules of the place, all was well.

I have seen strong, able-bodied men, who had reached or passed middle age, and who from all indications had previously led correct lives—had always been blessed with good home surroundings, had family ties that were dear to them, and responsibilities which they felt keenly—but some unfortunate circumstance arose which caused them to commit an act which made them amenable to the law and they were placed in jail. The commitment to jail alone to a man of this class is sufficient to break his spirit; then worry over his troubles and the situation his loved ones are placed in because of them, coupled with the fact that he is subjected to harsh, inconsiderate, if not brutal, treatment, soon robs him of his self-respect and manhood. Men of this class are generally more fretful under confinement than any other, and I have seen them in a short time become mental wrecks, if not raving maniacs. When one stops to think that perhaps it was but a trifling offense that placed them under the ban of the law, it would almost seem that the greater crime had been committed against the original offender.

I had no thought then of ever being given the management of that, or any other like institution; but, as a guard there I had a duty to perform, and it became a study to me how I might in justice to all concerned, discharge that duty without the use of violence. I soon discovered that the stubborn will of even the most vicious could be broken if appealed to in the right way, and that by once conquering them without the use of violence, they were thereafter easy to control. And I could then at all times command their respect. It was a source of great satisfaction to me to notice as time went on that if there was any desperate case to handle or anything to be accomplished where there was apt to be trouble I was sent to attend to the matter, and it was a pleasure to me to be able to accomplish the purpose without the use of violence. Each time there was

an impression made upon me which served a good purpose later on when promotion came and I was placed in charge and could direct others to carry out the ideas I had previously acted upon and found to be practicable. I have continued to make my work a study, and have arrived at conclusions which to some would seem radical. I have given a great deal of thought to crime and its origin.

Crime is a disease. The jail should be a hospital. No doubt all will agree with me, that crime or sin, which is but another word for crime (for crime is an act in violation of the laws of man, while sin is an act in violation of the laws of God) dates back to our forefathers. The Good Book tells us we are born in sin and must be cleansed and born anew, so it occurs to me that man was by his act ordained to commit sin or crime. Strange as this statement may seem, it is nevertheless true. When I say "man" I use the word unadvisedly, for I should say "mankind" so as to include both sexes, from the cradle to the grave.

By crime, I do not mean particularly murder, robbery, assault, larceny and the like, as defined by the laws of man and created by legislative bodies, but more particularly any and every infraction of the laws of both God and man, either by overt act—commission, or by failure to act, omission. Adam and Eve, in the beautiful Garden of Eden, knew of no legislative enactment defining right from wrong. They knew of no crimes made so by the laws of man, and yet they, in the beginning of all creation, set the first standard of crime and were the first criminals in the sight of God, because of their deliberate infraction of His law. Thus, in the beginning we find the first crime and the first criminals, and so unto posterity it was handed down, to be with us forever more, and at the dawn of life we find ourselves with sin or crime innate within us.

Not long ago the Moral Improvement Association of Cook County Jail debated the question, "Is Birth or Association Responsible for Crime?"

Those who took the side that association was alone responsible had the jail baby (so-called because the little innocent is too young to be separated from its mother, who is in my care) brought upon the stage as a living example of the innocence of birth.

The child became restless, and to quiet it a sweet-smelling rose was placed in its little, chubby hand. The sweet scent and the beauty of the flower brought peace and quiet to the little one; but presently it began to pick the flower to pieces and in a short time it was destroyed and its petals scattered in all directions.

Now take the lesson this example points to all of us. The child loved the flower; its sweet odor surely pleased the little one, yet, withal, she wrought destruction upon it. Now, why did she do so?

Was it because of precept or example? Did she have sown in her baby heart destruction as she had witnessed it on earth? No. Then, why did she do it? Just because she could not help doing otherwise. It is born in the soul, it is part of the life—it was handed down from the beginning of time. It is innate in each and every one of us. I might say it is the heritage of man.

Who is there who believes the sane man commits crime just for the sake of doing wrong? Just for the sake of giving vent to his viciousness—just for crime's sake!

No sane man ever did, or ever will, commit crime just for crime's sake.

Crime is an affliction far worse than any disease that can be named. It came to us in the beginning out of the Garden of Eden, and has tainted all mankind. At first it makes itself apparent in a mild form, and like the malignant lung trouble, makes frightful strides. But, just like it, if properly treated at its inception its impetus is checked, and with great care and intelligence, properly applied, a life is saved and a lost soul (or a soul that would have been lost) is reclaimed forever.

I believe to-day that all criminalogists, even the celebrated and illus-

trious Italian, Caesar Lambrosa, are agreed that crime is no more nor less than a disease, and that in its treatment as a disease lies the great secret of the reformation of the criminal class. While I make no pretension of classifying myself with these eminent gentlemen, yet the close attention and study that I have given to both crime and criminals for more than twelve years past, has rendered me fit, in a way, to suggest here and there an avenue which, if pursued, will, I believe, in the great end attain the results necessary for the proper protection of society from the ravages of this most virulent disease in its attack upon the very foundation stone.

In my opinion the criminal, or the crime sick, as I shall call him, can no more avoid committing crime of his own accord than can the infant, of its own accord escape measles or any of the more susceptible diseases known to childhood. The child, no matter how perfectly developed, no matter how physically and organically sound, is more or less susceptible to the diseases of early childhood. And why? Because it is so constituted, so born. And so it is with the criminal. He cannot help it, for he is so constituted and therefore merits the respectful and intelligent consideration of our present day civilization.

The weaker child requires more care than the stronger one. The child born in the greater degree of criminal environment, therefore, requires the same degree of care as the weaker child. There is little or no difference between them. One is the physically sick, the other is the crime sick, and the sooner we awaken to these glaring truths the sooner will society solve for itself the problem of the reformation of the so-called criminal class. Take the child whose ancestors, who for years gone by have lived and thrived in crime, would it not seem strange if that child did not follow in the footsteps of its forefathers? In the trial of a criminal case to-day the method employed in proving the sanity or the peculiar mental condition of the person charged with crime is the proof

of insanity in that individual's family tree. Have we not, on some occasion, said, referring to an unhappy mortal who had strayed from the strict path of moral or legal virtue, "Like father, like son." And why? For no other reason than that we realize the importance of the doctrine, that he or she as the case may be, has had such original environment as to develop their criminal or vicious instincts. The great secret of it all lays in the little things of life. Trivial matters to which so few of us attach importance. We can build our own character, no matter how weak it may be when given to us. We can shape and mould it in strength and grandeur by the purity of our own thoughts, the righteousness of our own lives, and it is in the little things of life that the formative principles of character building are first established.

Those of us who, because of our own innate lack of firmness, will power and fortitude, fall, simply require the assistance of those learned in the principles of character building to make a diagnosis of our case and then apply the proper treatment. The disease of crime like sin, is sown in all of us from infancy. It may lie dormant or slumber for awhile, but circumstances may cause the disease to finally break out, and then the victim of circumstances, the victim of his own birth, stands out before the world—a criminal.

Think of such as he, my friends, and judge him not too harshly, for only those among us who can claim to be pure in heart and are without sin have the right to cast the stones. As an eminent Bishop once said, referring to a man who was being led to the scaffold, "There I am, but for the grace of God." And so it is. All of us would be so branded but for the grace of God.

The criminal can no more help being what he is of his own accord than we can help being what we are, and with a full realization of this, permit me to say something about his proper treatment with the end in view of his ultimate reformation and redemption. If he is entitled to nothing else,

he is entitled to our pity, and not our scorn, and as pity is akin to love, give to him such love as will restore him to society a better and a nobler man.

The jail is his home. When its portals are crossed for the first time we find him in the incipient state of the disease of crime. In fact, it is the hospital for the crime sick. It is a place where he should receive his first strength, his first support; our assistance at his proper character building.

We are a people who pretend to be actuated by humane motives. Let us examine our humaneness and see if it is all in the right direction. We are long past the Middle Ages, and the very thought of the then barbaric practices—death penalties and tortures to which the weak and the fallen were subjected, lack of justice, which was sold to the highest bidder; man's inhumanity to man—make us blush with shame at the thought that our ancestors could have been so terribly inhuman. Our indignation and horror is sincere and commendable, and thankful we should be that those times have been left far behind us. How watchful we are of the dumb brute. How jealously we guard its welfare. Let some degenerate abuse him, and speedily justice is meted out to the wretch. At the bar of justice he at once is punished, and severely, too. Our humanity demands it. For the poor heathen, the unchristian savage, what a large amount of missionary activity zeal and self-sacrifice has been put forth to infect him with the same humane principles! Millions of dollars pour out of the pockets of our charitable people, yearly, to instill in the heathen heart and mind our humane customs, humane habits, humane lives. See the hundreds of our humane sisters and brothers crowding to the shores of barbarous and ignorant countries to diffuse broadcast throughout their land our high plane of humanity. No; we cannot doubt it, we are living in an intensely humane era. The dumb brute and the heathen are all feeling the effects of our humanitarian principles, but what of our own people? The

non-brute, the non-heathen of our poor Christian populace? Our schools, our churches our libraries, our universities, our hospitals, God bless them, those institutions are for the healthy and the sick, the rich and the learned.

But what of our weak and ignorant, our sinners—so-called criminals—Christian savages? It is for them I speak and beg for humaneness. You might say that for the poor and ignorant are the free schools and libraries, but, in pity's name, what is there for the weak, the morally weak, the so-called criminal? What is to be his end, where does he finally go? To no other place than the jail.

The morally weak easily develops into the sinner—the criminal. They are easily tempted and fall hard. They follow one path, but, if there are many, all such paths lead to the same place—the jail. The law recognizes neither condition, lack of moral strength, nor ignorance. It does not excuse crime. It should not.

But there should be no moral weakness, there should be no ignorance. The Christian savage should be humanized. That he is not is only because humaneness has never been properly applied to him by humanity. But the question may be raised, how are we to apply the proper treatment? A very easy matter to commence with. Go to the jails and prisons; there you will find the evil; there apply your treatment. There apply your humaneness on its most worthy object—the Christian savage! At the jail you will find the patients all afflicted with the great disease of crime. Some in its incipient stages, others intermittently affected, still others afflicted more malignantly. Disease is treated by physicians in private at homes; in public at hospitals. The jail is a hospital. Or it should be so regarded. What worse disease could one have than that of crime.

In jail are those with broken lives; broken souls. Those in the jails—the crime sick—not only interest themselves and their friends, but society. In fact, the whole world is interested in them, for it is in their ultimate cure

that the world depends for the future welfare and safety of society.

He who suffers from disease, from broken bones or other bodily ills, is either cured or dies. His cure is hoped for, his death lamented. But, if death comes, he dies for himself. The gay will laugh when he is gone; the solemn brood or plod on, and each one, as before, will chase his favorite phantom, and society is not affected. But the sufferer from the disease of crime, if he is not cured, oh, woe to all mankind. Woe to all society. He goes forth into the world after he is treated by imprisonment and spreads his infection broadcast throughout the land. The true spirit of the law intends that men and women convicted of crime should be cured by the punishment inflicted. It is for this reason only that they are sent to prison. The law is not revengeful. God forbid. It is intended to correct evils. None of us, I hope, believes that imprisonment is only intended to remove the offender from society. If he is imprisoned only and not cured of his disease after he has served his sentence society is still open to his ravages, and all his punishment has been in vain.

The penal law does not prevent crime, no matter how severe it may be in its punishment. The method of punishment, the treatment of the criminal is the only safeguard against repetition. Rarely can disease be cured by confinement only in a hospital. Rarely will crime be cured by imprisonment only. Both require intelligent care, constant attention by competent nurses and physicians.

We are all very anxious to select the proper physician. How carefully we scrutinize the nurse's license before we trust them with the care of the physically sick in our hospitals. Let but the rumor be born of some trifling indiscretion on the part of either of them toward the patient and woe to the indiscreet. All this of the hospital for the bodily hurt.

But what of the crime sick? Mind you, they infect the world if not properly treated, and disrupt the very

foundation of all law and order. Is any great care exercised in the selection of those in charge of institutions for the crime sick? Are they examined as to their qualifications and fitness to discharge their great responsibilities? Is their intelligence thought of in the right direction? The criminal once removed from society should not under any circumstances be abused. He must be taught to respect himself and the law. Those things that instill in his breast shame for himself and destroy his manhood, that fasten the hang-dog look upon his face, that silences his tongue to such an extent that he almost forgets the sound of his own voice should be stopped now and for all time. Even in the first offender they kill the life of love in his bosom for his fellow man and instill in its place hatred toward all mankind for a fancied wrong. And this is true, no matter how just and merited the punishment meted out to him may be.

The daily routine of the penitentiary, from the cell to the workhouse, then from the workhouse to the cell, and nothing more, is by far the greatest crime of all, for the man ceases to be a man and becomes a machine and there is nothing left for him to do at the expiration of his sentence but follow in the footsteps of the past.

Learn his weak points and do those things that are bound in time to strengthen his character. Teach him to lead a life of pure thought, a life of truth. Tear out deception. To be honest with himself in the little things of life, and much will be done towards proper character building. Teach him to remember that crime is surging within him.

That knowledge of his own weakness and fortifying himself against it is the lock on crime's floodgates. Warn him to keep the lock in good repair and to have the beacon in the harbor of the sea of life lighted at all times; and life's journey will be as it should be. It will earn for him the life beyond, that which God intended he should enjoy. And then, when the prison door opens to him he will return to society a better and a nobler man.

But a short time ago in one of our States a man was released from prison. He had spent five years of his life there for an attack on the girl of his choice who had rejected him. Straight from the prison door he made his way to her home. Since his imprisonment she had married and was a happy wife. He went there but for one purpose, and that purpose he had harbored when alone in his prison cell. It had been his one thought by day and by night, for he had nothing else to think of.

Nothing was done for him during imprisonment. He served his sentence as a punishment, and he came forth as he entered the prison walls, with murder in his heart, and down he struck the good woman and her husband and then took his own miserable life.

And so it will be on to the end, un-

less we awaken to the necessity of curing the criminal from the great disease of crime. I pray God that the great masses awake to their natural solemn and divine duty, and arising in their might demand the proper execution of the great unwritten letter of the law with the end in view that the great sick—the crime sick—receive the attention that both God and man intended they should receive. Make the jails and our penal institutions hospitals where with the disease crime properly treated by those competent to first make the proper diagnosis and then apply the proper treatment, and the problem of the protection of society from the continued acts of criminals will, in time, be as ancient as the hieroglyphics on the Pyramids of Egypt.

NATIONAL RESOURCES & GOOD WAGES

BY PROF. JOHN A. RYAN, B. D.

THE right of all laborers to a living wage supposes that the country produces or is capable of producing the goods necessary to provide such a wage. If our industrial resources are so limited that even with the best imaginable distribution this minimum would not be available for all, then the right to a living wage is in the case of some laborers, at least, merely potential and remote, not actual and near. The general proposition that all laborers have here and now a right to a living wage would not be true. For a right in one man implies an obligation in another, and obligations do not bind in the face of impossibilities. The laborer's fellow men are not obliged to pay him a living wage if the country is too poor to afford them the means of making such payment.

We shall examine whether the national income now existing is large enough to provide a living wage for all provided that it were equally distributed.

In the chapter, "A Living Wage," in "Studies in Economics," Professor Smart cited statistics to show that the total of personal incomes received by the people of Great Britain was sufficient to allow each family an annual wage of £165. While doubting the advisability of an attempt to carry out the living wage principle, he maintained that these figures were an adequate answer to those "who say that the country is too poor to allow a living wage to all its workers." In his "Distribution of Income," written some four years later (1899), he estimated that the national income would then afford each family the sum of £187 10s annually.

According to Dr. Spahr's computation, the national income of the United States for 1890 was \$10,800,000,000. This is the sum total of the personal incomes of all classes of income receivers. It represents the net profits of the farmer and the business man, the interest accruing to the capitalist, the salary of the manager, the wages of the laborer, and the fees of the professional man—in a word, all the personal incomes received by any class from any source. This total divided equally among the 12,500,000 families in the United States (reckoning five persons to each family) would give each an annual income of \$864.

While this calculation has a certain definiteness that is attractive, it throws very little light on the present inquiry. If we could ascertain the amount of food, clothing, house-room, fuel, light, and material goods generally, together with the amount of immaterial services, such as lawyers' advice, teachers' instruction, etc., that are annually produced and are made available for human use; and if we could measure and express this total of goods and services in some intelligible way; we should then be in a position to ask whether an equal division would afford every person or family the means and conditions of decent living. Lack of data, however, and the inherent difficulties of the calculation, make this inquiry impracticable. Instead of attempting to measure the amount of goods and services produced, we can ascertain the amount of money that has been paid to the various persons who have contributed to the making of the goods and the rendering of the services.

We ask how much have the laborers, capitalists, landowners, employers, professional men, etc. received during the year for the part that they have taken in producing or making available all these conditions of living. The answer is expressed in the national income of \$10,800,000,000. This is the amount that has been paid to the makers of the national product. The national income is, therefore, an indirect

money measure of the national product, but it is the only measure that is to be had. As Smart puts it: "While the national income must be conceived of as the sum total of consumption of goods, it must be calculated as the sum of the contributory services." And the contributory services can be estimated and expressed only in terms of the money income received by the various contributors.

From the fact that the total income received by the 12,500,000 families of the country in 1890 was \$10,800,000,000 it does not follow that an equal distribution of the national income for that year would have given each family \$864. The problem is not one of simple division. If the national income of \$10,800,000,000 had been a lump sum to be divided equally among the 12,500,000 families at the end of the year \$864 would of course represent the share received by each. But the national income does not exist in the form of a lump; it is not and cannot be distributed at one time. Generally speaking, it must be distributed according as the goods and services for which it is the payment are produced.

Suppose, then, that an attempt had been made to distribute the national income equally as fast as the product was brought into existence. At the end of each day, or each week even, all workers, producers and owners of productive instruments would have received the same wage or income. At the end of the year the total incomes of all persons, or let us say, all families, would have been equal. The national income for the year (1890 always understood) would have been equally distributed. Yet the share per family, it is quite safe to say, would not have been \$864. Why? Simply because the method of distribution always determines the amount to be distributed. While \$10,800,000,000 was the amount distributed in 1890 under the system actually existing, it is certainly not the amount that would have been available under a system of equal distribution.

The reason of this is that an equal distribution of the national income every day or every week would have given a different direction to the forces of production. The amount and kind of goods that shall be produced depend upon demand; demand depends upon the purchasing power of the consumers; and purchasing power depends upon personal income.

Whether under a distribution that gave equal incomes to all, the productive forces of the nation would, during the year 1890, have been greater or less than they actually were, is a question that need not now be discussed. What is morally certain is that the same goods would not have been produced in precisely the same quantities. Hence the total income received by all the producers of certain classes of goods would not have been the same as the amount that actually was received. For example, it is overwhelmingly probable that less of the higher kind of luxuries and more of the necessities of life would have been created. Consequently it is morally certain that the total income paid respectively to these classes of producers would not have been what they were in the actual regime. Again, some men, such as railroad presidents and eminent lawyers, would not have received the salaries that they actually did receive. Whether the total annual income of all classes would have been more or less than \$10,800,000,000 we cannot say, but there is a probability amounting to a certainty that it would not have been precisely that amount. Hence the annual income per family would not have been \$864.

And even if this would have been the case, we cannot say that \$864 would have had precisely the same purchasing power that it had under the system of distribution that actually existed.

The difficulties suggested by this partial statement of the problem are bewildering, and he would be rash indeed who would attempt a solution. One thing is certain—we cannot by knowing the total dividend that is available under one system of distri-

bution estimate the total dividend that would be available under a different system. Consequently, the amount of the present national income (in terms of money) gives us no satisfactory information concerning the proportions that the national income would take on if the attempt were made to pay all men a living wage. In that event some laborers would receive a larger wage than they receive at present; their demands for certain kinds of goods would increase accordingly; the aggregate income paid to the producers of these goods would likewise increase. What the total income would be as a result of these and other changes that would take place we cannot say; but there are one million chances to one that it would not be what it is at present. Estimates based on the existing national income are therefore worthless.

Our inquiry, then, must take a different form. We must ask whether the natural resources and the productive forces of the country seem adequate to the task of supplying all laborers and their families with the means of a decent livelihood. Let us examine in the first place the probable effect of a living wage on the productive efficiency of the workers to whom it would be paid.

1. According to the theory of "the economy of high wages," every increase in the laborer's wage will be followed by a relatively greater increase in the amount that he produces. The higher his wage, the more profitable he will be to the employer.

Double a man's pay and he will more than double the amount of his work or product. If the theory, stated thus, were correct the possibility of a universal living wage would be abundantly proved. The only thing necessary would be to begin to pay the living wage to those who are now underpaid. In a very short time their increased efficiency would more than repay their employers for the additional outlay. They would more than "make" their wage.

The evidence of Lord Brassey, founded mainly on his own and his fa-

ther's experience as railroad builders in every quarter of the globe, tended to show that highly paid labor was the cheapest in industries where the chief factor was muscular strength. Increased wages seemed to bring a more than proportionate increase in the physical expenditure of the workers themselves. On the other hand, the statistics collected by Schulze-Gaevernitz and Brentano are drawn from a study of machine industries. The widest and most searching of these investigations, that made by Schulze-Gaevernitz for the cotton industry, showed that, although wages are highest in America, the cost of production is lowest. That is to say, in spite of the superior wages paid, a yard of cotton goods can be produced more cheaply in America than elsewhere. Similar conclusions with regard to other industries are set forth by Schoenhof and Brentano.

An extended discussion of the relations between wages and productivity is neither practical nor necessary in this place. If it is worth while to set down a general estimate that of Mr. Hobson seems to be in closest accord with the facts as we know them: "While a rise of wages is nearly always attended by a rise of efficiency of labor and the product, the proportion which the increased efficiency will bear to the rise of wage will differ in every employment."

The question that concerns us is whether in those employments in which laborers are now insufficiently paid, a living wage would result in an equivalent increase of productivity? If it would each man's product would be the source from which his living wage would be drawn.

President Hadley seems to hold that no such universal increase in productivity would be realized. Low-grade labor, he says, is the cheapest in some employments. He maintains, however, that in work requiring a great amount of physical strength, poorly paid labor is not profitable. If this is true a very large proportion of the men who are at present underpaid, namely, those engaged in exhausting

muscular exertion, would be cheaper if they were paid a living wage. It would seem that the result would be at least a corresponding increase in their product. In industries that do not require a large outlay of physical energy but merely long continued and monotonous exercise of a few muscles, as in the clothing trade, it is quite possible that a living wage would not by itself cause a proportionate rise in working efficiency. But there is no doubt that this result would be accomplished if the increased wage were accompanied by the introduction of new and better machinery. This is precisely what has happened in those industries in which wages are highest and the cost of production lowest. In order to make the higher wage fully as profitable as the wage formerly paid, employers were forced to make improvements both in the organization and in the technical processes of production. And there is no reason why similar changes could not be made in those industries that are at present poorly equipped and badly organized.

Nor can it be reasonably objected that employers would of their own volition pay higher wages and improve their productive processes if the resulting gains would ultimately repay them. Of all the economic fallacies that pass current among the multitude, the assumption that "employers know their own business" is one of the shallowest, if not the very shallowest. If it be true, as is sometimes asserted, that 90 per cent. of the men who go into business fail, then it is clear that the average employer has no very profound knowledge nor far sighted appreciation of his own best interests. The majority of employers see very vividly the advantages that are held out by the immediate present; concerning advantages that are more remote, whether in place or time, their judgment is anything but infallible. In seeking to promote their own interest, as they see it, they are inclined to follow the line of least resistance, and the line of least resistance leads to the employment of cheap labor rather than to the introduction of better techni-

cal processes. The cost of cheap labor they know; the cost of the improvements seem to them to involve a risk.

The history of industry shows that the average employer had no enlightened nor far seeing conception of his true self interest. Throughout the last century the great industrial improvements, whether in the conditions of labor or in machinery, that benefited ultimately both master and workman, were at the outset bitterly opposed by the majority of employers. If slave holders had known their own interests they would have provided for their slaves in such a way as to get out of them the greatest amount of work in proportion to the cost of maintenance. "Yet we know, by a mass of revolting testimony, that in all countries avarice, the consuming lust of immediate gain, a passion which stands in the way of a true and enlarged view of self interest and works unceasing injury to self interest, has always despoiled the slave of a part of the food and clothing necessary to his highest efficiency as a laborer."

The question, would the payment of a living wage to all laborers by increasing the physical and mental efficiency of the workers themselves and by compelling improvements in organization and machinery, increase the national product sufficiently to cover the increase of wages, cannot from the nature of the case be answered with absolute confidence.

Prof. Marshall seems to hold that it would, for he says that all consumption by the laborer up to the limit of what he describes as the "necessaries for efficiency," is "strictly productive consumption; any stinting of this consumption is not economical, but wasteful." And his estimate of the "necessaries for efficiency" constitutes a decent livelihood for the laborer and his family. In his view, then, it would pay to give every laborer a living wage. However, the only safe general conclusion seems to be that if all laborers at present underpaid were to receive a living wage the result would certainly be a very great increase in the national product, which would

very probably be sufficient to provide the extra amount expended in wages.

2. The question of luxury. Prof. Marshall estimated that "more than one half of the consumption of the upper classes of society in England is wholly unnecessary." The same is probably true of the wealthier classes in America. If the labor and capital now employed in producing luxuries and superfluities were utilized in turning out necessities and comforts the supply of the latter would in all probability be ample for all classes of the community. I say "in all probability" because while an exact estimate of the amount of productive force devoted to the making of luxuries is impracticable, if not impossible, such rough estimates as we can obtain point very strongly to the conclusion just stated. At any rate, the nature of our industrial organization makes such a conclusion antecedently probable. Prof. Smart's illustration of this truth, though employed in another connection, is so clear and apt that it may be quoted here:

"Indeed, a small minority of the world's inhabitants may take up all the increase in wealth, leaving the majority at the old level, or sinking them below that level. This may be seen most easily by a concrete case. Plant a field with potatoes and leave enough grass to pasture a cow, and the field will maintain a dozen farmers in sound, healthy life. But sow the field down in the finer vegetables and plant gooseberry bushes on the pasture, and the field will now yield food for perhaps half a dozen. Finally, suppose the field to be sown down in flowers, not only does it not support anybody, but it cannot supply enough flowers to satisfy a few rich people. By this it may be seen that a certain amount of labor and capital may be devoted to maintaining an entire nation in plain but sound life. Or it may be so employed as to yield a high level of comfort to a good many, while keeping a majority at the twenty-shilling-a-week level. Or it may be paid out to supply the intellectual, spiritual and aesthetic wants of a few, while the majority are

on the twenty-shilling level. It is not true that the well being of society as a whole is secured by the accumulation of wealth and capital. The great majority may be very little the richer for it."

It is not the intention here to say how far either morality, or social utility, or the welfare of the poor demands that luxury be prevented, but merely to indicate that herein may possibly be found one means by which a universal living wage could be realized.

3. A more important and more effective means of attaining this end is contained in the vast amount of productive power that at present is unused or only partially used. The startling but ever present contradiction between the resources of production and the unsatisfied needs of the consumers is well described in the following paragraph:

"Why is it that, with a wheat-growing area so huge and so productive that in good years whole crops are left to rot in the ground, thousands of English laborers, millions of Russian peasants, cannot get enough bread to eat? Why is it that, with so many cotton mills in Lancashire that they cannot all be kept working for any length of time together, thousands of people in Manchester cannot get a decent shirt to their backs? Why is it that, with a growing glut of mines and miners, myriads of people are shivering for coal?"

Whatever be the true solution of this "modern problem of the Sphinx," the immense productive power of modern industry implied in the above paragraph is unquestionable. No man who is at all acquainted with the industrial resources of our time doubts that they are abundantly capable of providing all persons with the material requisites of a decent livelihood. Especially true is this of America. In almost every productive occupation there are always, even in the most prosperous times, a large number of unemployed. Great quantities of productive machinery are constantly being abandoned, or are only used part of the year. Not only productive power, but the output

of products is increasing much faster than population and the actual demands of current consumption. The clearest indication of this fact is seen in the recent political phenomenon of expansion, or, if we choose, imperialism. The world powers — America among the number — are engaged in a tremendous rivalry for "spheres of influence" in the less developed countries. Only on the surface, and in the means used is this contest political. At bottom, and in its end, it is economic, commercial.

The nations are seeking an outlet for their superfluous products in foreign markets. The activities of international politics are in large part engaged in the effort to find consumers for products and employment for capital that cannot be utilized at home. In the productive power, then, active and latent, of the country lies the sure possibility of a living wage for all the workers of America.

To sum up: The size of the present national income, in terms of money, throws very little light on the inquiry conducted in this article; for the changes in production and distribution that would follow the universal payment of a living wage would result in a new national dividend. The total that is now distributed we know; the total that would exist for distribution under a living wage system we do not know; not knowing the total we cannot ascertain the shares that would go to individuals.

Turning, however, to the possibilities of our productive forces, we find that if all the laborers that are now underpaid were to receive a living wage they would in all probability increase their product sufficiently to cover the increase in wages. Secondly, the productive power now absorbed in creation of luxuries and superfluities would, if properly directed, go very far toward providing the additional amount of necessities and comforts that would be required under a living wage system. Finally, we have overwhelming reasons for believing that, independently of the higher productivity that would follow higher wages,

and the economy of productive power that would result from the abolition of luxury, the productive sources of the country as they now exist are, when fully employed, fully capable of providing all the inhabitants of the country with the means of a decent livelihood.

So far as the possibilities of production are concerned, we may say of America what Professor Smart says of Great Britain: "The abolition of poverty is now within our reach, if we, as a society, are really bent on its abolition. The resources of the nation in

capital, invention, and labor are now so great that the one want of the time is organization, so that there shall be no misdirection of production, no waste in consumption, no friction from the currency." From the side of its productive resources at any rate, life—modern life—is not, as Malthus supposed, a lottery in which "some unhappy persons have drawn a blank." If there are still numbers of persons who are unprovided with the requisites of normal and reasonable life, the fault lies not in the inability of society to produce, but in its failure to make a proper distribution.

THE LEGAL FIELD OF CHICAGO

BY P. J. O'KEEFE

THERE are in Chicago about 5000 lawyers, and taking the population as two million and each family to consist of five we have an average of one lawyer to every eighty families or heads of families. On the supposition that there was a separate village or congregation of every eighty families or households and a lawyer had to depend on their various troubles and business transactions for his living it will not be seriously contended that he can make much of a success; that is, of course, measuring success by dollars and cents. Now then, if each eighty family group lived entirely apart from the others, and all the business legally must be transacted for and of the group by the one lawyer he certainly will have one element of peace in that he need not dread competition, and that means much; but suddenly bring all the groups together, break down the barriers, and allow a general scramble and matters for some are inevitably bound to be worse. The slow men are left behind; the sleepy and laggard cannot keep pace with the vig-

ilant and active; the live men will far outpace the dead ones; those who work eternally day in and day out will in ordinary course outrun those who take things easy, and those who lounge and loll and hesitate and are shiftless are lost. And there you have a picture of the legal field in Chicago.

But another phase! In the little village the respectable lawyer can live in a little cottage; he can, without incurring comment, be one of the people, and his office outfit and surroundings can either have no existence or at least be on a very modest plan. In Chicago the man without an office is nowhere; and the man without a good office has some odds against him. In the village little or no expense; in Chicago a good office, telephone, stenographer and otherwise; in the village modesty is a virtue; in Chicago modesty very nearly kills the germ of success.

And further: Here is a young man in the legal field; bright, snappy, alert and active; he is of the right stuff mentally and has courage and force; perhaps, too, he has family surroundings

very favorable. Well, an accident occurs to some member of a neighbor's family or the family of a friend; or some friend needs skillful legal advice, and lo and behold the firm of "Screw and Skin" get the work. Why? Well the neighbor and the friend are impressed by the firm's appearance and previous success: "They won that case for Mrs. Jones' little boy who had only one toe cut off and got a verdict of ten thousand dollars; of course we like 'Rafferty' very much, the son of our old neighbor, but"? Yes, the "buts" decide; the "buts" and the "ands" are equivalent to getting the money anyhow and so there you are. And then what?

Well, the young man gets fairly set on his feet and has some friend connected with a corporation; through this friend he gets the kicked off work of the great corporation and which "Screw and Skin" can't find time to do; and perhaps a day comes along when "Rafferty" does a piece of really valuable work—has outmatched "Screw and Skin" and saved the corporation hundreds of thousands of dollars; well, what happens? Why, Mr. Magnum Gumshoe, the chairman of the board of directors, says: "Oh, yes, that young Rafferty—eh? A nice fellow, too, but we had better have the opinion of 'Screw and Skin,' and 'Screw and Skin' get the meat of Rafferty's work and so anoint it and color it with the sauce and spice of their experience that it becomes 'Screw and Skin's' valuable work, and Rafferty gets fifty dollars and 'Screw and Skin' get five thousand and expenses.

Now then, here is Chicago! Of five thousand lawyers at least the corporation work is confined to five hundred; and with the awful grind for business practically the balance of the good business of Chicago is confined to one thousand others, and thereby 3500 have a very hard road to hoe.

Is the life an easy one? Not a bit of it, and for many reasons. In the first place the average client wants to win anyhow; the lawyer must win to keep him; in the next place, unlike the

doctor, with whom everybody is working for success, the lawyer always has a client and his lawyer opposed to him; and then perhaps before the case is half over his own client has other plans, or the family has plans, or some friend has a plan; or "if it were Lawyer Snooze he would do it thus and so." Then the lawyer must see his clients, treat them courteously, and listen to any amount of unnecessary talk; and the client pays you a special fee for a case and then imagines he ought to see you every day; your correspondence must be attended to; you must read the law reports and decisions, and keep up with the times. You must draw your legal papers, file your letters and notes, watch the courts, visit witnesses, be interrupted at your dinner, go to some meeting; and sleep sometimes. Then perhaps just as you are imagining yourself to have a day off your case comes along, your witnesses must be gotten, and a thousand and one details; perhaps a witness lives in the country (this is an actual experience), you get notice in the evening your case will be on next morning, you can't reach your man by letter or wire in time. You get by train to the nearest town, drive by sleigh some fifteen miles, bundle your man out of bed, get back to the town, catch a train at two in the morning for Chicago, be on your feet at seven—and thus enter your case.

But with all these apparent drawbacks there is a chance for a young man in the legal field of Chicago.

I would not recommend every man to be a lawyer, nor perhaps any. But, though exceptions to the rule have proven successful in acquiring honor, distinction, and emoluments, yet to be a winner one should first of all have a physique—and he should not abuse it too much.

The young man should have a ready acute mentality; he should have a superior classical education; he should know how to write the English language well; he should know well the history of jurisprudence and the civil law; he must be able to speak and think on his feet; he must not be sen-

sitive; he should be able to take a "blow" and not cringe, and when the proper time comes to give a "blow" and not get lost in the shuffle.

He should know his work, and keep doing it; he should be found at all times faithful to the interests of his client; he should not invite a fight, but being in it by virtue of right should be able to make the most of it; he should be true to a confidence, especially of his client, but far more particular to the confidence and trust of his friend

and client; his aim should be not lucre, but above all else that it be known once his word is pledged there can be no purchase price to get him false.

For such a man there is now and always will be a place in the legal field of Chicago; a place not at the bottom, for silver character such as outlined will outlive the rust and rottenness of the dollar-purchased advocate, and in its proper time will shine like the beacon light to the mariner resplendent—ahead and above.

THE YOUNG REPORTER

BY CARL P. MORGAN.

IT is acknowledged without argument that the young man of today can find no better field in which to exercise his ability, his energy and good business sense than in the newspaper world. Those entering this life, if they intend to keep at it, will find both pleasant and unpleasant paths to travel.

It has been said that the newspaper man is a roaming individual and that he knows no regular place of abode which was the position of affairs not many years ago, but due credit must now be given both the young newspaper man and his employer, who takes care to see that he goes along well. To gain recognition in most any line one must be either "just as good" or "a little bit better." Not only newspaper editors, but those of almost any publication appreciate good, sound judgment, accurateness, swiftness and reliability. If an editor can put absolute faith in his reporter he is sure there will be no need of another attorney.

The field of journalism was never brighter than it is now. To make a beginning is sometimes the hardest part of a person's life. Those entering into

newspaper business must guard against backwardness. Poets are born. So must the newspaper man be born with a desire for the fascination that belongs to the life of a newspaper man. The work of the young man on the staff of a good paper is one continual study of people and their ways. The reporter is brought face to face with the world in its true light. And if he does not catch the wind of sentiment that goes to constitute the general appearance and make-up of the "next edition" in a short time, he might as well look for another field of employment. If a young man would enter newspaper life let him know first of all the greatest secret for success in any walk of life, and that is, to do as you are commanded.

If he be bent on becoming a newspaper man, a publisher, or a magazine writer, he should map out his course and follow it to the end. The solution of the "news getting" problem is keeping everlastingly at the story you are after. If you give up the task of "landing" the story the result might be that the steadfast "I will" reporter would get that which you could have gotten before him if you

were firm in your belief that you could get there.

The young man in journalism would be the proper title to apply to the average newspaper man. Why? Because the young men are gradually taking hold of the profession, not because the older heads are dropping out, but for the exact reason that the younger generation of to-day are eagerly watching an opportunity to advance, and who can advance more than the young newspaper man? The very atmosphere in the office of a great newspaper is an incentive. A metropolitan newspaper in itself is an education. The inner life of the large office is the foundation for an education worthy of the young man who is equal to hold the helm of his craft.

The young man of to-day in journalism is not the same young man of a few years ago. The heads of the metropolitan newspapers have at last opened their eyes to the fact that the young man whom they employ will be the young fellow coming from the highest possible walks of life. The time is at hand when the custom of living over a music hall in order that their nerves might be strung-up for the tune they will play in the next few days' edition must be, and gradually is being, done away with. In a short time a young man entering upon the path of reportorial life will not only be a figure in the world of affairs, but an example to the young fellow with literary ambitions. Ambition is the one natural instinct that springs forth from the vine of education. Ambition to the young student is what opportunity was to the great men of to-day, who, after taking advantage, found that success was in store for them, and was but waiting an owner. Therefore success lies with the young man who has the ambition to forge ahead.

Going back to the subject of a young man venturing upon the sea of journalistic waters, let me not forget to mention that the greatest points most essential to the progress of the young newspaper man are the first rules taught to the little child, and if

they are to gain success, and not only success, but lasting consideration, that rule must be the first rudiments of truthful speaking.

Newspaper men come and go. Those that depart are the ones who do not follow the first advice received on this earth from the good mother of all that claims the wonderful distinction of being a success. There is no sleeping to be done in a newspaper office—the man entering upon the duties of a reporter will sometimes be told that he is too slow, that another mistake will mean his dismissal, that he has done wrong. Then comes the outdoor life that the new man must put up with. He can expect to be called upon to go into a neighborhood as strange, and sometimes stranger than a country graveyard. He can stand in the blistering cold of midnight in the coldest months of the year because he must get details, and get them right, for perhaps he can not get them any other way. He will probably have to attend a wedding reception and a coroner's inquest in the same hour. In fact, the "new reporter" must put up with almost anything, but it is such things that place a man on the road to success in the newspaper routine.

Now we will go back to the place where we started and see how a man really does his work. In a brief way I will tell you of what took place in the office and on the way to the "story."

Mr. — enters the office of the spied by his editor. The editor will leading metropolitan paper. He is look over the sheet of assignments and the reporter looks over the assignments in a little box. Finally he reaches his name among the envelopes. He is about ready to go out on the story assigned to him, and after receiving further orders from the city editor he makes for the door. He gets as far as the door-knob and is halted by the ringing of the fire-bell. If the fire is over in the business district, a hotel or residence street, it is always sure that the reporter goes to the fire first. The reporter can generally tell the exact location of a fire by the number of taps

from the bell. Everything is covered in getting to that fire. He is there to get names and location. He is to get the best pen picture of all that took place, and, if he so chooses, rush into the burning building and get a photograph of the woman or child that was carried out of the fire in an unconscious state. After the fire is out and the company has been ordered to its quarters he makes his way back to his office and begins the account of what took place. After this he may go on to his assignment. Along toward the time for the paper to go to press, tired and sometimes weary, he can either go home or to some place for lunch.

Now I will tell you of the advanced police reporter. This member of the staff reports to his office the same time as do the others. The editor at the respective desk, either day or night, knows how the city is divided. Mr. —, down at — street Police Station, has called up his office a little before the man relieves him came into the office. He will wait for his partner to come and will give him all his facts. Together with those he received from the city editor, the night man will look after that which he thinks will make a good story for the morning edition. To be a police reporter one must learn to read the faces of the prisoners, their actions, and judge their statements. Professional crooks, thieves and women shoplifters are adepts in the story telling art, and often try to sway the mind of the court officials, their friends, and the station men. The experienced police reporter soon becomes, by careful study and listening, a criminal hater, hard to fool, but willing to help a person that is down. It is hard to imagine how the police reporters could be other than hard hearted, but they are. The average reporter, used to the sights of rough men and big crowds, maintains his heart to the last and in the end it generally goes out to the weak. Then comes the court reporter from the same office. This young man must also be a judge of human nature. He must see the story as quickly as the police reporter.

He will attend court at the regular

session and, one by one, as the prisoners are disposed of, make his notes. In this work the police magistrate is a great factor. If the justice is good at leading people out, not only he, but the reporter learns a great deal about the case. In many instances the best material for a story is that which the magistrate never hears. Friendship is displayed most in the police court. Attorneys will tell a reporter things while at court that they couldn't tell him outside. Why? Because they will never think of them after they leave the court.

Then comes the society reporter. This position is not sought after quite as much by young men as it is by young women. There are generally from three to six women reporters in an office. Big society events are covered mostly by them. Women about an office, especially a metropolitan daily, are an absolute necessity, for if it were not for their sweet smiles, their amusing descriptions, and ideal companionship, I am afraid the "next edition" would be dead.

This line of work, of course, begins to get pleasant to the reporters as soon as they become acquainted. However, the remuneration coming from either line of work is enticing. In securing either of these positions, the applicant, if he is a beginner, is sometimes given an interview with the manager of the paper, which is done by the manager merely to see how earnest the applicant really is. The young man will be shown in to the manager's private office. The first general question to be asked is: "Do you consider your schooling good enough to attempt the work?" If this question is answered to the managing editor's satisfaction another one will be put in this form: "Are you willing to go out and suffer the hardships connected with the young journalist's life, or do you think you are strong enough to stand them?" In just such a convincing, hair-raising voice the above questions, and very often more than these, are put. All the time the manager is doing this he is watching your actions very closely, and will notice any and all flinching quali-

ties. But there is one glorious satisfaction about the above examination, and that is every day you are in the business it becomes easier.

The romance in the life of a reporter is a thing the experienced man looks back to with amusement. He not only wonders how it all came about, but can see how really interesting his life has been. He thinks of the many times he has been wished dead by those whom he has defeated, of the times he has been blessed by those for whom he has fought, how they threw themselves at his feet and offered him anything he would name. Then his mind will wander back to the time when he thought of leaving school and of the hard struggle before him, and how he overcame the many things that were in his way, and finally rose to be a part in the great army of the world, and how he did his part to further the cause of good government and justice to the people.

Now he sits at the head of the staff on a big metropolitan paper and enjoys the life and calling he so long tried to reach. He is a man now. Perhaps he is ten years older, and it may be twenty of them, but no matter what the number, he has won and he has proved himself deserving by constant study, energy and ambition. Such romantic thoughts come only to the man who started in and really had the courage of his convictions. In this life the young man finds himself face to face with the world and its task.

What must be the decision of this young man?

So very different from other professions is that of the newspaper man. So very different from the medical profession is the life of a young newspaper man that he often wonders if it were not intended that he be what he is. Take the doctor who enjoys a lucrative practice, who has an income that will warrant his waiting for his patient coming to him, and it will be found that he is not half so wide awake as is the average newspaper man.

The lawyer knows his work from advice given him in the law school. The doctor got his title in the same

way. How can either of the gentlemen have both the school and practical side of life as can the newspaper man? We go to the lawyer only when we need advice. We hunt up the doctor only when we are sick. We go to the newspaper daily because it fills a long felt want, cures anxiety and gives us good advice on what is going on around us.

Why should not the young man who helps get up the paper be different? Some men have said the doctor has a greater right to the so-called professional "dignity" that is attached to the head of the man who can do for you that which you cannot do for yourself.

It has been said also that the lawyer will display more signs of dignity than is necessary, but you never hear that said about the newspaper man, because you seldom know when he is around. Silent as to calling is the one great rule to be learned. This is where the work becomes pleasant to the young journalist. He can enjoy the dignity that belongs to the art of keeping still and at the same time do his work to his own satisfaction. At a train wreck the doctor can do but one thing. That is to relieve the injured. His services end when he has cared for the number he is able to attend. At the very farthest the number will not exceed five people. While the newspaper man can help the injured, help the doctor, and relieve the minds of millions of readers. Then take the dentist. This dignified gentleman has gone to school in the same way as the newspaper man. He in the discharge of his duty takes the dead tooth from another man's head and if it is absolutely no good throws it into the waste basket. Whether or not he is drawing the tooth of a criterion or a molar from the jaw of the savage, he simply gets the tooth. The young newspaper man in the discharge of his duties draws from the savage an example and from the criterion a picture of knowledge. This is the extreme difference between the office life and the knowledge-seeking life on the outside.

Now the bank clerk. It may be surmised that he is an expert account-

ant and has a keen eye, that he can tell the counterfeit at sight, but he is always on the inside and knows only the conditions surrounding the work he is engaged in. His acquaintance with the world is limited, and he is generally restricted from the busy side of life. Compare the bank clerk with the young man in journalism and see where the latter surpasses.

First, the young man in newspaper work knows good money from bad. He can tell the counterfeit in one's make-up.

His acquaintance is unlimited in business, and he knows the conditions surrounding the world and its people

much earlier and more thoroughly.

The young man in journalism is not only a factor in the cause of good government, but to the world is as great a help as was the dove that brought the twig of good news back to Noah.

Good reading, especially Bible reading, to the young newspaper man is an absolute necessity. The times that the Bible is referred to in the life of the young journalist are without number. Educated people, if able, always have a good library. This is referred to when in search of knowledge, but the Bible is not only a reference book, it is truly a companion.

FROM THE ECONOMIC POINT OF VIEW

BY MARY RICHARDS GRAY

IN all classes of society we find abnormal children. It is interesting to note how different classes of parents regard these children, the place they accord them in the family. Generally speaking, the higher the class to which the parents belong the greater the care and the responsibility they assume. Science in many cases tells them why their children are abnormal. They see the sins of their fathers, or perhaps their own, visited upon their children, and to atone for the past devote themselves to the unfortunate ones doing more for them oftentimes than for their strong, healthy normal children who can with ordinary advantages provide for themselves. And while they love all their children, the most helpless ones are the ones to which they are most closely drawn, the ones for whose future they sacrifice most.

The lowest class of parents look upon their offspring from an economic point of view, the abnormal child, who is of little or no use to himself, to say

nothing of others receives little consideration. "He's no good," his parents argue; his presence is a great misfortune which has befallen the family.

As the cause of the affliction, whatever it may be, they assign some external incident in family history which approaches the appearance of the trouble nearest in point of time. As for example, Richard's paralysis is explained by the fact that "Richard sat in the wet grass and then his leg got all drawn up." "A horse kicked Charley in the side and then after that he couldn't use his leg." Katie got dropped and her shoulders all hunched up." "Mary played out in the street and she got run over." These are the causes they give for the dreadful condition of their children, and seemingly they are satisfied with such explanations for epilepsy, spinal troubles, tubercular diseases, misshapen bodies, and diseased minds. They show a lack of responsibility, ignorance and disregard for the most ordinary laws which govern health. Most of these slum

parents belong to the lowest class of Europeans who have come to America hoping to find a land of plenty.

Unfamiliar with our language and methods of doing business, untrained and uneducated, the question of making a living is a difficult one. Perforce their children go to school and there they learn English and develop American ideas in a way that astonishes their dull, slow-witted parents. They are not so slow, however, but that they soon arrive at the conclusion that Tony and Sophia—infants scarcely out of their swaddling clothes—are better able to cope with the situation than themselves; therefore they look upon them as the salvation of the family, and await with impatience the time when the law will permit them to work. In the meantime they see to it that the most likely children from an economic standpoint receive the most attention. The cripple, who at best is of little use, can go to school when the "bus" calls for him unwashed and half-dressed; he promises little for the future—any sacrifice for him is too great a burden for the family.

Not long ago a father from Rockwell Street took a boy to the "School for Crippled Children" to be examined by the doctor and the Child Study expert. The child had hydrocephalous, and, being mentally deficient, was not eligible for admission. The teacher said to the father, "Why do you not send John to the 'Home for Feeble Minded Children' at Lincoln?" He replied: "Why, then I not see him at all."

Touched by the remark, she looked at the repulsive child for whom the father seemingly had so much affection that he did not wish to have him out of his sight, and said, "Why, John would not be so far away but that you could see him frequently. Lincoln is not far away. You know, the school is nice, he could learn a great deal, and you would only have to pay thirty dollars a year for his clothes."

"Yes, I understand,"—he stopped. She went on, "If you keep John

at home you pay for his clothes and his food besides."

"Yes, but two dollar buy him clothes—what he need. He stay home."

A very few dollars represented the sum total of the father's affection; John was not worth even enough clothing to make a decent appearance.

Last year one of the truant officers reported that at a certain number on South Halsted Street was a crippled boy nineteen years of age who had never been to school. A teacher from the "School for Crippled Children" investigated the matter and found an Italian family with eight children, among them a cripple named Martin, living in a large unpartitioned basement. The front windows looked out on the viaduct, the side ones on the railroad tracks. The furniture consisted of a kitchen stove, a table, a long bench down one side of the room and three beds, one of which was made on a dry goods box. A coal bin occupied one corner of the room and besides the ten members of the family a flock of chickens, a number of ducks and a goat shared the common living room. When Martin was told that he was wanted to go to school and that a "bus" would call and take him to and back from school he could scarcely believe what was said. This was the first attention he had ever received, its meaning was almost beyond his comprehension. He was duly examined and it was found that although he was not so mentally deficient as to be called feeble-minded, yet when his case was passed on by the Board of Education, for the reason that he could be in school, at best, only a little over a year, he was refused admission. The teacher was asked to notify him that, after all, he could not come to school. She delayed several days, dreading to go to him after arousing his hopes. Finally she called. A woman—not Martin's mother—opened the door. The basement was half-filled with people. On the long bench sat a number of Italian mothers, all with babies in their arms; children were playing about upon the floor. She asked for Martin and the

woman pointed to the farther end of the room, where, on a dry goods box on the floor lay a corpse covered over with a cloth. Martin was dead and his body was lying in state. The lighted candles placed at his head and his feet flickered feebly. The chickens and the ducks were walking unceremoniously over him; the goat and the children were interesting themselves in the lights and had to be dragged away from time to time by different occupants of the bench. There were no mourners. Martin, who was of no use in the family and never had been, was gone, and that was all. The teacher, spared the unpleasant duty of delivering her message, left immediately, glad that Martin had been taken away before tasting the bitter dregs of the one cup of joy offered him.

From necessity the unfortunate child cannot and does not play an important part in the family life. There are, however, exceptional cases. One of these children, little Agnes, succeeded in effecting a family reconciliation.

Agnes was a little cripple whose body was so twisted out of shape that it resembled the letter S. Her head was too large and her legs thin and small, her left arm terminated at the elbow with three hooked fingers, and altogether she was most repulsive in appearance. For a time she went to school near her home, managing to get there on her crutches, then she stopped going because she could not keep up with her class and was not happy with the children. Word was sent to the "School for Crippled Children" that a crippled girl was to be found at a certain number Rockwell Street, so the "bus" driver was given orders to bring her to school next day. He called, but did not succeed in getting her. Her mother was washing and Agnes, who was lying on the bed in a room adjoining the kitchen, refused to get up. The next day the teacher called and commanded her to go to school, to go for only one day to see whether she liked it or not, and after much urging Agnes consented to make the experiment. Then finding the atmosphere of the place

pleasant she decided to go every day.

At this time things were not going well at home. One morning she confided to the teacher that she had written to the Chief of Police in S—, a mining town in Washington, to ask him to find her father, who had run off with a woman and was, she had heard, working in the mines getting "big money." A week or two passed, then Agnes received a letter from the Chief saying that he had found her father and enclosing his address. This was just before Christmas. Agnes wrote to her father immediately and begged him to write her, saying that a letter from him would be the best Christmas present he could give her and that she should sit by the window day after day to watch for the postman to bring it to her. The Christmas letter came, and in it was a money order for forty dollars.

Shortly after this an electric car ran over and killed one of Agnes's little sisters, and as compensation for the loss each surviving member of the family received thirty-one dollars. On receipt of this money Agnes decided that it would be a good plan for one of her sisters and herself to go to Washington to find their father and to persuade him to come home. In vain the teachers urged her to give up the idea and to put her money in the bank. She and her sister started off to surprise their father. On arrival in S— they went directly to the Chief of Police, who found them a boarding place and also ascertained for them that their father had gone to M—, a mining camp not far away. The next day on they went, and finally found him at work in one of the mines. He seemed glad to see them and arranged to have them stay with him for a time. For his work as day laborer he was getting good wages and was willing to care for his family, but he did not have the faculty of getting home with his check on pay day. The girls solved that problem by calling for his wages and allowing him only a small part of the money for his own personal uses. Agnes urged him to return home, to

go back to her mother. This he flatly refused to do; he said if his wife wanted to come to him she could, it would be all right. Agnes wrote her mother to this effect, but she did not see fit to accept so informal an invitation, and said so emphatically. Then came the tug of war. The child begged, coaxed, implored her father to write a letter inviting her mother to join them. Not at all anxious to write, he made up excuses of the most trivial sort—"Havn't any paper," "Havn't any —," "Oh, I'm tired," "Let it go until tomorrow," "Yes, I'll do it some other time," etcetera, until the child was worn out. At last however, she managed to get and keep the pen in his hand until the all-important letter was written.

There came an immediate reply, and after much deliberation and correspondence the family decided to have a re-

union in Chicago, to which the three returned. The effort required for the long, hard trip proved too much of a strain on Agnes's poor, weak body and the child who so often said, "My body, I know, is all twisted out of shape, but my soul is pure and good," her life work—the reconciliation of her parents—accomplished, died peacefully in the arms of her father.

The abnormal children of the slums, shut off by poverty from those solaces which make life tolerable to the unfortunates born into wealthy families, hateful to themselves, drag out a weary existence. Teachers and reformers are trying to raise the standards of living in the lowest quarters of our great cities, to rouse parents to a sense of their duties to their unfortunate children, yet, despite their efforts, the argument, "They're no good," carries great weight.

AN OUNCE OF PREVENTION

BY JOHN E. SHEPHERD.

THERE are known methods of preventing a repetition of the Iroquois theatre horror. Obligation to take advantage of these methods rest on those intrusted with human lives, and it is their primary duty to search out and install the best means that may be employed to assist them in preventing disaster.

The afternoon of the thirtieth of December, nineteen hundred and three will go down in the history of Chicago as one of the horror periods of the city's experience, and for many years to come the black pall of mourning in many a Chicago home will serve to remind her people of the dreadful holocaust, even when the rest of the now sympathetic world has forgotten the fearful happening. As the caption indicates, however, it is not the intention of this article to recall the scenes and

incidents of the Iroquois fire, in which nearly six hundred human lives were lost, and the whole civilized world stunned in the midst of its holiday festivities by the misery brought home to so many of Chicago's people.

The press of the whole world has graphically described it, and those who did not witness the disaster, and must at first have doubted the possibility of such an accident happening in a building of the most modern construction, have before this been brought to a realization of the unfortunate truth of the first reports and of the fact that the term "Fire proof" is a misnomer. Indeed, when one reflects on the possibility of such an occurrence in a building of such undoubted superior construction—for such the Iroquois beyond question was, the outside of the building to-day scarcely showing evid-

ence of any fire at all, and the inside, while badly scorched, still in a proper sense not damaged to exceed fifteen per cent. of its cost—the great wonderment is that such accidents have not occurred many times before.

What is intended by the writer, however, is to touch briefly on some practical means of preventing a repetition of such an occurrence in buildings where humanity congregates—be it in a theatre, church, hospital, school, asylum, hotel or other public or semi-public building.

The first requisite is, of course, the observance of the law in construction of buildings. Nearly every municipality already has building ordinances and departments designed and intended to safeguard the public in respect to construction, and their due observance will do much, particularly if in the light of the dreadful lesson learned in Chicago the new ordinances of this city are followed in other places in the future. But a failure of the citizens of a community to insist that their public servants enforce the laws at the beginning of things will, of course, work to defeat their entire purpose. However well buildings may be constructed and however careful city officials may be in seeing that they are, the lives and safety of the occupants may still remain in great danger if those in control and in authority do not properly protect the property and the occupants by devices of well known and proven value.

The most efficient protection to theatres, buildings employing scenery or other highly inflammable material and to buildings of light construction where a great many people congregate is to install in the dangerous portions of the building—notably, in a theatre, over the stage in the scenery loft, over and under the gridiron, in the dressing rooms, and in the service department of the building—an automatic “water” sprinkling device which will operate without other aids than its own inherent mechanical and electrical mechanism to extinguish a fire in its incipency. Details of construction of such a device will not be entered into in so

brief an article as this, as they can be best secured from the local insurance authorities in any city. So no further comment will be made save to state that it is the unanimous opinion of insurance underwriters throughout the whole world that no protection for safety to both life and property is equal to that afforded by a properly equipped automatic sprinkler system.

Only one thought should be prominently borne in mind at all times in respect to sprinklers, however. The device must be constructed so as to be all that the name conveys—automatic under all conditions.

It is not enough to put in the system properly, using the proper kind of material and providing the proper supplies of water with which to use the equipment, but proper safeguards must be attached in the form of a system of alarms which will transmit definite signals to either the city fire department or a central station wholly outside of the building protected, when the system is in any way tampered with either for the purpose of making repairs or otherwise. For example, in the shutting off of the water supply, a signal should at once be transmitted automatically to headquarters that such a condition exists, and from such headquarters a person or persons dispatched to correct immediately this difficulty, which if allowed to remain uncorrected will render useless the entire system. Further, a signal attachment should accompany a sprinkler system which will also automatically call the fire department in the event of any of the sprinkler heads opening, either from heat conditions or otherwise, although the opening of heads from any other condition than dangerous heat conditions or actual fire occurs at very infrequent intervals, and never if the system is properly looked after. Any condition which results in a sprinkler head opening renders it imperative that the fire department should be on the scene of difficulty at once. Further, signal devices should be attached to the equipment which will record at a central office any conditions other than the normal in the tanks supplying water

to the sprinkler system—whether it is too hot or too cold, and if the tanks are as full of water as they should be. All these signal devices, which are imperative to the proper construction of an automatic sprinkler system, are in constant use and can be supplied in any city by companies whose business it is to operate and maintain them. Usually they are rented. Indeed all of the thoroughly dependable ones are just as a telephone is, so that their proper maintenance and operation is guaranteed.

The next most valuable fire protection devices to the sprinkler system and the ones more practicable in a large number of public buildings, such as schools, dormitories, hospitals, churches, hotels and like buildings, are fire alarms, both manual and automatic, and both communicating with the city fire department and central offices. Indeed, any fire alarm device which is purely manual and wholly local in its operation, such as sounding a local gong, for example, is of very doubtful value. But when the proper instruments are employed and the devices are installed and maintained by a responsible company under the supervision of the local fire insurance underwriters, and so constructed that a signal is sure to go to the central office and fire department either by pulling a manual box or by an increase of temperature acting on a thermostat and transmitting the fire alarm automatically, the results obtained are so well known to insurance and other fire experts as to leave no possible doubt as to their value. Again, the writer will refrain from giving detailed information concerning the form of installing such devices further than to say that the insurance bureau of any city can furnish the information desired to better advantage than anyone other than the companies doing this class of business, and any devices put in other than the ones securing from the insurance companies a credit in insurance rates should be looked upon as of most questionable value.

But just as sure as the telegraph and telephone are practicable instruments, capable of performing the functions they are designed to perform, so sure are the rightly built automatic fire alarms, and the opinion is advanced that a few years will see them, not alone in universal use—already there are thousands of buildings so equipped—but it will be unlawful for any building intended to be occupied by a number of people to be built without a provision for their installation.

As to the destruction of life and property, the first few minutes are everything, and if immediate notice is given of fire the average city department is not only capable of rendering efficient aid to the occupants and of getting them out safely, but also of extinguishing the fire with but a small percentage of damage. Hence it is difficult to suppose that any intelligent person can fail to see the value of an automatic fire alarm which is bound to transmit an alarm immediately upon the heat conditions reaching the danger point, usually from 150 degrees Fahrenheit up, depending upon conditions, together with a manual fire alarm box, whose mechanism is so simple that it involves nothing more than the breaking of a thin sheet of glass to call the fire department. Both of these instruments are at all times under the constant supervision of a central office and are of a closed electrical circuit in their mechanism, and employ central station energy in their operation, by the latter arrangement avoiding the use of batteries which might otherwise get out of order.

In the light of all these well known agencies of fire protection it would seem reprehensible in the extreme that any building where people congregate or reside in numbers should by those in control and having the responsibility of their conduct be allowed to be without full protection against a repetition of the horrible catastrophe which recently struck Chicago.

THE LOST INHERITANCE—Concluded

BY DOLOROSA KLINE.

Synopsis of preceding chapters.—The story opens in a tenement house in Bartley Square, New York. Rosamond Raymond, a beautiful girl of seventeen, is recounting to her mother the names of some new members that have just been added to the list of her music pupils. From the appearance of both it may plainly be seen that they are far superior to their present surroundings. They have made no real friends except the parish clergyman and Mrs. Curran, their landlady. While shopping one day Rosamond meets by chance Bruce Everitt, a well known lawyer of the city. Shortly afterward, while disposing of some of her mother's needlework in Holland's Supply Shop, she becomes acquainted with the daughter of Judge Oswald Staunton. Mrs. Raymond is troubled, and finally discloses the fact that she is the granddaughter of the judge. Rosamond becomes ill. She recovers and becomes governess in the family of Judge Staunton. There she again meets Bruce Everitt and Cyrus Dorane. The mother's silent grief. Mrs. Staunton makes a discovery. Bruce Everitt recovers the property of Rosamond. Rosamond is dismissed from Staunton House. The arrest of Cyrus Dorane. He plans vengeance on Everitt. Beatrice Staunton's death.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

IT was a week after the sad event, Frank Heathcote was poring over piles of legal cap, a shadow fell across his page, and raising his eyes he saw the tall form of his partner coming into the office. It was the first time since the death of his betrothed that Everitt had appeared there, and Heathcote held out his hand. The lawyer's face was older, sterner, and the lines of the lips were more tightly pressed than before. In a low, deep voice he said, "Thanks, Frank; to know that you have a good friend is worth much. But I have come to say good-bye. I am going away."

"Going away, Bruce! Where?"

"Canada, Australia, anywhere, to get from here. I may come back, when time will have helped me to forget many things, and her—her death. But

before I go I have a few instructions to leave with you. I have always liked you, Frank, and knew you had a future before you, and you are going to have it. Some time ago I invested in some oil springs at Syracuse, and they have yielded me a neat forty thousand, and it is to be yours. Take it, now, and not a word. I have plenty, in fact too much now, and I wish to make you a small gift that may be of use to you, and in a certain degree make you a rich Do not be wasteful, and after you have built up a larger practice marry some good woman, whom you truly love; whom you can love with undivided affection, mind you." And the younger man knew not why his advisor emphasized this so. "And this you may not like. But that poor, foolish Hilton Carton, who would have come out all right, if he had not been drawn into the net of that contaminating Cyrus Dorane, is to be your future partner. Neither he nor his mother, who is a most admirable woman, are rich, and Hilton is decidedly poor since that scamp beggared him. It is more for his widowed mother's sake that I have taken this step to help him than for his own, although I think he is clever enough and will not, if he keeps himself straight, be any incumbrance to you. I sent for him this morning, hardly expecting, on account of Cyrus Dorane's trouble, that he would come, but he did, and we had a long talk, in which I showed him what ruinous companionship had done for him, what I would do for him, and he is satisfied. So you will erase my name from the firm's ledgers and put 'Carton' instead. That is, if you are willing."

"Willing? Why not, Everett, though it's greatness goes with your name, I can make room in the firm for Carton, an old school fellow and gradu-

ate of mine. But this is too much, this forty thousand, for you to part with."

"If I thought that, Frank, I would not do so. I will send you the note this evening. My personal affairs are all settled, but there is one thing more I am leaving to you. My horse. I love Robert too much to sell him, and I do not care to take him with me to Canada, so you are to have him, and I know you will be good to him. He is at Byson's stables, and you can claim him as soon as you like. Hilton Carton is coming to see you and talk over things, perhaps this evening. Now I guess I am all finished, my unwritten will, and even if I ever do come back it will stand the same. I have been to Staunton House and said as best I could a farewell, but I pity Judge Staunton, and I pity his wife. Once more, Heatheote, good-bye." And their hands met in a tight clasp.

That night the train, shrieking and ploughing, went out at the mid hour, and it bore in its luxurious cars one who was going to seek a new home beneath Canadian blue skies, one who wished to obliterate sad memories of the dead, and to forget the living. So time passed on, bringing greater sorrow to Judge Staunton, for just three months after their daughter's death his wife became a confirmed invalid, and she seemed to be settling more and more into a quiet melancholy. At her wish, or rather command, the apartments that had once been her dead daughter's were closed securely, without a thing being disturbed in them, never to be opened again, and on the couch, in the blue and gold boudoir, before she took ill, with her own hands, she spread out the rich white bridal trousseau that was to have decked her child's stately form. She never smiled, seldom spoke, even to her husband, and occupying the rooms of the new wing, that were to have been her daughter's she spent her days thinking of Beatrice, and at times when her bodily pains were greatest, calling on her to come to her. She had gone but once to the grave in the Holy Angel's Cemetery, where a white marble monument held the simple words, "Sacred

to the memory of Beatrice Staunton, in the twenty-third year of her age.

"Rest in Peace."

and that once was the last for her.

Father Macdonald came often to the lonely mansion, and talked with the Judge on the virtues of his departed daughter and on religion as well, for, as his daughter had done, he was learning of the Faith, that is the Faith. His wife would never see a clergyman of any denomination, not even those she had known at St. Andrew's

The beauty that once had made her so attractive wherever she went was fast going from her, and white hair and wrinkles told truly the ravages of grief and shattered nerves. The physicians, who were constantly in attendance, knew, and told her husband and friends, that health and strength again were never to be hers, and that her life was fast ebbing away.

One afternoon early in October she called her husband to her. "Sit down, Oswald," she said, "I have so much to say to you. Oswald, I am dying. It is here, Oswald, right here," and she placed her hand over her heart, while he held her hands that were cold and trembling, saying, "No, not yet, not yet." "But I am, Oswald. I am going to our child. Only in the grave will your Madeleine find rest now, but before I leave you, this is what I would say to you. Oswald, I have done you a wrong, and but for me you might have had your daughter Millicent back in your ancestral halls, for she is living here, quite near you, and if I had said but one word Bruce need never have gone to the South for her, that time."

"Madeline, your meaning?"

"It is this, Oswald. On Bartley Square, under the name of Raymond, is living the first born of your dead wife, with her child, a daughter too, as you know, because Rosamond Raymond who served me as a companion as I know, is your daughter."

"Madeline!"

"Yes, Oswald, and how I knew it first was once she was with me in the gallery upstairs and she chanced to stand near the pictures of the two Millicents and I found the resemblance

that would have told the most stupid of the relation that was between them. Then my regard for my companion began to lessen, because I feared that you too might trace a resemblance very soon and events would turn up to let you know that she for whom you have been searching was so near you and her child beneath your roof. Oh, my heart, my heart, the pain, Oswald."

The Judge placed her in an easier position and rearranged her pillows.

"You must say no more," he said, looking into the sunken, dark eyes, "you are not able." But she put out her thin, heavily jewelled hands with an impatient gesture. "I must finish what I began, Oswald, because I tell you I am dying. I was jealous, Oswald, on account of my own child, of Millicent, and I lived in daily fear, lest she would return, and you would give her back the inheritance she had lost, which now I believed was my child's right to have. I hated every new search you instituted for Millicent. So, when I found whom my companion was I began to hate her. I thought to rid myself of troublesome thoughts of her by arranging a marriage with her and Cyrus Dorane, but in that I was disappointed, and Cyrus Dorane went to the bad for Rosamond Raymond, or Rosamond Kingsley, as I knew her then to be. I kept her after that as much as possible from your sight, so that you might not begin to find a Staunton in her fair face, and then, Oswald, when you showed me that there was a possibility of her monopolizing the affection of Bruce Everitt for our Beatrice, and, Oswald, bend closer till I whisper, Rosamond Kingsley was and is the woman Bruce loves with the affection of his life. It was honor only that was holding him to our daughter, and though she is buried with his ring, she was not truly his. I discharged Rosamond Kingsley before that awful day when Beatrice went from us, and it is left for you now to bring, not only your granddaughter, but her mother, back to her home and lost inheritance," and she fell back on her pillows.

Her aged husband thought she was dying, but the glass of wine he ten-

derly held to her lips revived her and she persisted in talking, contrary to his wish, though he was drinking in every word she was saying like one who sees a new life opening before him. "Beatrice is gone, I will, before another sun has set, have passed into the valley of the shadow too, and until I do you must not bring Millicent nor her child into the home you have always made so happy for me. For, understand, Oswald, I could not live one instant knowing that me and my dead girl's places were filled by others, even though it is their right."

It was the old pride, the unquenchable fire of which had been second nature to her, and which was following her to the grave, that she could not conquer. To him it did not seem like that, and he brushed his hand across the cold brow. Its coldness almost unnerved him. Could it be that she was indeed dying? That he could not, nor would not believe.

"When you have placed me in the tomb, where, had I had my will, Beatrice would have been laid, so that I might lie near her instead of leaving her lonely in a Catholic cemetery, you will bring George Kingsley's wife and daughter here. You need never mention my name to them, the living have no right to think of the dead, and may you be happy, Oswald, and you will be, because they are good. Perhaps if you send to Canada for Bruce he will come back to your aid and go to them for you. Again, Oswald, I am dying," and he believed her at last, and he said, "Madeline you are leaving this world, but must you go without some preparation for the Higher one. Let me bring you a priest or minister of God, whose prayers will help you to cross the dark river, to join our darling above."

She shook her head with the old impatience. "No, no, no. Let me hold your hand and I will not be afraid, Oswald. Priest nor minister cannot help me now, neither can the God who took my child from me. I will die as I have lived, good enough, but for me there is no merciful God, no future life. Are you by me, Oswald. It is so dark I cannot see you."

"Not yet, not yet," he groaned, kneeling beside her, "Madeline, do not leave me," but his words fell on deaf ears. A heavy sigh passed through the once stately form, the jewelled hands held his with the clasp of death, and with no other outward sign the soul of Madeline Staunton was summoned to its Maker. A soul in which there was no light. Oh, sickening truth, to the bowed old man whose own senses had but yesterday turned to the Faith of God.

No one was there to see her die but himself, but an attendant coming in soon after found him bending over the dead, and soon the truth was known. Once again there was mourning in the old house, and sorrow reigned paramount. Yet fond friends felt that in this instance death was a release, and the aching heart on this earth would ache no more. In the tomb of his fathers, beside his first wife, the Judge laid the proud Madeline. And he came back into his house more broken than ever, not knowing how near at hand for him was the happiness he had so often wished for in former years.

CHAPTER XXXV.

It was one of those cool October days when the song birds had ceased their melodies and gone to warmer climes to escape the approaching cold weather that so often comes to us in the month following, that Judge Staunton wandered to a solitary retreat in the garden so often traversed by his beloved dead. In the distance he could see the cemetery, with its marble monuments, under one of which reposed the wife he had laid away a week ago, and opposite the other, in sight of God's own church, where slept his daughter. The hue of autumn was on the trees and plants around him, and the crimson flowers of autumn had come to take the places of those of early summer. The gracefully falling waters of the fountain in the middle of the lawn murmured plaintively and to the old man sitting lonely it seemed a requiem for those two who had gone before him, while through the brushwood he could see the treacherous lake

that had robbed him so recently of the daughter he loved.

He covered his eyes with his hand as if to shut it out and then fell into a retrospection of his past and to try to conceive plans for the future. Leaving him thus engaged for the present, we shall transport our readers to Bartley Square.

Mrs. Raymond, as we still know her, had set down a paper she had been reading, when her daughter returned from a message to William Holland and Son and put the price she had received for some work into her mother's lap. The mother took no notice of this proceeding, but said in a low, even voice, "Rosamond, the day has come for us to go. Make ready, dear child. I am going to father. Something tells me that now is the time he needs a comforter. Read that, and she handed the young girl the week old paper that gave an account of the sudden death of Judge Staunton's wife. "Oh, mother!" Rosamond said, "Grandfather is alone. We must go to him indeed. Poor, dear grandfather." And the wide blue eyes were filled with tears of sorrow and joy. Of sorrow because of this new grief of the old man who was so near to them, lonely in his mansion, and of joy because, at last, they were going to him. That he might not receive them was not in her simple, trusting mind. She believed he had forgiven the parent she loved, and that was enough.

In the evening they reached their destination. Judge Staunton was still sitting in the garden, when, unannounced, the mother and daughter stood before him.

"Millicent!" was all he could ejaculate, but the joy the utterance held was not to be misunderstood by her who waited there.

"Father! My father," she said, and her head fell on his bosom. And for a time there was silence between them. When the first emotions of both were over he drew her into the retreat and his voice as he spoke was tremulous with his heart's delight.

"Millicent, my lost Millicent, tell me all, everything since last my old

eyes rested on your face. What has put those lines there. Quick, I cannot stir from here until your story is told me, but first, can you forgive your father?"

Her thin cheek was laid against his. "I have nothing to forgive. All is forgotten, in being with you once more, father." And then, while the evening shades began to fall about them, she commenced her tale of sunshine and shadow. "Father," she said, "since last you saw me I have gone through much, I have suffered much, but, to begin at the beginning, as children say. Father, the day I went from your love and home I was sad, but so happy in my George's love." And then in a few simple words she told her story.

"And now you forgive me, father," she said.

"Forgotten and forgiven," he said, and then he told his story. How he had dreamed of her dying of starvation in an attic, of her mother's intercepting his going to her, and his then renewal of his parental love. Of his subsequent searching for her, his failure of finding her, as well as that of Bruce Everitt's, whom he had called to his assistance. Then of his dying wife's disclosing of certain facts that revealed to him how near to him his Millicent and her child were living, and, he added, "Your Rosamond. Where is she? Have you not brought her with you?"

"I am here, grandfather," said a sweet voice at his elbow, and turning around again the happy old man saw his Millicent's child coming from a clump of trees, where, at her mother's advice when the two had entered the garden, she had secreted herself to wait until her grandfather, whom they had seen in his retreat as they had come up the road, would say "Come" to her.

Judge Staunton held out his arms and the fair head with its fluffy curls framing the lovely face was nestled on his shoulder.

"Not Rosamond, but another Millicent," he said, looking from her to the daughter beside him, "Millicent, she is a Staunton, with your features

and manner. God be thanked, oh, my children, for this day. The prayers of the dead are with us. You look surprised, but I am of the Fold, Millicent. Let us to the house, here is not the place now for you. You will find many changes, my daughter, since you went from it, but the old air, the old way, is not changed."

Across the broad lawn they went, close to the murmuring waters of the its borders of clematis, and opposite fountain and up the serpentine path with beds of purple columbine, and as she saw all these reminders of the bygone days she had so often dwelt on in the attic room at Bartley Square, tears but they were tears of joy, again welled into the eyes of Millicent Kingsley.

"I was to have written to Bruce," her father said, when they had talked of many and all things, and while Rosamond tripped on ahead, gathering some late October flowers, "asking him to-day to come home to go to you for me, but now it will be a very different letter I will have to send, if it will only reach him, poor fellow, he is in Canada somewhere. Beatrice's death affected him, but if he will only return he will, I am sure, find a consoler in another," and his eyes followed the slender figure that was now nearing the massive door.

"She is right at home," he said, "and why should she not be? Madeline is gone, my Beatrice is gone, but you are sent me instead, Millicent, after many years."

Sampson coming out to find his master, stood still, his ebony face full of questioning wonder when he saw Rosamond on the step and the Judge approaching it with a sombre-robed woman clinging to his arm.

"Your mistress now, Sampson," the Judge said, and with such unspeakable joy on his wrinkled face that Sampson, looking from one to the other, knew and understood that "Miss Millicent" was back, and he showed his delight at the fact by one of his broadest grins. Mrs. Kingsley smiled in turn, and the footman afterwards declared to his fellow servants that "it were the beautifullest smile I eber saw on any face."

CHAPTER XXXVI."

Into the old hall the Judge led his daughter and her child, and Millicent's feelings, as she looked around at familiar objects, are not to be described.

Leaving the two a minute, he summoned all the servants, headed by Mrs. Barret, to the library, and there, with a smile they had not seen on his face since Beatrice's death, he presented to them his found Millicent and beautiful granddaughter. And they went away glad that the master's grief of a while ago would be lightened and glad for themselves that they would in the future be ruled by the gentle lady of whom they had ever been hearing. As for Rosamond, she was no stranger to them, and if they had loved her when she was simply Miss Raymond, they could not do less now, and in their hall that night "Miss Millicent's return" was the one discussed subject.

Their faces were all new to Mrs. Kingsley, not one of the old servants whom she remembered in her childhood's and girlish days being left, and she missed them.

One afternoon, about two years after the finding of his daughter and her child, as they all, with Mrs. Heathcote, who was once pretty Mrs. Aiden, were grouped in the Japanese Square that had been the pride of the departed Madeline, the Judge remarked, "I do wish some of you could help me to know where Bruce is. He should be one of us now."

He toyed with his granddaughter's silken hair, but only the mother sitting opposite saw the blush that spread over the delicate face of the heiress now of Staunton House, and she prayed that if it was God's will the wanderer would return.

"I wish we could, Judge," Mrs. Heathcote replied, "it would be a pleasant meeting, but I expect he cannot bring himself to come back where happiness fled from him. Frank had but one letter from him, and that was over a year ago." And a silence that told the sad thoughts of each then fell on them all.

It was broken by Rosamond rising to go out among the flowers in the garden and the Judge to his library, while Mrs. Kingsley and Frank Heathcote's wife repaired to the gallery above, where in those two years Millicent had spent frequent bright moments which always brought back to her those of other days.

While Judge Staunton stood at the window watching lovingly his beautiful granddaughter moving over the lawn a closed carriage drove up the cedar walk to the door. A tall form alighted, and Sampson's excited, "Why! Mistah Everitt, how dy do?" brought the master of Staunton House quickly out into the broad hall.

"Bruce!" he said, and looking into the dark, handsome face, he found it older, sterner, graver than it was when last he had seen it, but with a new expression in its features that had made it lose much of its old time haughtiness and pride. "I feared we were never to see you again. Come in, my boy. I have much to tell you."

"You need not, Judge," he said, returning the old gentleman's hearty shake of the hand and dropping into a chair in the library, "I know all from a letter I only got the other day. For the day on which your letter was written I had left Canada for the South of France, but when I went back to Canada, something more than a month ago, and to the same place of abode, fortunately, the folks there had kept it for me intact, and I have come, at your command, I might say, to the city I had thought never again to enter. It all reads like a romance, but, Judge, you deserve your happiness."

"Bruce, this is my daughter. Come back to me and her lost inheritance. Millicent, Mr. Everitt, or Bruce, as we have always known him."

Mrs. Kingsley extended her hand and her pale face was illumined by a cordial smile.

"Mr. Everitt, I have known you, I can say, for a long time, and you are welcome to my father's house. Where is Rosamond, father? Mrs. Heathcote has gone home."

"My granddaughter. Yes, where is she? Bruce has heard all, Millicent, and he knows your story. He received my letter, only a month ago, but he has come right to us. Send Sampson for our treasure, she is out in the garden, I think."

"Let me go for her," Bruce said eagerly, at which the Judge and his daughter bowed their acquiescence, and with a flush on his broad brow he passed out into the garden. The hot June sun streamed down on flowers and shrubbery, leaving on them the glint of gold, but he saw not the beauties of nature. He was hastening towards the lawn, where, behind the marble fountain, he caught the gleam of a white dress and saw the lovely profile of its owner, as she bent over the arrangement of some white roses spread out on her lap.

Quietly he approached her and called her name.

"Miss Kingsley," and with a start, could it be of delight? she recognized the resonant voice and turned whence it proceeded.

"Mr. Everitt." Their hands and eyes met, and heart saw into heart, and he cried, "Is it to be Mr. Everitt? Rosamond, my own, are you not glad to see me? It is for you that I have come back. You are—I see it in your sweet face."

The fair head bowed itself, but the tell tale blush was on the delicate cheek, and she said softly:

"You are forgetting."

"No, I am not," he said, "and the

memory, remember only the memory of the dead is with me; but Rosamond," and he bent over her, "Beatrice has sent me to you, that you may be my guiding star, for it is you that I have always loved, and if you are not jealous of the dead, who once held what was yours even then, you will come to me. Rosamond, are you a willing captive," and her small hands were clasped in his strong ones, and in the face she lifted up to him he read his answer there. But suddenly it changed, and she drew away from him. He drew her to his side again.

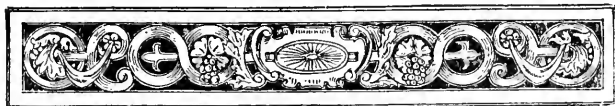
"I know, my own, why you have done that, but you need not. Your Faith and mine are the same. Listen, Rosamond, I am a Catholic. The two years I have been away I looked for solace, but it was only six months ago that I found it, in the Church of which thank God I now am a member. And all that has happened, and did happen before that."

"Bruce," was all she said, and his name, falling for the first time from her lips, stirred the depths of his once cold, practical nature as it had never been moved before, and, hand in hand, they recrossed the lawn and went into the house.

Millicent and her father, coming down the broad marble stairs, saw the happy faces of both, and there was no need to ask what had made them so.

"My children," the white haired Judge said, "my blessings on you both. Verily, God is good."

The End.



BURNING OF A THEATRE

BY STATE SENATOR A. C. CLARK

I HAVE a purpose in writing this article. It is to detail the relief work immediately necessary in a great catastrophe. One never knows when a horror will occur either on land or sea. Generally speaking, these dreadful disasters occur miles away from expert help. Fortunately when the Iroquois Theatre fire broke out, with its great attendant loss of life, surgical and medical aid was near at hand.

On that fearful afternoon I was an eye witness to scenes that appalled the stoutest hearts. My experiences in organizing an emergency hospital will live in my memory during life. Thank God, there were men who arose to the requirements of the moment, and it is because I think what was done on the spur of the moment may be of some use, should any people be called upon under like circumstances, that I am constrained to relate my personal experiences during that dreadful afternoon and night. If, perchance, others are ever placed in the same position, perhaps the knowledge of what was done in rescue work at the Iroquois Theatre fire may serve them in good stead.

The theatre building is located in the very center, one might say, of the medical fraternity of Chicago. Hence it was the work of but an instant to summons and secure aid. The prompt responses to the calls resulted in saving scores of injured, who might have perished had not there been relief so near at hand.

I was one of the first to arrive at the scene of the holocaust. The firemen and police were bringing the burned and crushed victims from the building very rapidly. They were being piled together on the sidewalks—the

living with the dead. Everything was chaos. The police ambulances were utterly unable to meet the demands, and there seemed no way of giving succor to the injured—at least none which was within instantaneous reach. Yet the horrible condition of those who were being taken from the building appealed to every humanitarian instinct, and there seemed nothing else to do than confiscate whatever personal property there was available for the general good.

There was a restaurant next door. I knew its proprietor. He had members of his family in the theatre. It was but the work of an instant to impress both him and his establishment into service. Mr. John R. Thompson, the proprietor, said his father and mother and daughter were in the fire and asked me for God's sake to see if I could not do some thing to help him. I asked him for the use of his restaurant, which he kindly gave, directing that all of the severely burned be sent there.

Approaching the Iroquois Theatre as the maddened and crazed crowds were leaving the lower floors by the front entrance, I was riveted to the spot by the horror-stricken faces. Appealing to Chas. Truax, in the name of humanity to go at once through the Reliance and Columbus Memorial buildings and summon to the restaurant all doctors, I rushed through the Masonic Temple, stopping in the drug store on my way down and giving orders for all bandages and liniment to be had in the neighborhood to be sent.

The restaurant was taken possession of meanwhile. Dishes and table equipment were swept to the floor, bodies were laid on at least forty tables and by the summons above stated, to

the doctors, it seemed as though at least seventy-five followed within a very few minutes. The firemen and officers were struggling with the half dead, looking for places to lay them on the tables, but they were occupied. They stood in the aisles holding forms that were practically lifeless. Excited friends and relatives rushed in and pandemonium prevailed. Doctors could not get to the dying and firemen and officers stood holding others.

About twenty-five chorus girls came in with their stage clothing partly burned, with only their hair singed and slightly burned. They were panic stricken, but in a few moments, when the firemen began bringing in those whose lives were hanging by a thread, their injuries became so slight in comparison that they willingly gave in to the more seriously hurt and in one or two instances volunteered their assistance. The public continuing to come in, showed that something immediately must be done in order to begin systematic work. I mounted a table upon which lay a beautiful child, the age of ten years, just moving her little arms. There I stood and at that moment Police Captain Shippy came into the aisle with a lady on his shoulders and I appealed to him for humanity's sake to take officers in charge and clear the room. So doing, having partly cleared the room, I addressed the physicians, asking them to choose some one to be surgeon in chief. This was done at once. He requested that I keep my position on the table, which I did from four o'clock until seven. His orders, that an officer be placed at each table, and that no one but nurses and doctors be permitted there were immediately announced by myself, and speedily carried out by Captain Shippy. Having regained order, the physicians reorganized, and as each table announced its dead they were instructed to place them on the floor between the tables, and may God never permit human eyes to witness such a scene—loved ones stacked as cord wood. As their bodies were removed from the table, an officer stood ready to place

another in its place. Supplies were received by this time from the medical supply houses in the shape of tongue forceps, mouth props, oxygen tanks, etc., and were immediately brought in to use. Out of 175 that were placed on the tables, we were able by the oxygen equipment to save from 25 to 30. If our equipment had been at hand when the doctors first arrived, at least 25 more would have been alive to-day. Those that were placed on the tables were not beyond all hope. About 25 per cent. were in a suffocated condition. Ninety per cent. of the number were women, girls and boys. The doctors worked on either side, holding either arm, others pressed on the lungs, trying to restore respiration.

The heroic work and hard work displayed by the doctors was a scene never to be forgotten. The quickness with which the victims would die showed that the poisonous gases and the smoke claimed the most.

When Captain Shippy returned to the restaurant and pronounced no more alive, we then commenced to prepare those who had survived for trips to the various hospitals. Many heart-rending scenes then prevailed. One woman discovered her little boy by his red hair, lying in the middle of a pile of about fifteen bodies. Her grief was frantic. One brewer got to the side of his wife just as five doctors had ceased working, having kept her alive for at least half an hour. He found her dead, and the care for him was also a task. Bodies were sought and cared for among the piles on the floor as a rag-picker seeks his livelihood. The exciting and frantic condition of relatives looking for loved ones was a pitiful scene that pen and tongue in master's hands cannot describe.

Hundreds of blankets were sent by nearby stores and after those who were alive had been sent to hospitals, it took at least an hour for a large force of policemen to gather and wrap in blankets the dead, to be carried to the morgues.

When the last of the bodies were removed, the physicians stood together in

the room, filled with the horror of the scene before them and wept as if they had seen the death of their own. Many a brave man stated that he had seen all sides of life, that he had been through other disasters, but this was the first scene in his life that had completely taken away his nerve.

I did not realize the strain and the tension that I was under until after I had left the place and then it dawned upon me that I had witnessed a scene that it would take time, yes, years, if not a lifetime to dismiss from my memory. I hope and pray, that he who is in civil or political life will be so impressed by this disaster that no power or influence could hinder or stop him from doing his duty to see that the proper equipment for the protection of life is placed upon each building where a crowd assembles, and that in all great cities or centers of population there be established emergency hospitals. No pen can describe the fearful sufferings of that night. Neither can anyone who did not witness and parti-

cipate therein ever realize the benefits of prompt and skilled assistance in such events.

The public press is filled with accounts of tragic deaths and disasters. God will they be but few and far between, but when they come, what of the injured and those who might be restored?

In my opinion there should be laws enacted compelling all public purveyors, or carriers or those who cause to be assembled great crowds of people, to install and provide the few simple requirements for first aid to the injured. Armies are drilled in the science of aiding the wounded, and surely peace has its demands as well as war.

For, as I am going to insist that my ideas, based on my personal experiences, be enacted into law and placed upon the statute books of my state, and I am sure that if others who have the power to frame legislation could have the same insight into the matter as the Iroquois horror gave me, they would not long delay in doing likewise.

THE WORLD OF RELIGION

ETHICS OF DIVORCE

By Cyril C. Kehoe, O. C. C.

The most pernicious scandal that the present age is transmitting to posterity is the Divorce habit, and it is not difficult to perceive the disasters awaiting those classes of society that are addicted to it. Man's physical nature when divested of the halo of morality is humiliating and repulsive, and yet society outside the Church, as is shown by the divorce laws and by popular conduct, is rapidly pushing on to the shameful avowal that marriage is a matter of transient, fickle love over which we have no control, and, in consequence, the stability of marriage is beyond our power to maintain. This

is surely a thinly disguised admission of triumphant sexuality and passion. All the virtues radiating from the sanctuary of home are dispersed; for steadfast conjugal love and filial piety are the basis of home. When the reservation of a possible future divorce accompanies the original protestation of mutual devotion, when this possibility is harbored afterwards and appealed to when difficulties arise in the married state, and when eventually the privacy and sanctity of home are dragged into the courts all begin to feel the shallowness and meanness of human character.

Undying and inviolable devotion is the only apology for the marriage state. Stripped of this, what is marriage?

How shocking is the spectacle of divorced parties meeting each other, or their children when they have entered on new marriages. The confusion that follows, however, seems to be but spice for novelty and comedy.

Degeneracy has always issued into cynicism and contempt for human nature. The distinction of sex and the origin of man are the deepest mysteries of God's creation, and we are always making wrong interpretations and taking scandal from our superficial views.

Marriage is evidently a delicate institution set with the wisest adjustment and surrounded with the finest moral conduct, together with the deepest confidence that God has reposed in His creatures. Man himself enters the world by it, and God is party to it in the individual soul that he creates; home and civil government spring from it. When this spring is disturbed human society becomes a muddy stream. When the Son of God appeared among us to reconstruct mankind according to the Creator's original design that He brought from heaven He pronounced over the divorce of the Jews: "It was not so from the beginning, but Moses permitted divorce because of the hardness of your hearts." "What God has joined together, let not man put asunder."

It is when our own parents are divorced that the horror of violated nature presents itself. It is a well known axiom of reason and faith that marriage is not for the individual but for the race, and that it is a duty and burden rather than individual convenience and comfort. For this reason the contract is kept in the freest possible condition regarding the selection of a partner, and the antecedent freedom that we enjoy is an indication of the permanency that follows. Man is a burden to himself in his disorderly condition of sin, and the association to himself of another in one flesh is a doubling of the burden, for the other's faults are added to his own.

The scheme of marriage before its institution is to love of our own love, and afterwards to love at any cost. The man who opens the circle of his

own individuality to form a new one with another should realize that "They are two in one flesh," and no one can hate or divorce himself.

The child that follows proves it for each one of us shows the bond of our parents' union, or is branded as an intruder. Marriage in nature indicates more individual happiness and license; the flowers that bloom so prodigally through the spring are but the festoons of the seed that is forming, in the gayest note of the bird, and flashing plumage are the invitations to union and duty. How unnatural, then, is the childless marriage and the broken vows of divorce? Individuality of marriage teaches man to love forever. To rail against the duty of loving when we do spontaneously love is only a manifestation of a base spirit. Why not make the same objection against loving our parents; or against loving our country and God? Some plausible objection might be raised if God commanded us to marry, and had never added the attractions of sex, the comforts of home, and the devotion of children. Prudent marriages, however, need never call for annulment, even in our sentiments; the man or woman that clamors for divorce shows that he is unfit for the marriage state, or the duties of life, for he is devoid of the moral resources that enrich a home.

Thus the marriage is a burden borne with happiness and floated by Divine grace if we are true to God; yet even on the possible supposition of departed happiness it is still a duty. God's grace in the sacrament of matrimony is an insurance against such a disaster, and this alone is after-proof of the necessity of the sacrament.

The reasons for the individuality of marriage regardless of personal, fleeting fancy, are obvious. They are of three sources: reasons of congruity or of our own suggestions; again, those of natural law, or, when negatively proposed, the irregularities of nature that enter in consequence of divorce; and thirdly, the express dictates of God's revelation.

The interpretation of marriage, so

mystic and subtle, supply the first group of reasons and come from our musings on the sweet propriety of things.

All nature is a work of love, God loved his own perfection until He was induced to reproduce it in miniature that we might share in it and dissolve into Him.

Assimilation, growth, and reproduction are the functions of corporeal life; the first two are selfish and are comprised within the individual; we take food and advance to maturity for ourselves; but the propagation of our race is by generous association with another.

Love is very apt to turn to hate and become selfish. The ancient Fathers of the Church acknowledge unanimously that the wound of original sin is in unruly concupiscence, and some were so far influenced by the signs of its disorder that they were led to suppose that there would have been no marriage if man had not fallen; also that celibacy, which is practiced now under proper motives of love for God, is more generous than matrimony, and then it may be paradoxically said that the unmarried for God's higher love are nearer God's original idea than the married. But if we marry, and as the Scriptures say, "let marriage be honorable," then let marriage begin, proceed, and be crowned by self-sacrificing love.

Thus marriage contracted in the full discretion of manhood cannot be submitted to a revocation without branding the married couple with baseness and loss of character.

The institutions of nature are for a normal, honorable people, and the degeneracy of our present fashionable society cannot obscure them. What is more inspiring to marriage, and what better apology for it than the old fashioned Christian fidelity that continued "for better or worse." All things in this world are for the upbuilding of our own selves, and the sorrows, disappointments, and disgrace that accompany illsuited marriages frequently bring out the sterling qualities of human nature better than the most for-

tunate circumstances of a happy home.

The vigorous, prosperous husband nurturing an invalid wife and casting about her decadent state the affection that he pledged to her in her bloom is noble and divine. The husband, too, that construes his wife's moral misconduct and infidelity as a sin against heaven rather than against himself, and endeavors to save her from the consequences of folly towers aloft in the dignity of Christian manhood. The economical reasons of natural law against divorce are plain. The first marriage must be maintained or human society will be impoverished by stunted and misshapen offspring. Our physical nature is but the foundation of a moral superstructure.

Man is not fully born into the human family until he is educated and spiritually developed. The double fostering influence of sturdy fatherhood to support and tender motherhood to refine are imperative. No substitute has yet been found to simulate the parents' care. The child will not unfold itself to others. The priest at the altar cannot assume the peculiar influence of a natural father, nor the nun, of the boarding school the undefinable authority of the ordinary mother at home. All the acquirements gathered abroad are digested in perfect form by parental tuition. The child through divorce becomes an orphan and suffers a greater loss than death of parents could inflict; for their infidelity is impressed upon him with its entailed scandal and blighting effects.

The Catholic however, is not left to glean reasons from the mere propriety of nature: God's own voice, heard from the Church, sounds to him as the sum of all reasons and sets divorce forth as an impossibility and a sacrilege. The internal propriety of stable marriage is to impart from God's own infallible dictate a conciliating reason for the law.

More than this, we have in the critical inspection of Catholic individual marriage a test of the divinity of the Church. Faith teaches the mysteries of the unseen world and we have little ability to criticise the details of her

doctrines; it is when she exercises the lower office of modeling our moral conduct and building up disordered nature to perfect forms of beauty and grandeur that we appreciate the power of God's Master Hand.

Law givers, novelists and philosophers have thied their hand in regulating marriage, and have failed, so that the name of marriage alone remained, whilst every crime assumed its place.

The ideal of Christian marriage taught by Christ, and stoutly defended by the Church throughout the ages of the past, is from the standpoint of human sagacity the most perfect form we know.


It builds up the shrine of sacred home and transfigures it with the virtues that still inspire poet and philosopher. The Church understands the mechanism of nature, for she is of God, and thus she is nature's prophetess.

The advocates of divorce deplore its ravages whilst inveighing against the tyranny of Church rule, but the Catholic marriage will continue as an inspiration from above, the safeguard of home, the solution of difficulties, and the guide to the truest views of the married state.

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FAITH IS THE CONSOLATION OF LIFE.

By Hillary Doswald O. C. C.

 ONE of the most precious gifts God has given to mankind is the grace of faith, that brilliant light which leads us through the dark and narrow defiles of scepticism into the spiritual life and finally to the gates of eternal bliss.

Life is, to many at least, not a time of pleasure, enjoyment and happiness, but of toil and drudgery of every description.

To others, whom fortune has favored more, life may be, it is true, a time of enjoyment and, to some extent, of happiness, yet its limited duration, its domestic troubles and its vexations make even the favorites of fortune feel the weight of life.

Our nature, however, driven on by the more noble instinct, soars above

the littleness of the worldly spirit to find happiness and that everlasting. If the attainment of this craving of our nature would be beyond our reach, our life would undoubtedly be wretched and miserable; we would be drifting hopelessly in the stormy ocean of life to be swallowed up by the gaping waves, to pass away into non-existence, into oblivion.

These views would, no doubt, be facts of reality if God had not infused the grace of faith into our souls. It is faith that uncovers the veil of our future by unveiling to us our supernatural destiny to eternal happiness; it is faith that tells us what means are to be employed for the attainment of this sublime end; it is faith that points out to us the object of our natural craving, eternal happiness as attainable, as within our reach.

Faith, then, becomes the rule of life, the motive of every good action. The consecration of every day in the fulfilment of our duties towards God and our fellow men; patience, the characteristic mark of every good Christian in bearing the vicissitudes and misfortunes of life with resignation, unselfish charity towards our fellow men, all are the happy results of faith.

When we enter an edifice which they call a Catholic church, our eyes are fastened upon pictures, statues and altars before one of which there flickers a light enclosed in a red vase as if to tell us that we were in the temple of the God of Light, but to us, if we have no faith, it is nothing but four walls, or, if the church is beautiful, a monument of art. It is only natural that persons without faith, after entering a church stare at the architecture and the works of art, ignorant of the deeper interpretation attached to the objects around them. To us, however, faith whispers that on the high altar behind the flickering light God is present—God Himself under the appearance of bread.

We bow our heads, bend our knees with profound humility; we feel ourselves ushered by the angels themselves into the presence of God; we are com-

pletely absorbed in the adoration of the Divine Majesty. We become now more and more conscious of our sins and offences against God; sorrow and contrition seize our hearts, confusion overcomes us; we rise, retrace our steps, enter a confessional to make a good and worthy confession of all our sins.

Thus purified, we again dare to approach the Holy of Holies. Meanwhile a priest has stepped upon the altar and now faith tells us that the same sacrifice that Christ offered to God on Mount Calvary is about to be repeated in an unbloody manner. The more lively our faith the more intense the fervor of our devotion as the sacrifice proceeds; at the elevation our wonder is as great as our joy at the renewed presence of God on the altar; after the Communion of the priest, our eyes of faith witness another miracle of grace; God seems to approach us—He comes to us under the appearance of bread, carried by the priest; He is placed upon our tongue; God is in us, we are in the possession of God! We then feel the operation of grace in us, our goodwill is strengthened, we are prepared to fight the battle of life with an energy and patience that will bring victory and success.

Through faith, therefore, we find even in this world peace and happiness which are only figures of the eternal happiness that awaits us in heaven.

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THE SACRAMENTALS.

By Peter Kramer, O. C. C.

IN the present time the term sacramental is used to express certain actions or articles approved of and blessed by the Church with the intention of making them by this approval and blessing means of promoting the spiritual welfare of the faithful. Formerly the term was not restricted to its present signification, but was applied to all the ceremonies and even rubrics instituted by the Church not directly to grant thereby any spiritual favors but simply to enhance her services; so that at the present time a sacramental may be defined: An action or article approved of

and blessed by the Church by means of which certain spiritual benefits are granted to the faithful.

From this popular definition it is obvious why they are called sacramentals, viz., because of their close resemblance to the sacraments. Just as the sacraments, so also the sacramentals consist of three essential parts. An authoritative institution, an outward sign, and the spiritual favor granted. These three parts are essential both to the sacraments and the sacramentals and hold relatively the same position in each, so that, although the sacraments are by far superior to sacramentals, even Catholics are apt to overlook the radical difference between them.

The sacraments were instituted by Jesus Christ and could have been instituted only by Him, while the sacramentals are merely ecclesiastical institutions. From this it follows that the latter cannot be of absolute necessity to salvation; simply because God, by the very fact of not instituting them, left it to the pleasure of the Church and the faithful to establish such rites or not to establish them, and to make use of them or not to make use of them. They are beneficial to man, they are a source of divine grace, but are of value only after the sacraments have produced their effect in the soul of man.

In regard to the second part the sacramentals resemble the sacraments perfectly. All the sacraments possess a material part, to which the divine grace seems to be attached. In baptism, the water; in the holy eucharist, the species of bread and wine, etc. The same we find in the sacramentals; here also we have an element which appeals to our senses. In one case it is a vocal prayer, in another prayer accompanied by some physical act, as genuflection, the sign of the cross, kneeling, etc. Again, it may consist, as may be inferred from the foregoing, in some material object of devotion, as the rosary, the crucifix, scapulars, medals, etc. Of course these material things in themselves are incapable of producing spiritual effects; but according to the in-

tention the Church had in blessing them they become a source of grace. Just as the water of baptism has no inherent power to wash the soul of man, but receives that power only through the institution by Christ, so also articles of devotion become sacramentals only through the authority of the Church making them means of divine grace.

The greatest difference between the sacraments and the sacramentals lies in the effect and in the manner in which each produces its effect, based as they are upon widely different authorities. As we have said above, the author of the sacramentals is the Church. Now, being in reality only the dispenser of divine grace, she cannot attach to any human act divine graces which will infallibly be granted to the person performing that act.

That is to say, the Church cannot by her own authority guarantee to the faithful the reception of this or that spiritual favor. She by blessing certain articles or approving of certain forms of devotion only calls upon God to grant to man certain spiritual benefits. So that, for instance, in the case

of holy water the Church asks God to help and protect those persons who use it with devotion for that purpose. The sacraments, on the other hand, necessarily produce their effect whenever the essential parts are there and the recipient is capable of receiving the graces offered. From this we must conclude that the sacramentals are nothing else but prayer, directed by the Church to God for the benefit of those who unite their petitions with those of the Church. It is obvious that the value of the sacramentals lies in the influence, if we may speak thus, the Church has in the eyes of God. The prayers of the Church, the immaculate spouse of Christ, guided even here by the Holy Spirit, are always acceptable to God.

The effect itself, that is the benefits derived by means of the sacramentals, is by far inferior to that of the sacraments. It consists only in those minor graces which, although not necessary to man, he may need over and above the sacramental graces to remove small defects and enhance the condition of his soul.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT

A CANADIAN SINGER.

By Mary F. Nixon-Roulet

FROM the Land of the Maple Leaf there has come of late years much that is scholarly in prose and artistic in poetry. Gilbert Parker, Charles G. D. Roberts and many others have charmed lovers of fiction and verse, and to this galaxy is added, by all who enjoy good literature, the work of Bliss Carmen. As a poet Mr. Carmen has been before the public since 1887, when his first verses, "Low Tide on Grand Pré," appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly*, and he has by many critics been esteemed the foremost Ca-

nadian poet of the day, although his cousin, Charles G. D. Roberts, well nigh equals him.

Born in New Brunswick, Mr. Carmen was educated at the University of New Brunswick, and in 1881 he went to study in Edinburgh.

"I never did anything particularly interesting," said this kindly giant—he is six feet four—when questioned about his life, "at least not anything interesting to the outside world; it has all been interesting to me. Someone asked me the other day if my name was genuine and if I was a Roumanian, and they took it in good faith when

I answered solemnly that I was a reputed son of Carmen Sylva and was born in Roumania. When I left Edinburgh I had a lawyer's degree, but I never took kindly to legalities, and studied to be a civil engineer. This was more to my taste than law, and at last I collapsed into poetry." Those who enjoy the Muse Erato will rejoice that here Mr. Carmen found his metiér, for his lyrics are as fresh as mountain air and clear as mountain streams, the work of one who is, as he himself sings:

"A lover of books but a reader of men,
No cynic and no charlatan,
Who never defers and who who never demands
But smiling takes the world in his hands,
Seeing it good as when God first saw
And gave it the weight of His will
for law."

The nature element is strong in the poet's lore, and the love of Nature is one of the most noticeable traits in his character. He is not a Nature lover like Wordsworth, of the reflective, introspective type, to whom nature is but a teacher of lessons, a mental stimulus. Mr. Carmen's love for Nature springs from the heart rather than the mind. His love for Nature is for Nature pure and simple. Birds, trees, flowers, air, sunshine, all are as necessary to him as food and drink, and he feeds on the beauty of an autumn day, and drinks in the nectar of the Spring, until his soul is filled, and overflows in song and he chants:

"Make me over, Mother April,
When the sap begins to stir!
When thy flowery hand delivers
All the mountain prisoned rivers,
And thy great heart beats and quivers
To revive the days that were.

Make me over, Mother April,
When the sap begins to stir!

"Make me over in the morning
From the rag-bag of the world,
Scraps of dreams and deeds of daring,

Home brought stuffs from far sea-faring,
Shreds of banners long since furled!
Hues of ash and glints of glory,
In the rag-bag of the world!"

Mr. Carmen's sense of humor in life is one of the things which "save him from being just a poet," as a young woman expressed it, and he is more than a poet, he is a man as well. Very kindly and fine is the nature of this "touzled giant," a man to do a kindness always, with a cheerful readiness, no matter what the inconvenience to himself. Men write him always optimist and he seems to have followed the advice he gives in his graceful poem, "The Mendicants":

"Put by your care
Where wants are many, joys are few,
And at the wilding springs of peace
God keeps an open house for you."

A little girl of seven was found by an elder sister with some scribbled verses, and when asked where she got them, as they were surprisingly good, she replied, "I got the thing right in my own head when we were out sailing, but I got the ring of it from the 'Battle of the Baltic,'" and the ring of Mr. Carmen's verse is one of its salient points. His ear for rhythm is perfect, and his meters never trip. His English flows along in rhythmic cadences charming to the ear. Occasionally he obscures his meaning, and one is reminded of the Vandal's definition of poetry, "The kind of writing where words are used to conceal thought," but the music of his diction is always evident. This is seen clearly in his poem:

A More Ancient Mariner.

"The swarthy bee is a buccaneer
A burly, velveted rover,
Who loves the whistling wind in his ear,
As he sails the seas of clover.

He harries the port of the Hollyhock
And levies on poor Sweetbriar,
He drinks the whitest wine of Phlox
And the Rose is his desire.

He woos the Poppy and weds the
Peach,
Inveigles Daffodilly,
And then like a tramp abandons each
For the gorgeous Canada Lily."

"Songs From Vagabondia," published in 1895, in artistic garb, the work of the New England artist, Mr. Thomas Meteyard, is the best known of Mr. Carmen's poetry, but there are many fugitive pieces, scattered about the best magazines, which show his genius to be as many sided as the man.

Other muses than Erato claim this Canadian Singer. In his position on the editorial staff of the "Independent" he showed himself a critic of no mean ability, and now there comes to us from the press of L. C. Page & Co. a piece of their excellent book making, "The Kinship of Nature," being sundry essays by Bliss Carmen.

The essay is well nigh a thing of the past. Its very title almost relegated to the efforts of "sweet girl graduates" often provokes a smile, and since the days of Addison, Steele, and the charming essayists of the Spectator, we have had little of this entertaining form of literature. Mr. Carmen's departure is the more interesting, and one takes up the book with pleasurable anticipations. Nor is the interest lessened by the perusal. The essays are very clever, not with the forced cleverness of many moderns who strain after effect by saying something startling. Mr. Carmen's cleverness goes deeper than this, it is the product of the thoughtful mind, the seeing eye, the feeling heart; it is honest and consequently worth listening to. The work of a thinker, it makes one think. Whether one agrees or not with the writer's point of view, and more often than not one disagrees with him, it is good to have thought with him and to have broadened one's mind with a point of view calm, sane and sincere. How sincere is shown by terse sentences in a delightful essay on "The Courtesy of Nature." Speaking of the survival of the fittest, "I know the theme is deeper than I can go," writes Mr. Carmen, "the great dilemma of

humanity is not to be solved off hand." It is a pleasant surprise to find a writer who does not consider himself absolutely omniscient. In reading and re-reading these essays, one finds that the author, despite his modesty, has a way of getting at the heart of things.

"I find in the world of green," he says, "unflinching responsibility, abiding, perdurable patience, and a courtesy that is too large, too sure for the cruelty and greed of man." This is but one sentence in a book on every page of which there is something which strikes the eye and makes one stop to think, and in this thoughtfulness lies the great beauty of the volume. When books were few, men thought more. A few parchment volumes worn with study, were of far more value as thought compellers in the old days before the "strenuous life" than all the popular modern volumes, and Mr. Carmen's book is valuable because it is a thought compeller. It is not every thinker who can make others think.

"A book may be a cry in the night, like Carlyle's, or a Message from the God of the Wood, like Emerson's, or a Song in the Open, like Whitman's, or the utterance of a scholar, like Newman, from the schools of ancient learning, or it may be no more than the smiling salutation of a child in the street. Let him receive it whom it will serve." So says this cheerful essayist in his introduction, and the volume will serve many natures. There may have been many carping critics who have regarded Mr. Carmen's verse as anti-Catholic, and to those who know the man this charge seems preposterous. Certainly his prose is anything but that. It is full of sympathy for the Church's teachings, for example, his dictum on the "Luxury of Being Poor". "It is good for a philosopher to be poor, he has nothing to divert him from his noblest self. Voluntary poverty such as that in the ecclesiastical orders is a great positive virtue and a means of happiness."

Of the style of Mr. Carmen's writing, we have already noticed its rhythm, and the ease and purity of his English is no less remarkable, each

sentence being crisp and pregnant with meaning. It is more remarkable from his first having written poetry, the writing of which is supposed by some to render the writing of good prose impossible. Even those who dislike some of the themes or disagree with some of the ideas of these essays, will enjoy his writing, from a "well of English undefiled."

Mr. Carmen has followed his own advice to enlist "the sympathetic help of words by using them rightly and kindly according to their nature and genius and as they belong, and not antagonize them by misapplications. I have known writers," he adds, "who established a reputation for great cleverness simply by misuse of words. Their style was called original. It was. For pure, unmitigated cruelty to our tiny, long suffering servants, those patient words, it was unmatched. Now a

man who will mutilate his mother tongue for no other reason than to show his own agility, is no better than a heathen. It is so needless, too, for to the generous and sedulous master what revelations of undreamed beauty, what marvels of import will not words impart."

Do not, because of its attractive dress, buy Mr. Carmen's book to give away. You will not do it. You will dip into it here and there, you will read from page to page, you will agree and disagree with this modern essayist, and you will read again and again until you say: "This is a book to keep," and your friend for whom you bought it will be disappointed of a gift, but you will be richer in thought and heart, from the reading and the possession of an honest book, straight from an honest heart to yours.

Book Notes

Ottillie Liljeuerantz has written two strong novels, and the last one, "The Ward of King Canute" (A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago), is one of the best of this season's works of fiction. The plot is reasonable, the style excellent, the English vivid, the characters well portrayed and suited to their life and times.

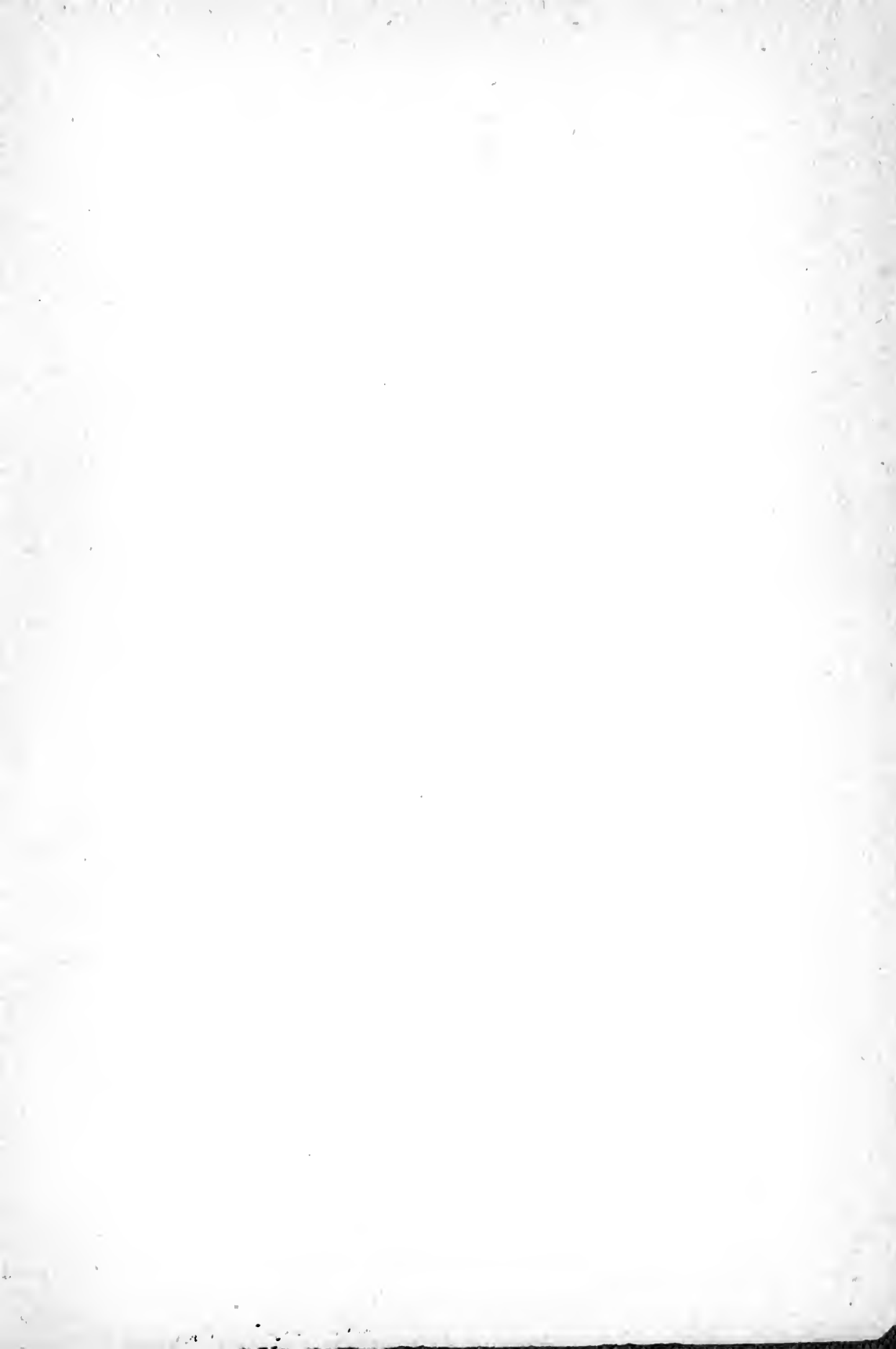
The scenes are laid in England in the stirring days of the Danish invasion, and the action of the story seldom lags, its interest is well sustained. The making of the book is very fine; the six superb illustrations in color, by the Kinneys, are matchless triumphs of the printer's art, and the story has in a marked degree the mediaeval atmosphere.

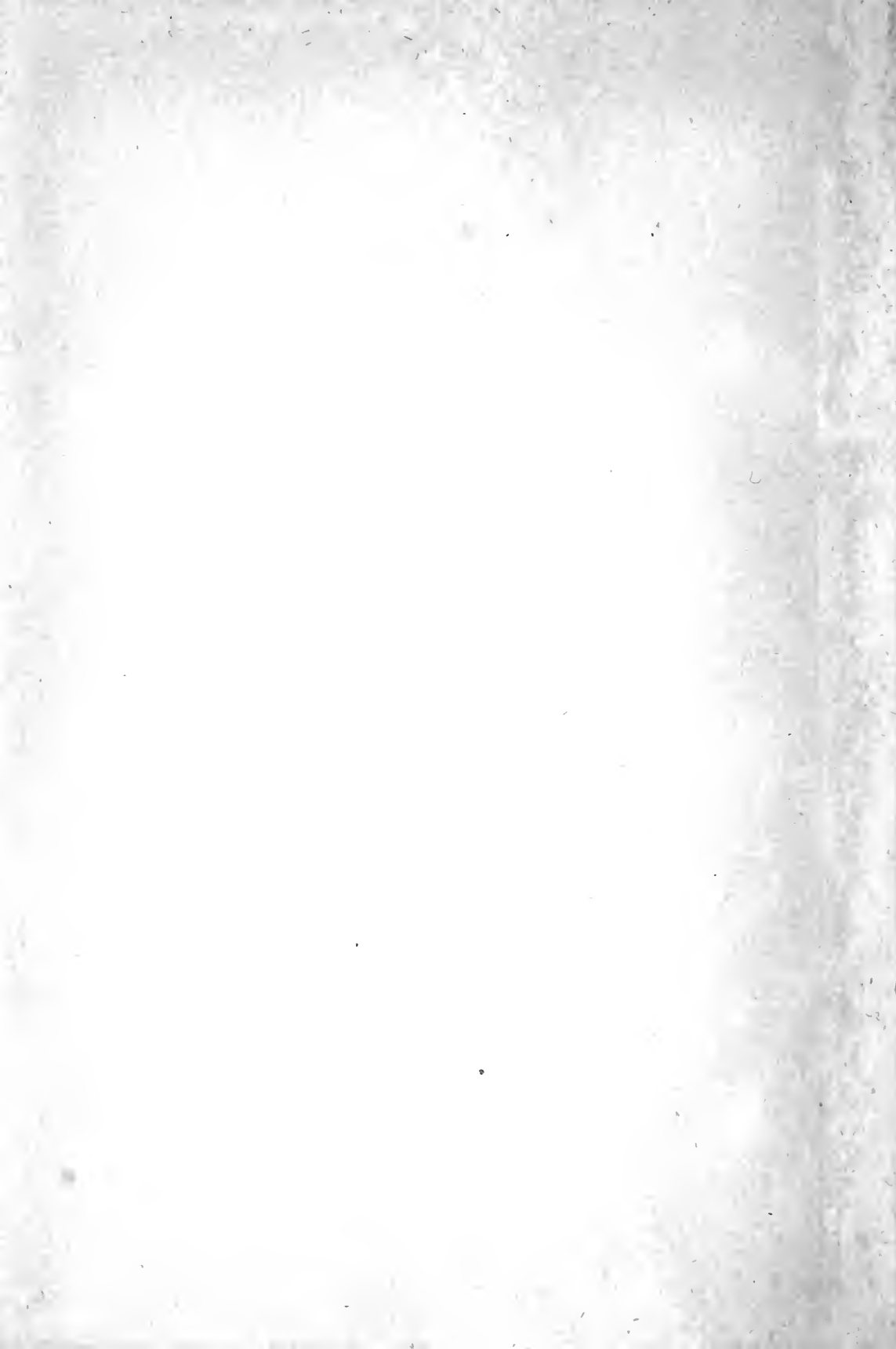
A very fine devotional book has come to us from across the sea, one of the large number of excellent works for the American reproduction of which we are indebted to the enterprise of B Herder, St. Louis. "Hail Full of Grace," by M. M. Loyola, edited by Father Thurston, S. J., is a book full of simple thoughts on the Rosary, replete with the simplicity of true piety. The thoughts have a directness, a lack of sentimentality which makes the book especially valuable to people in the work-a-day world, and a few of its short paragraphs read daily would stimulate a wholesome piety.

Elizabeth Wormeley Latimer is an octogenarian, with years of active, useful life behind her, but she still finds leisure to write delightful books in her sound and cheerful old age.

One of the finest gift books of the year is John Luther Long's "Madame Butterfly." It will be remembered that Miss Valerie Bergere created the part of Madame Butterfly in Chicago a year or two ago, and the book is as charming as the play, as played by Miss Bergere, and that is saying a good deal. This edition, published by the Century Co., has a quaint cover design by Genjiro Yeto, the famous Japanese artist, and its illustrations are from Japanese models by Mr. Yarnell Abbott. The book is a classic, and worthily garbed.

Maurice Francis Egan has proven himself a master hand at the short story. Mr. Egan wrote some good stories, published under the title of "The Land of St. Lawrence and other Tales," but his last effort, "The Valet of the Pastor," in the current Century, far surpasses anything he has done. Mr. Egan is always good, his plots interesting. But this is delicious. Fresh, full of humor, gaiety and charm, the story is Catholic to the core, and quite the cleverest short story in any of the recent magazines.





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